

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

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## Literary Department.

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### THE BEGGAR AT CHURCH.

BY W. BLANCHARD JEROME.  
An old man sits by a Gothic way.  
His hair as gray as the stones;  
And who would care if the lichen grey  
Had crept o'er his ancient bones?  
He poised his ear to the cracks in the door;  
He gripped at his greasy crutch.  
A sound of church music floats to the moor  
From a lady's gentle touch.

The soul of great Handel enriches the air—  
The old man hums in his rags,  
He grips his crutch and still sitting there  
Beats time to the tune on the keys;  
The tune dies under the lady's touch,  
Now a grave voice beats the air,  
Its words were of hope and faith for such  
As live on terms with despair.

The old man's soul gives birth to a smile,  
Not of joy—but more like a sneer—  
The clergyman's syllables floating the while  
Through the cracks, to the beggar's ear;  
He presses his ear close to the jamb,  
And says, "May tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While his hand is down in its wool."

The clergyman talks of the mercy divine,  
Of the common heart of us all;  
He stands the serv and king in a line,  
And deprecates greatly the Fall;  
And the beggar laughs, and thinks it's a sham  
And says, "May tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While his hand is down in its wool."

The clergyman says to his folded flock—  
"All men are in the sight of God;"  
The beggar hermit who walks on a rock  
And the monarch with his rod;"  
And the old man laughs, and feels it a sham  
And says, "May tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While his hand is down in its wool."

The clergyman bids all be humble in woe—  
The old man says simple is pride,  
Then his jewelled fingers dasken his brow  
And his look is set aside,  
Still the beggar laughs, and declares it a sham  
And says, "May tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While his hand is down in its wool."

The gothic door-way creaks on its hinge,  
The Clergyman comes from the porch,  
Nor pauses to comfort the beggars twinge  
As he aches in the yard of the church;  
So the beggar laughs at it all as a sham  
And says, "May tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While his hand is down in its wool."

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So the beggar laughs at it all as a sham  
And says, "May tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
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Slowly the old man creeps from his nook,  
And limps on his weary way,  
Thinking of those who preach from the Book  
While they turn the poor beggars away;

Then he smirking laughs and swear it's a sham,  
And says, "Priests preach in their school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While they warn themselves in the wool."

## WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR,

### THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

### BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

MESMERISM.

"A physician is not the master of his time, Mr. Montressor," said Doctor Everard, on entering his library and discovering the traveler poring over a folio edition of the works of Pantaleon—"you will, I trust, excuse my absence at the appointed hour."

The return of the Doctor to his residence had been delayed by his visit and subsequent detention at the bedside of the burglar's wife, and by other professional engagements, until a later period than usual.

"Your books have bewitched me, Doctor," replied Wilford Montressor. "I have been dipping into the treasures of your library, from Hippocrates to Dr. Chew."

"The progress of the science of medicine is an interesting study," said the Doctor. "The mysterious laws of the human organism are gradually unveiling themselves to the keen of philosophic minds."

"You remind me of my appointment with you. What of Miss Percy, Doctor?"

"I called at her residence on my return hither, and expressed my desire to put her into a magnetic sleep, in the presence of a scientific friend. She hesitated at first, but finally consented, as she positively remarked, from a sense of gratitude to me."

"Did you urge your request strongly?"

"No, Mr. Montressor, and unless I am mistaken, the revelation of your name and standing in society exercised a potent influence in securing her consent."

"And the experiment—when? where?"

"This morning at her residence, if you are at leisure."

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

(SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.)

CHICAGO, APRIL 3, 1869.

VOL. VI.—NO. 2.

"Do you hear me, Miss Percy?" inquired the man of thirty-five.

"More loudly."

Montressor repeated the question, twice, but there was no response from the unconscious sleeper.

"The mysterious agencies of soul upon soul are inexplicable," said Doctor Everard. "By the influence of my will—for I place little stress upon the passes, or even the intense gaze of the visual organs—I have subdued the mental and physical action of a fellow being into sympathy with mine. My perceptions are her perceptions, my thoughts are her thoughts, my desires and antipathies are hers. During the continuance of the magnetic state, her ideas and emotions can be manifested only through the concurrence of my will. Yet I cannot suggest a plausible explanation of these remarkable phenomena—the greatest puzzle of modern philosophy. However theories may differ, facts will not lie."

Doctor Everard took Miss Percy's hand in his, and continued, in a low voice:

"Do you know me, Miss Percy?"

The lips of the sleeper parted instantly, and she replied, audibly—

"Yes, perfectly."

"Who am I?"

"Doctor Everard."

"How do you feel at present, Miss Percy?"

"As free and joyous as a bird, Doctor," said Miss Percy, a smile illumining her features.

"Will you sue me to put you in communication with her?" said Doctor Everard, addressing the man of thirty-five.

"Do you know me, Miss Percy?"

The lips of the sleeper parted instantly, and she replied, audibly—

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## Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

## Religious Revivals.

In our trip over the mountains, last Autumn, we had an excellent opportunity to notice the results of religious revivals.

The first place at which we tarried, was Meadow Valley. This place had formerly been the scene of wondrous exploits by Methodist clergymen, but there is not a Methodist member left as a monument of former times. When we visited this place two years previously there was not a Spiritualist in town. Now there are some thirty or forty, who are confirmed Spiritualists, or earnestly prepossessing.

The next place we visited was Quincy. Here, likewise, the Methodists had abandoned the field as unworthy of cultivation.

We passed on to Taylorville. Here we expected to find Methodism in a flourishing condition, from the fact that Taylorville, Susanne, and Greenville, had been visited some eight months before, with a wonderful outpouring of divine grace, (so the preachers said) in connection with the labors of two Methodist ministers; but sad to relate, when the reaction came it only carried away the young converts but swept the most of the old members with it, and the ground had to be abandoned.

In Susanne, at the revival they booked seventy for everlasting life, but seven remained, and the preacher stationed there has from three to ten, to his regular meetings. It was in this place that the revival preachers got their spirits so high that they went to pouring spirits (brandy and whiskey) down to keep an equilibrium, but failing in the quantity, got beastly drunk and had to be helped to bed by their friends.

We next visited Greenville. Here we were informed that the preachers booked twenty-seven as candidates for an orthodox heaven, but not so much as one was left to tell the tale.

Now, were these persons indeed converted? Had Jesus forgotten to look after the lambs and let the wolves come in and steal them? If such was the case we should say, naughty Jesus, to be so forgetful.

By the way, we don't believe that God or Jesus, ever did or ever will have anything to do with these religious revivals.

## A Human Being.

Yes, it was a regular human being, however largely it might call upon one's credulity. At the distance I was when I recognized the creature, I admit it was hardly credible to place her, for she proved to be by her dress a member of the feminine persuasion, on the category with the human family. Still it was a fact, and an American at that, however startling it may appear, for as my steps drew me nearer her I recognized the little pet bunch which sat rather more obliquely than otherwise upon the head which seems to be the pride of our women and the height of their ambition when they succeed in getting it in just the position to suit them. Sometimes it is rather difficult, I suppose, to effect this, but all it requires is perseverance, should the first attempt prove a failure, for what is a woman's time worth when she has no babies to tend?

Her hair restorative which had proved false in some places and betrayed locks here and there, had been coquettish of, no doubt would have quelled the fever of the Italian wiggle which seemed to have caught her so violently. I should never have taken those streaks of white as an indication of age, but that she had got cheated at the druggists. Neither should I judge her eyesight poor, although the plaster upon her face had proven as treacherous as her hair dye, and left signs upon each side of her physiognomy, which loudly bespeak exercise and perspiration.

Her eyebrows clung as effectually to her brow as a mother would cling to her child, still it was not old age that she wished to cover up, for her light and airy footsteps belied this immediately. O, no, every indication was that of a girl of twenty summers.

What a pity, I thought, that so sweet a creature should have the appearance of that dreadful disease so young. There was no mistaking the signs, the position of the body was nearly double. But upon scanning closer my object and drawing somewhat nearer I found my fears in vain, and my sympathies all lost upon the Grecian Blend.

My alarm subsided in one direction only to be aroused in another, for the awkward, uncomfortable hobbling she made in trying to move, convinced me at once, of the infirmity of the flesh.

Poor thing, could it be that heaven had visited upon this fair one such deformity; whose smiles and winning ways, bespeak so lovely a disposition? Could one have noticed the glance she bestowed upon the young gentleman who passed her, none could have doubted the sweetness of her nature. And still this fair-like creature, heaven had seen fit to shower such misfortunes upon. Full of sympathy in my heart I hastened to the relief of the poor sufferer, but imaging my chagrin when to my utter astonishment, instead of the helpless, deformed being I had supposed, I recognized the bell of the city and leader of the fashion.

LEOLINE.

## The Errors of Theologians.

NUMBER FOUR.

Conspicuous among the errors of Theologians is that of forsaking the New Testament, which they claim to be their guide and foundation. The teachings of Modern Christianity do not bear the least resemblance to those given in the New Testament; but on the contrary are diametrically opposed to them. This assertion may sound strange in the Christian ear, but if he will give us his attention a few moments, we think we can convince him of the fact.

Take first the conditions of salvation as commonly taught by Modern Christians. In order to obtain the necessary basis to reason from, we shall be obliged to go to their creeds and see what they require of a Christian in order for him to become a member of the church.

First, he must believe there are three Gods, and also that there is but one; and that he is busy and yet he gets angry every day with his own works;

Second, he must believe that this God, knows all things, past, present and future, also that he made all things, man among the rest. That he knew that man would sin, nevertheless he made him bold, and for fear man might not sin after all, as he knew he would, he had the Devil tempt him to make the matter sure so that what he knew he forehand should surely come to pass.

Third, he must believe that man is doing what God knew he would do, when he made him, become totally depraved, and liable to expiate his crime in an eternal hell, and not only Adam, but all his posterity after him.

Fourth, man must believe that God contrived a plan of salvation, as follows: God came down to earth, had sexual intercourse with a virgin and became God, which was himself and was not himself at the same time. That this God who was not himself and at the same time was himself, died on the cross and at the same time did not die. That he arose the third day from the death that he did not die and ascended into heaven.

Again, at the same time he must believe that God calls upon all men everywhere to repent, and will damn them if they do not when he knows they cannot, simply because he foreordained, thousands of years before he made man, who of the human race should be saved and who should not.

Enough has been given to show what theologians require as the "conditions of salvation." Now then, "let us see the law and testimony."

The twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, we find a description of what our Christian friends call the general judgment. "We are told that "Christ shall come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory bringing the Father and all the holy angels with him. He shall sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say to them on his right hand, come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Why? Because they had believed in an angry God, burning hell, total depravity, vicarious atonement? Not at all. Nothing whatever is said about belief or faith. Listen to the conditions of receiving the welcome from Christ: "For I was an hungry and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me, I was in prison and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto me," Is there any resemblance whatever in the conditions of salvation taught in the New Test., and those taught by Theologians?

Again, in their practices as Christians they disobey Christ's positive commandments. In the sixth chapter of Matthew and fifth verse, he gives them directions with regard to praying as follows: And when thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets that they may be seen of men." Here is positive command that Christians are accustomed to disobey every time they come together. The clergy would not go to their meeting houses if it were not to be seen of men. Hence they go there to pray to be heard of men and women. At the same time that they are breaking his commandments they strenuously claim to be his followers. Could anything well be more inconsistent? We could give many more illustrations of like character. But the two glaring palpable cases that we have cited we deem sufficient to prove our assertion.

## What Will be the Result?

The more liberal minded clergymen all over the world are softening down the more objectionable parts of their faith, to suit the present demands of mankind. Old Theology has always been wont to change its base when driven by the mandate of science, or that more inexorable reason, master of policy. But we feel that the evidences of a growing liberal sentiment among the clergy arises more from a conviction of their erroneous position and a conscientious desire to know the truth. But this rapid falling away of the pillars of their religious institutions aroused all the animosity in the east-iron old-liners and they make haste to theologically decapitate every sinner in this direction. This exercise of a kind of popular power on their part makes them appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

A Rev. gentleman in San Jose, not long since, preached a discourse of a progressive nature, and the result was, he was immediately summoned to appear before the synod to answer the charge of heresy. The result of their investigations was a peremptory order to the church over which he presided as pastor to dissolve their relations with him. The church believed him to be a good man and liked him as a preacher, hence did not dissolve as commanded by the powers that be. The next move the church was summoned before the synod, and where their particular quarrel will end we can not tell. But it does not require a prophet or the son of a prophet to tell what the ultimate result will be. The ultimate of this progressive tendency in the religious world will be to destroy and utterly annihilate the creeds and dogmas that have bound the world as in iron bonds for these many years.

It will be a glorious day for mankind, when it arrives. People then will be free—free to think, act and grow. The tendency of creeds is, to make human beings grow in an angular form, but if left free they will grow symmetrically and beautifully, as nature designed them.

## The Whipping-post a Christian Institution.

"The Young Men's Christian Association of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Wilmington, Delaware, have been debating the question, 'Should the whipping-post be abolished?—READING EAGLE.

After reading the above we would fain inquire in what portion of this globe the State of Delaware is situated. Is it in the Czar of Russia's dominions? Is it in the Turkish Empire or in New Zealand, where an old man of seventeen years is tied to a whipping-post and made to receive twenty lashes, then confined in the Pillory until benumbed with cold and then is given twenty more, in order to warn him up?

Subsequently to learning all these particulars the Young Men's Christian Association gravely take up the subject and discuss it, and come to the conclusion, that the institution ought not to be abolished.

How does the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco, Boston, New York and Chicago, like the position of this Christian institution? Do they feel honored by it? It was only for a pety offence that this poor old man was whipped to a state of insensibility, and then whipped more to bring him to. Have they forgotten the precept of the one they pretend to follow? "Forgive seventy times seven."

By the harmonious development of the child in all its natural powers, we expect to reform the world. In no other way can this be accomplished. When men and women, fully conscious of their own relationship to God and to one another, can stand up in the true dignity of their divine birth, and speak forth the thoughts which their own reason dictates, fervently, without malice, and with only one object in view, and that the true elevation of their fellows, then indeed will flowers bloom upon the desert pathways, and swelling fountains bless the withered, parched earth.—LYCEUM RECORD.

"Go Devil" is the latest name for Velocipede.

## Original Essays.

## THE STERLING.

From J. H. Powell's "Life Pictures," a new Inspirational Poem.

The hum of earth holding a dower Of genius, may be the exalted of kings In the world where genius alone has wings. When Nature hath need of a poet, or logician, A sculptor, or linguist, or mathematician,— A Newton or Kepler, a Harvey or Bacon, She mouldeth him with clay full often forsaken By the favored of fortune.

Despised to-day, Cuffed and kicked by mankind, as nothing but clay.

A man, to-morrow, may sit on Fame's throne The envied of Kings and the worshipped alone! The man, not his station's the thing for the task That Nature doth choose.

The sweet fruit, not the case, In which it's preserv'd, doth tempt the trained taste.

The palate of a peasant or maiden chaste. The barrel may be sound and fetch in the mirth, Its price in full, after fulfilling its part,— But the fruit delectable placed on the table, Delights the eye and excites the palate stable. Choice for the fruit! The cask may be sold—destroyed—

Nature from her own will is never decoyed. A poet or painter's not a thing of wax;

The dreams may be costly or all dirt and cracks; But the Singer or Artist is more than clothes, And at the high bidding of Nature upgrow!

In judging of men, robed in ermine or rags, We must look 'neath caste nor be dazzled by dags.

The varnish put on thick will hide the wood's grain,

To get right at the wood we scrape off all stain, The sterling shuns paint, and it suffers no loss

In the eye that sees no ingredient of dross. Stage effects lose their charm in nearness of vision,

And character true is not hurt by derision. All Nature exalts the inherent and real,

And all is profound that her teachers reveal. No gliding is needed by Nature to hide Inferior formations—her mission and pride Is to me not seem to be honest and just,

To obey her own laws with Infinite trust.

## ON A CHILD'S DEATH.

One rose-bud in heaven half closed in a night On the earth, unfolding with petals all white. One angel "up thither" with never a stain. Free from sickness and sorrow and earthly pain. One lamb of a whole fold redeemed from the block. One green ear of corn born away from the shock. One dove on white plumes just flown from the nest.

Right proud of its liberty, strengthened and blest. One gentle ambassador gone to the skies To explore mansions many of Paradise, And return, like a dove, to the ark below, With tidings of love unconnected with woe; To descend on invisible, noiseless wings, And press all unseen, the soul's flesh-prisoned springs

And set all a singing the song-birds of Feeling, That nest, in the spirit, ever revealing The joy that is latent—the music of soul That breaks into song when pure angels control.

Who shall say our dear ones like lilles of spring, That are nipp'd in the bud by death's blighting sling,

Forever removed from their kindred and kind Can always be happy from friends left behind?

Away with all thought that the dead one is DEAD; That the mother no more may pillow its head On her breast expanding with satisfied love, And nestle it there like a heavenly dove.

It is because the fleshly eye can see not The freed spirit, that comes and sits on our knee, Lays its head on our breast and its hand in ours; That it is not, and cannot, be blessed with pow'rs

To return to the loved it has left on earth? Whence comes the deep longing that death giveth birth

In soul of the mother, when her babe is dead? Shall the body and not the spirit be fed?

Shall the body commanding with common loam, Which lies like a tenantless house in the tomb, While it hids the soul here, receive what it craves,

And the spirit hunger and starve into graves? O, surely, the idol and hope of the heart, Bathed in the waters of life's heavenly bath, May drink at the fountain of pure affection, Nor suffer the doom of eternal rejection.

The author of "Life Pictures" is now in Chicago, making preparations to issue the poem of which the above are selections taken at random. The poem is in three cantos, more than three thousand lines in length, and is a pure inspirational production, full of progressive thought and spiritual teaching.

The book will be issued by subscription, at \$1.50, postage twelve cents additional. As only a limited number of copies are to be issued, friends desiring to subscribe, may send their subscriptions to J. H. Powell, 145th Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; or at Terre Haute, Indiana, box 54.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal,  
Food for Thought.  
BY WM. THOMPSON.

I have just read Mr. Beecher's sermon on "Divine Influence on the Human Soul," and the following are some of the thoughts which have been suggested thereby.

I think Mr. Beecher has plainly add clearly shown that God does not and cannot inspire any one with ideas above or beyond his or her own capacity; that is, he does not, and in the nature of things cannot inspire wisdom in a fool; neither can he inspire a rattle-brained fanatic with good common-sense and sound reason. A fool may be inspired, but his inspirations will be folly. A crazy fanatic may be inspired, but his inspirations will be fanaticism.

No doubt every person is more or less inspired, but every one in his or her own order, and each in accordance with his or her natural faculties; and those faculties are in accordance with the organization. Hence, a person with a small intellectual and moral, and large selfish and sensual organization, cannot be inspired with great and noble, and high and holy thoughts; as soon may we expect to see the thistle bearing apples and the bramble peaches.

Verily a person can be inspired only through the faculties which he or she already possesses; and although a person may have latent faculties yet undeveloped, yet such faculties must be developed before they can become channels of inspiration.

In this light let us briefly examine the inspirations of some of the writers of the "Holy Bible Book Divine." We will begin with Moses.

No doubt Moses was inspired, but according to Mr. Beecher and common-sense, Moses could only be inspired through such faculties as he already possessed. Those faculties, being developed according to, or at most, little beyond, the age and nation in which he lived, which, being that of semi-barbarism, his inspirations were, and of necessity must have been of a semi-barbarous nature.

Hence, Moses having a very arbitrary and tyrannical disposition, a disposition which could brook no opposition, a disposition to kill and destroy all who opposed him, he could be inspired only through such disposition. And here we see the whole secret of the angry, vacillating, bloodthirsty, vindictive and revengeful character of the Jewish God, as recorded in the Old Testament. Moses was just such a man, and hence, such were his inspirations, and such God.

All the Jewish sacred writers in after times took their cue, more or less, from Moses, and of course their writings are more or less of the same stamp; he being their great lawgiver and exemplar.

And now I wish to inquire—according to Mr. Beecher's showing, how much dependence ought we to place upon the Bible as the word of God? Mr. Beecher says: "How shall a man distinguish between his own mind's thought and the Divine influence? How shall I know whether the results to which I am brought are by my own thinking, or by God thinking in me and through me?"

How shall I know whether these motives are of my own self, or whether they are the concurrent, stimulating influences of the Divine mind? You cannot tell. It was not meant that you should. It is not necessary, that you should. No man can say, "This is I; and so much besides is not I, but God."

Does not this settle the whole matter of Bible authority? If no man can say, "This is I, and this is God," how could the Bible writers say it? And when they did presume to say, "Thus saith the Lord," was it not far more likely that it was only themselves who spoke? And even if the Lord did inspire them, had not that inspiration to be expressed through the human faculties? This being so, was it not likely to be so adulterated by passing through such channels, that when expressed, it would be at least nine-tenths human, and that human, semi-barbarian? And even of the remaining one tenth, according to Mr. Beecher's showing, "no man can say" whether it was or was not of God.

What dependence then, can we place upon the Bible, when no man can say what part of it is the word of God, and what part the word of man? Were not the Bible writers men? And were they not liable to err, and to prefix "Thus saith the Lord," to their own fulminations?

The inquiry now presents itself, how do we know that any of the Bible writers were inspired by God? How do we know that when they said, "Thus saith the Lord," it was all imagination? Or worse, how do we know that it was not often done intentionally, to deceive? Further, how do we know that there is such a being as the Bible God? How do we know that there is in the universe one great infinite spirit who creates, fills, appoints and governs all things? Who has ever seen him? Who has heard him speak? Who of any age, of any nation, or of any sect, ever has demonstrated or even can demonstrate the existence of such a being? If there is such a being, then there is no room for finite spirits; for as no two things can occupy the same space; so two spirits cannot occupy the same place at the same time; and if there is one infinite spirit who fills all space, then there is no place in the universe for another spirit, great or small.

Yet most believe, and some claim to know, that there are countless millions of finite spirits in existence. If this be so, then in the very nature of things there can be no infinite spirit, for that cannot be infinite which does not occupy or fill, the whole of infinity.

Therefore common-sense teaches that we must give up the idea of an infinite spirit or of the existence of finite spirits. If we give up the latter, then we give up all hope, yes, even all possibility of immortality, together with our own consciousness thereof, and put ourselves on a level with the birds and beasts around us.

The prevailing idea is that God, or infinite spirit, is the father of all finite spirits; but if there is a father, must there not also be a mother of spirits? And does not this again destroy the idea of one infinite spirit, making two instead of one? Besides, this infinite father and mother must have room for their progeny; and the progeny are generally equal to the parents; if therefore, the parent spirits are infinite, does it not follow that the progeny must also be infinite. This would multiply infinites indefinitely; the idea of which is simply absurd. Yet absurd and ludicrous as such an idea may be, it is the only legitimate sequence which can be deduced from the premises. There is not, there cannot be no infinite father of spirits. There can be no such thing as the propagation or multiplication of spirits.

There is no such thing as a newly born, newly developed, or newly individualized spirit. Spirits are not, and cannot be evolved from matter. All spirits are self-existent, co-existent, co-equal, and co-eternal. All spirits have always had and always will have, an individual existence. Every spirit is, and always has been equal in all respects to every other spirit. Spirits in the aggregate, are a perfect democracy, in which perfect love and perfect harmony eternally reigns. God, or the source of all power, therefore, instead of being one infinite spirit, is the pure and perfect democracy of spirits, in which there is "no high, no low, no great, no small," all being on a perfect equality.

How then, are mortals inspired? Ans. By individual spirits; chiefly, each by his or her own spirit. The inspiration is in themselves. We may get ideas from spirits outside of ourselves; as we get them from each other; yet it is doubtful whether any spirit ever does or ever can take possession of another spirit's organism; what is called spirit possession being simply psychological influence.

It may be asked, if there is no infinite, super-intending spirit, how shall we account for what we call the phenomena of nature? I answer, there is pervading all matter, a spirit-aura or atmosphere, emanating alike from all spirits, and which, together with them, is self-existent, which is to them a medium of transmission of knowledge, love and harmony. This aura or atmosphere is also the medium by or through which they operate in, not on, matter, and produce all the phenomena of nature. All operating unitedly and harmoniously through this medium, in what we call universal laws, and in a more detached or isolated, yet not inharmonious manner, in special providences; just as a large body of men may sometimes act all together, sometimes even singly; some doing one thing and some another, yet all acting in harmony and for the general weal.

Marengo, Illinois, Feb. 14, 1869.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Davenport Brothers in Baltimore.

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

MR. EDITOR:—During the past ten weeks, these young gentlemen, and Mr. Wm. M. Fay, have been doing a good work in the Monumental City.

The "Concordia," the largest and finest building of its order that we have, was engaged for their Seances, and night after night, the presence of visitors from the invisible realms, were greeted by exclamations of wonder, by audiences composed of refined and intelligent citizens. There was no boisterous mirth exhibited, but respectful attention,—and many who thought themselves invincible skeptics before attending their seances, are now convinced that a new revelation is dawning upon our earth.

In your issue some three weeks since, I read a sharp criticism of the mode of advertising adopted by the Davenports, with a copy of their placard, wherein nothing is said of Spiritualism, and also an editorial paragraph in a subsequent paper, approving said criticism.

Now, I wish to say that I think this mode of treating our friends and co-laborers neither generous or judicious. Every medium is necessarily sensitive. Mediumship is based upon this very condition. If it did not exist with the mortal, no impression could be made by the spirit. This, of course, applies to all phases of mediumship. The inspirational, the impressional, the trance, the test-media, are all keenly alive to the censure or eulogy which may be heaped upon them; but the medium for strong physical manifestations, such as are given through Mr. Fay and the Davenports, is more severely drawn upon by the controlling influences than those of any other class. These seances leave them exhausted, in a great degree of magnetism, and consequently, of vitality, which requires time and undisturbed mentality to restore.

Generally the large proportion of their auditors, are antagonistic as well as skeptical; and they also feel the bigoted prejudice, which pervades every community against them, and this, I think, is enough for any sensitive person to bear. But this, they expect, and are prepared to meet; but when the censure of friends is added to the calamities of "yes," then the burden becomes too heavy.

When a medium is detected in fraud or trickery, I deem it the duty of every Spiritualist, to expose the perpetrator and protect others from similar imposition; but when it is a mere question of form in advertising, it seems to me, the person immediately interested should be permitted to determine.

No one connected with the subject of Spirit intercourse, has been more open and fearless in presenting the facts of our scientific religion, than myself; but I can bear testimony to the benefit which the cause has derived from the very course which has been condemned in your paper.

There is a large class in every community, that would not enter a hall to witness spirit manifestations, but would eagerly flock to see any remarkable or unusual phenomenon, not explainable by the known laws of nature. Minds that have been educated to spurn every phase of the supernatural, but ready to bring keen intellects to the investigation of the heretofore unknown. And such minds have been present in large numbers at the seances of the Davenports.

If they, in word or deed, attempted to deny the source of the wonders which occur in their presence, then, with you, I should hold them delinquent; but this is not the case. Their Speaker at every exhibition, states distinctly that no mechanical agencies are employed; that every manifestation is produced by invisible powers.

During their former visit; some few years since, as well as on this occasion, these young men won the respect of all who made their acquaintance. Their straight forward and business-like manner in public, and their gentle-manner deportment in private life, have gained them many friends who will always welcome them to Baltimore.

Mrs. Hyzer is still growing in strength, and although she has been speaking for nearly five years, we find her inspirations as fresh and seemingly as limitless, as the infinite source from which they are drawn.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Free Thoughts on Spiritualism.

BY FREDERICK LARKIN.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed a few weeks ago, in the JOURNAL, an extract from a religious paper inviting Christians and infidels, saints and sinners, to write for it. As you seem to extend the same invitation, I take the liberty to accept it. I have been a reader of your paper since it was first established, and have had the pleasure of seeing one little article of mine occupying a place in its columns. My object in writing at this time, is not for the purpose of argument, but to congratulate the Spiritualists for their great success, in loosening the foundation rock of a superstition that has for more than fifteen hundred years held the minds of its subjects in the most abject slavery, locked them in dens of ignorance; ignored the highest and most glorious aspirations of the human heart, and met the most heaven-born efforts at the threshold with violence; aiming to overflow with benevolence and mercy, it has instituted the most cruel wars and bathed the eastern continent in blood and tears.

Professing to be the handmaiden of science it has imprisoned its heroes and poured upon their heads the most shameful and unmitigated lies. Professing at the present time to have shed a halo of light all along its pathway, it instituted the dark ages and placed its iron heel upon every high, enabling, and god-like principle that professed it.

Pretending in this Nineteenth Century that it holds the people in bonds of loveand friendship, there is not a little village in the land where a church is dedicated to its cruel god, but its dupes have quarreled with malignant hate over its most unnatural and silly creeds. Pretending to meet its opponents with rational arguments, it pours upon their heads the most bitter, cruel and foolish slanders.

The superstition referred to is known and recognized as the Christian religion. And in this country whoever disbelieves it; is called an infidel.

Having labored for more than twenty-five years, in public and private, and as a lecturer, to persuade men and women to abandon this old blind-fold superstition that frightens ignorant women, and little boys and girls, with its red-hot hell, and fire and brimstone, with its cruel God, that puts his special friend Job, into the hands of a demon that made him miserable with satanic cruelties, a God whose wrath could be appeased in no other way with Agag for exercising a little humanity, than the hewing him to pieces in his presence. I suppose according to Webster, I am regarded an infidel, and perhaps justly deserve the title. Instead of being frightened as many are, I feel proud of the name, for I am bound to be one that will spend the remnant of my days in crushing a hoary headed monster that has insulted millions, with its childish puerilities and insane pomps. Being convinced years ago that human progress was inevitable, I longed to live and see the time when the shackles placed upon the struggling mind of man would be unloosed and his imprisoned thoughts and aspirations let into the glorious sunlight of philosophy, of nature and of liberty.

Being as I was and am now, a disbeliever in the soul's immortality and advocating the doctrine, I found it was unsatisfactory with persons that possessed, even skeptical propensities. The desire to live again is so strong in the mind of man that he can hardly adopt the materialistic philosophy.

The christians as they are called, worshiping a God that is a creature of their own creation, and the reflected image of themselves, and being as they are a little dishonest, the leaders have supposed they could cheat the Devil out of his just dues, and alit with little trouble onto the golden pavements of the New Jerusalem at the same time cautioning their ignorant dupes to always put money into the begging box and keep their heads under water.

When Spiritualism began to be developed, I regarded it with little favor, at the same time I gave it an investigation, as I have always been willing and ready to swap the assumptions of yesterday for a truth of to-day, and I am forced to say with the great efforts that I have made to believe it or be convinced of a life beyond the grave I am an unbeliever still. But as skeptical as I am I regard the spiritual platform with great respect; it is the only system of religion, (if I may call it a religion,) that in my estimation is entitled to respect. Its philosophy is broad as the extended heavens, goes from star to star, from system to system, opens the book of nature and reads lessons from the running brook and sermons from the pebble washed from the mountain sides.

Spiritualism is shorn of all the troubles that beset the Christian in his dark and weary pilgrimage of life. It has no red-hot hell to bring black despair. It cares not for the fashion of altars, the shape of gowns, the true mode of baptism, or whether its speakers occupy an episcopal or a methodist church.

I am free to say that Spiritualism has done more within the last ten years to elevate the minds of men and women, (for the women are not commanded to ask their ignorant husbands, at home for all knowledge,) than all the twice ten thousand churches have done for eighteen hundred years. I am acquainted with hundreds of Spiritualists, both male and female, that were formerly members of different churches, that are to day in common sense, practical education and practical goodness, a thousand per cent. above what they were, when confined within the prison walls of a creed.

And now Mr. Jones let me beg of you in connection with others in sympathy with you, to keep the wheels moving, the giant superstition that has crushed its subjects with iron feet and handled them with iron hands is crumbling away and tottering to its foundation.

"Hoary headed selfishness has foul Its death blow, and is tottering to the grave. A brighter morn awaits the human day. War with its million horrors and fierce hell Shall live but in the memory of time,

Who like a penitent libertine, shall start, Look back and shudder at his younger years."

I don't know but you may think I have made some charges against the orthodox mode of running religion that is too severe. If any of your readers that believe it, take exceptions to what I have said, I will invite them to a discussion, in which I will endeavor to defend all I have written, and will add a double portion to the catalogue. It is time, high time for Christian preachers to come forward and show cause for their great faith, (if any liberal or any other paper will give a little space.) I will challenge any one, to discuss with me on the infidel grounds. Come make a mighty effort my orthodox friends in your dying struggle, for as heaven is above the earth "men\_rek" is written upon your walls.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Sensationalism.

BY PROF. J. H. POWELL.

Spiritualism has long been a power in the world, as *The Quarterly Review* said of it, years ago, "It is the great fact of the age."

We can not wonder, when we consider the motley assemblage of credulous, from whom Spiritualists originate, that there should be vast differences and occasional dissatisfaction amongst members. This is only to be expected; but it is high time some voice were raised against that too common practice of organized Spiritual Societies, "running the machine" at high pressure, in direct disregard of all true spiritual teaching.

Everywhere we find more or less, a fatal tendency to sensationalism on the part of our societies, and this is felt oppressive to an incalculable degree by the medium, speaker or lecturer, who often jaded and sick, after weary travel, is called upon to take the rostrum, and expected to eclipse the last transcendental speaker. If he or she happens to hit the mark, all is well; but alack a day! if the inspiration lag, owing to conditions not under control "the kettle of fish is all upset," and the unfortunate speaker may go to the devil or any where else, for all the caterers to public sensationalism care.

No one acquainted with the Spiritualist Societies on this continent will fail to see the truth of this—too true picture. There are, I am glad to know, exceptions, where the proper spirit is manifested towards the speaker, and he or she is not expected to be any other individual but himself or herself or to exhibit characteristics out of the way of individualism or mediumship; in other words, kindness, brotherly feeling and true Spiritualism prevail.

I am aware that the general answer to my strictures would be, "We can pay our heavy expenses, only by drawing a crowd; and unless we get sensational speakers we can no: keep the meetings going."

This is doubtless true of all those committees who shoulder the society as a theatrical manager does his theatre—to make money out of it. The question everywhere is, will it pay?

The answer I make is, that what pays in dollars, does not always pay in culture or soul-growth.

If I have not mistaken the needs of the hour I conclude justly, that sensationalism is the bane of progress; it ministers to an unhealthy condition of soul, and should be ignored rather than courted by Spiritualists. Our great work in Spiritualism, is to teach—teach grand truths—not to feed the insatiate appetite for the sensational. Speakers and mediums suffer more, than cast-iron committees can possibly realize. The Spirit-world gives through the medium inspirations which often fail to reach the souls of the committee, because of the cast-iron element. If committees run the "Spiritualist, machine" with no higher idea than to make it pay in dollars, there will be very little spirituality, diffused or vital religion, which, pure and undefiled, eschews selfish miserle.

The age is ripe for spiritual culture. Men and women of thought, are crying aloud for "more light," on all the great questions of soul-existence. Those who have faith in the Eternal, and are able to take their stand upon the platform of culture, need only to work and wait the dawn of a spiritual revival, which sooner or later will baptize the world in the Siloam of the Holy of Holies. We are mindful of the great difficulties which committees and conventions have had to surmount upon the money plane; but this does not nor should it close our eyes to the importance of culture as the primary object of our efforts as Spiritualists.

Lecturers who take the rostrum, must be encouraged to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, on all questions of the hour—speak to the living consciences of men and women, rather than pander to the passion for sensationalism. If committees stand opposed to this, of what good, pray is their influence in the way of spiritualizing mankind. Better a small audience who take in the soil of their natures, the seed of eternal truth from the speaker, than a crowded house of gaping sensationalists, who leave the hall, only with keener appetite for some more sensational preaching.

Another thing, whilst I am on this subject. Committees who run the "Spiritualist machine," ought above all things, to secure their hired speakers from starvation wages. Shame upon any of them who speculate with the purse, happiness and life of the hard working Lecturer. Better close the hall and force the speaker into other localities than use him to build up a society without fair remuneration.

There is no doubt, that this question is a ticklish one, and I may expect a little feeling at my freedom of expression; but that I cannot allow to influence me against being truthful and defending the right. None who do justly by Lecturers will take my strictures to be personal; whilst those who rob the Speaker merely to have the credit of "running the machine" without possessing legitimate means, may be induced to feel sorrow and do better; if so, I shall not have written in vain.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Reply to Delos Dunton.

BY AUSTIN KENT.

BRO. JONES:—I am a Spiritualist; yet I believe and think I know that more than half of the modern Spiritualist philosophy, is unreasonable, absurd, contradictory, and false. Is Mr. Dunton sure that the millions of Spiritualists do not need at least one critic amongst them? I know one man, who thinks they do. He mistakes, and so mistakes my position. I deny nothing because I cannot conceive or comprehend it. I have urged the impossibility of eternal improvement—not for want of time in an endless future—not for want of matter in a (possible) boundless universe—not from lack of room-in endless space. My reason is yet too finite, too dogmatic on that. I have urged its moral impossibility from what it necessarily implies of the badness of the past. My moral feelings had more to do than my reason in discarding the orthodox idea of hell. These sentiments, when freed from all fear, joined my reason in saying, "It is impossible! the idea is false!"

Now, if improvement is a law of the universe; if it is in an external change for the better; then, at some time in the past, it must have been only less than infinitely bad. So much a "finite reason" can and know. Bro. D., can it not?

Our reason has little conception how bad, only less than infinitely bad is. But it has so much, and so presents it to the moral sentiments of a well formed brain, that these sentiments instantly declare it impossible. Our best sentiments and our reason are one in affirming the impossibility of such badness in the past or in the future, with all the force of conviction, that finite minds can know and affirm anything. My reason cannot grasp a quadrillion. But it sees clearly that it is vastly more than one-hundred which it does comprehend; and I can safely reason on that knowledge.

I must now attend to Bro. Dunton's, "opposite, power and motion," argument.

In nature, I see perpetual motion. Reason and experience tell me, if ever at rest, it could not have started without force applied to it; and that force so applied must become exhausted. I cannot comprehend motion without beginning; but it is in no way against my reason, so I conclude it was never started.

If our mind was once in the condition of matter, as you and A. J. Davis, suggest; it had begun as mind. For that reason must it not have开端 as mind.

Stockholm, New York.

## Our Children.

## For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Taming the Little Wild Bird. No. 3.  
A Story for Little Children.

BY AUNT LEONORE.

Those who have read this simple and true story so far, will remember that by this time, our birdies had become so tame that they did not fly away when we went to feed them. I have forgotten to say that the father bird did not scold us at us now, and try to drive us away, though we were a little shy. We always left a share of the food for him on the fresh green leaves, which he would take as soon as we turned away. There was nothing we gave them that they seemed to love so well as the nice white curd made out of sour milk. Perhaps some of my little readers may wish to try the experiment of taming the pretty birds, next summer, and I will tell them how to make it. Take some thick, sour milk, in a small tin pail, or tin dish of any kind, then set the pail into hot or boiling water, stirring very carefully until it is as warm as the hand can bear, take the pail out of the water, let it stand to settle, turn off the whey, and you have a nice white curd, that is the best kind of food for young fowls of all kinds for birdies; canaries are very fond of it.

I am sorry, I cannot tell you how long a time it took to hatch the eggs. But one morning when we went to feed them, we found the Mrs. Birdie in an entirely new mood. She would not touch her breakfast, and her little bead-like eyes shone like sparks of fire. The feathers on the top of her head stood up straight and finally she bristled up all over just exactly as you have seen a hen when she was fighting to protect her chickens. She pecked my fingers as hard as she could with perfect spite and fury. I was a little astonished at first by such an exhibition of temper on such a little mite. But finally concluded that there was a cause for it, and that she must have made the discovery that she was a proud and happy mother that morning, and felt all the care and importance that such an event would impose upon her. To be sure of the fact, I just took up the little lady, and there found what looked as much like a great worm with two closed eyes, as anything I could think off, with not the least sign of a feather. While the mother looked on with an interest and expression which seemed to say, "There, did you or the rest of mankind, ever see anything so beautiful, so wonderful, so interesting as this child of mine. I expect it will make a great stir in the world by and by." After putting her carefully back onto her nest, she thought it best to take her breakfast. And now I made another discovery, that only one egg was hatched out each day, so that when the last one was hatched the first bird was four days old. And in that faculty the dear little children see, that our heavenly Father has exhibited just as much love and tender care and wisdom for the welfare and safety of these tiny helpless creatures, as he does for us and for all things that he has created. If all of the eggs had hatched out at the same time

the little things were so helpless, that they might all have been killed. Perhaps all children and some grown people do not know the fact, that no kind of bird or fowl feel there young till they are twenty-four hours old—Chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese and doves, all the same. All they want is to be kept snug and warm, and to sleep all that time, and then they are ready for their share in the business of life. I watched them with much interest, but gave the care of them up to the poor child who had so much to suffer and so little to enjoy in this world.

In a few days there were five little mouths to feed, and it seemed as if they wanted to eat all the time. It was astonishing how fast they grew, and how they put on their feathery dress. For two or three days, the mother bird went through all the motions of acting very angry when we went to feed them. Briskling up, pecking our fingers, and making the sparks fly from her eyes. I expect she wanted to show us that she was very independent, could provide for her family with the help of their father, and do all of her own house-work. But it always ended in the same way. She would leap into our hands or stand on the side of her nest, and take what we had for her and give it to her darlings. By this time many children had heard about the birds, and came to see them.

I always took them to the garden, but sometimes had hard work to make them understand the necessity of being very quiet and gentle, with no rude words or acts. All of the little things would sit on our hands, but would not let any of the strange children touch them—Some of them wanted to take a bird home and put it in a cage, but I told them that I thought it was very cruel to shut them up and deprive them of their liberty, that the kind Creator had made them to enjoy by giving them wings to get out of the way of enemies, and go where they pleased with. Then I asked them how they would like to have some stranger come and take them away from their kind parents, their brothers and sisters and playmates, and carry them off to a strange land, and shut them up in a prison and lock the door so that they never could get out again. And another thing, I had succeeded in making the little innocent birds think I was their friend, and would it be right after I had gained their confidence to betray them; by such a treacherous way of dealing with them? It would be too much like some people treated their friends, and looked very wrong and wicked.

Continued next week.

Call a man a dog and he is apt to bite; teach a child that it is a "worm" and it will crawl. But call the man a *man*, only a little lower than the angels, and he will aspire to become equal with them; teach the child that within its being is contained all the elements which constitute the kingdom of heaven, and that its inheritance is angelic, and its nature as surely expands in the right direction as that a cause must produce its legitimate effect.—*Lyceum Record.*

Dickens is collecting money by his farewell Dickens. In the large cities of England only one quarter of the applicants for tickets are successful. Arranging in Scotland and Ireland, he goes to Paris, where his audiences have hitherto been large and enthusiastic.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

## PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

[To be used, this list should be reliable. It therefore becomes Lecturers to promptly notify us of changes when they occur. This column is intended for *Lecturers* only, and it is so rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address, leaving particulars to be learned by special correspondence with the individuals.]

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Mr. Orin Abbott, developing medium, 127 South Clark St. Room 16.

J. Madison Allen speaks in Elkhart, Indiana, until further notice.

J. Madison Alexander, trance speaker, Chicago, Illinois.

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## Communications from the Inner Life.

We shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All Communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,  
well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

(Reported by Nichols and Marston, their hand Reporters, 115 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Our Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life seances, should be lucid, well written, and directed to the editor, when inconvenient for the questioner to be present at the seance.

## INVOCATION.

Oh! Thou who art infinite in wisdom; Thou who hearkenest unto the petitions of Thy children; Thou who art ever ready to grant a supply adequate to every demand; Thou hast planted within the breasts of Thy children a desire to come nearer unto Thee, that they may learn wisdom and truth, and gain that light that shall illuminate their pathway, and guide them safely unto that haven of rest which Thou hast prepared for each and every one of them.

Our Father! may we ever live in that light; may we ever be able to deal justly with each other. May we ever be reconciled unto Thy laws, that in the end work for good to all. May

Thy children who now worship Thee through fear, listen to Thy voice that speaks through nature and tells them that Thou art love. We realize, our Father, that Thou art goodness. We hear Thy voice in the warbling songster we hear Thee in the mighty waters; we see Thee in the lightning's flash, and hear Thy voice in the rolling thunder.

Yes, Father, we see and hear Thee in all Thy beautiful works. We feel, too, that we are Thine own children. We feel to ask Thy blessing to rest upon us, for although we are Thy children we feel that we are often too hasty in our judgment. We need more of Thy light to guide us to wisdom and lead us to charity toward those who are in darkness and gloom. We feel to bless Thee for that light; we feel to praise Thee forever more; ay, forever more would we praise Thee.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Mr. EDWARD: Is it possible for you to get a communication from Robert S. Johnson, a young man who died in Gallatin, Tennessee, during the war.

His mother is almost crazy about him. I think if she could have a true message from him that she would become reconciled. She reads your paper. If you can get a communication from him, please send it to me and I will send it to her.

M. W. CORDELL.

Ann Arbor, Feb. 18th, 1869.  
A. We shall say to this if it were true, as many suppose, that all communications given in this way were received in a similar manner to this—that is the names of the spirits—then we might take this letter and give the desired communication. But it is not, and the spirit, when called upon, does not present itself; therefore, we shall not be able to give the desired information in regard to it.

The messages in this paper as well as in the BANNER OF LIGHT, are the subject of a great deal of thought; and it is well. For if there is never one communication given that is identified, it shows the condition of spirits after leaving the material plane of life. It shows that they are not all perfect simply because they have left the material form. They do not at once, go into possession of knowledge, power and wisdom; but the spiritual plane is a plane of development and unfoldment, corresponding to the material; but in every way superior to it.

We can say to the bereaved mother that suffers so much in consequence of the loss of her son, that her son is not lost; that he is not far away. Lost to her sense of sight and hearing; and yet every act of hers may be known to him. The mere fact that she grieves so much and thinks so much of him, should be evidence to her of his presence; and as she would value his happiness were he yet upon the material plane of life, she must not let him see her grieve. She must consider where he is to-day. Although far away from you at the time that his spirit left material things, yet his first work was to visit her in her home.

We cannot say that the cause was any more noble than as though he had passed from this life in any other way, or from any other cause. It was well for him; it shall be well for her.

Having experienced the suffering incident to material things, think how blessed it is for him to escape all that suffering. Again, realize this fact that he has passed to a plane of life where all things are beautiful; where love and harmony prevail; where discord is not known; and also where he can be able to do more for your own happiness than perhaps he could have done had he remained with you in the earth-life.

Think of all these things. Think of God as being a God of justice—a God of love, and trust your son in the hands of one that possesses such infinite wisdom and goodness. Think that really the time is but short at the longest, when you too, will greet him in that plane of life where all is well.

## QUESTION BY L. HAKES.

Q. Why is it that the spirit friends of those who request them to do so, do not communicate to their friends who are ready and anxious to confirm it, as well as those who are not known and are scarce ever recognized?

A. Why spirits do not control, we suppose is from the simple fact that it is not in their power to do so. That there are spirits who control, that have no friends to identify them, we do not really believe to be the case. Individuals may recognize the communication of a spirit purporting to give a communication, and yet not be willing that the world should know the source.

Others, that are willing, omit to send any note to the publishers. There are a great many things of that kind that prevent communications from being publicly identified. Then again, spirits control, not for the purpose of being identified—but because they have a desire to manifest themselves, and give their thoughts—their ideas of things upon the spiritual plane. There is no one communication lost, because they all help to make up and show the measure of thought and expression and life of spirits on the spiritual plane.

## QUESTIONS BY MR. POWELL.

Q. Would it not be of more importance to have such communications and confirmations, than from a class of spirits not recognized?

A. No, not to the skeptical world. And why? Because it is the easiest thing in the world for them to think that those who already believe in the fact of communication with spirits—that they might send all of these facts to the medium, and that that was the way they came in possession of such facts, and then stand ready to send corroborative testimony of the same.

Then, again, those that are already convinced of the fact, have plenty of other means to communicate with those friends, aside from these messages that are published. It is hard to satisfy every one, and yet all must be satisfied with the great, positive minds controlling all.

Q. What are the best means to organize Spiritualists to avoid dissension?

A. We agree with our good brother that says "whatever is, is right." So whatever form of organization Spiritualists as a body may adopt, it will be right for the time being. Yet we know of no form which they may adopt, that will be lasting. That which would be best for them today, would not be best for them to-morrow. We know of no organization, no creed, they could adopt, no specified forms for them to adhere to, that would in any way advance the great fundamental principles underlying Spiritualism and spirit communication.

It would be a very nice thing, perhaps, for individuals to have some form of organization for the purpose of receiving sufficient compensation for their labor. It might be good for them. But for the great principle underlying this, we see no great need for it.

Q. Will you explain the nature of spheres and atmospheres?

We will explain it by referring to the different grades of society upon this material plane of life, and let you judge for yourself of the atmosphere pervading such. We have never yet been able to see the separate, distinct spheres upon the spiritual plane of life, as many have. Perhaps it is because we never left the second sphere of existence.

Q. I am alluding to the different spirit spheres in which every individual exists. I want to draw your attention to that. The answering of this question would resolve, it seems to me, an explanation of how it is that people feel so drawn to each other, or repelled. I think it is owing to the magnetic sphere surrounding us.

And the atmosphere, as I understand it—when spirits are in the same atmosphere, they can see each other. I don't know whether I am right, but that is my view of the matter. Perhaps you can explain it.

A. I don't know as we could explain it in any other way than that spirits or individuals that are upon the same plane of thought, are drawn towards each other, and so with feelings. And again, it may not be so much the different spheres surrounding the individual, as the positive and negative forces surrounding each—the negative overcome by the positive.

Q. If I understand my position, I should say that the sphere of an individual would be positive itself. If a mind is positive, it imparts that positive character to its own sphere; and if it is negative, vice versa.

A. Each one may be positive to themselves, and yet negative to another, as the case may be. Why it is that individuals feel this attraction and repulsion we cannot say. There is something within them, when this feeling of repulsion exists, which shows that they are not harmonious in their organizations. But just why, we can not tell, any more than we could tell why it was that individuals should have the different experiences that they do.

Q. Are spirits of one sphere conscious of the presence of spirits of another sphere?

A. We infer, from the ideas advanced by our brother, that each individual has a sphere corresponding with his own development and unfoldment. But that these are separate and distinct from the others, we do not see. The spiritual plane of life is not distinct and separate from the material plane of life. You live upon the material, and I upon the spiritual; yet we are both here, upon what is to you the material plane of life.

Q. Do we not live in a spiritual condition while we are here, a part of our time?

A. Spiritually, so far as that is concerned, but not spiritually upon the spiritual plane of life while the material organism contains the spirit. We can never go backward in our unfoldment. No matter what our experience may be, it is ever onward, but never backward. So when we leave the material organism, then we can see the spiritual plane of life, and be conscious of its existence; also the material plane of life which we have just left.

That is, we may be conscious of material things, although we do not contend with them as we did while yet retaining the material organism.

Q. So I understand by that, that you mean simply that when a spirit leaves the body and goes into the spirit world, it can never retrograde, or come back; or do I understand that human beings cannot retrograde? Persons may be very good to-day, and very vicious and bad to-morrow.

A. That which is seemingly bad; we know of nothing that is really bad. No matter what your experience may be; no matter how terrible the deeds may be, which you commit; no matter how terrible for other individuals to look

upon; yet those very acts of yours are necessary for your interior unfoldment.

Q. Do I believe all things may be necessary but not right.

A. Well, we will say all things are necessarily right. We won't say right, but necessary, and being necessary, they must be right. Whatever the great First Cause ordained and brought about, is necessarily right; and in our actions we have to step upon that very platform.

Every individual has a God-given principle within. In other words, it is all right that we call God. Now, if all these things are necessary for a more perfect understanding of that God-given principle within, then who shall say they are wrong?

Q. I do not agree with you. We have to take some standard which we recognize as right, and if we do not recognize some standard of right and wrong, then all confusion. The standard of right has always been the same; its principles have never yet changed. Justice was always justice, equity always equity, truth always truth, and nothing else since the world began. Without this standard we blindly grope along. Life is not worth beginning without these principles.

A. I should never say it was wrong for an individual to live up to their highest convictions of right; their highest sense of truth and goodness to themselves and to all individuals. It is right; it is just. It is in accordance with the divine principle and will. If an individual commits an act, he cannot tell why he commits that act. He can not tell why it was he was so thoughtless. He can not tell why it was he was lead to do thus and so. Then he may gain strength by that act, and will do it no more. Again, others will pass through the same experience time after time before they will gain strength to live up to that which they think to be right. Then a question arises, why is it that individuals do not resist the temptations which are seeming evil to another? We will answer, because no two individuals require precisely the same experience for their interior unfoldment. No two persons will express their ideas in precisely the same language; and as we have said before, no two individuals look exactly alike. Why is it? The same God-given principle is within every immortal soul, and yet their external appearances differ so much?

Now, we believe that this very experience is necessary for the unfoldment of our own individual strength and powers, and capacities. Perhaps it is from suffering that we learn how to show charity for others. And looking at it in this light, we can not see otherwise than that suffering is necessary; being necessary it is right; right to that individual, yet not right to another. Right for the time being, and the circumstances and surroundings, and condition of the individual. Now do you not believe it is?

Q. I believe some portions of it. There is a good deal of it I do not believe. I do not accept that part of your doctrine where you say these sad experiences, and misdeeds are necessary for our unfoldment, and that all of us do not require the same kinds of experiences. Where you recognize that it will lead you into all kinds of positions. It is necessary to have a standard of right recognized by all. We must have some line of demarcation between right and wrong. We must have some standard that a feeble, weak intellect can recognize as well as the wise and clear-headed. Individual action, with the influences and circumstances which surround us in life, are necessary to our culture, I admit. And that people in a certain condition can only grow out of it by certain experiences we do not recognize that is right.

SPRINT. Not right for you, but you must recognize them as right for that individual.

Q. In my soul I do not believe that the people who are grovelling in the dust, who commit these acts and have the slightest conception of a higher existence in their own souls think they are right. They are kept down by innumerable influences.

A. They are kept down by other influences, you say?

Q. Yes.

A. Those other influences cannot always keep them down?

Q. Oh, no.

A. It will keep them then, until they, by their suffering acquire strength to get out of it. Circumstances and surroundings change, and then they are different men and different women. If an individual had not strength to resist temptation, is it not right for him to acquire that strength? Then if it is right for him to get that strength, then these experiences are right for him to get that strength by, right for the individual. That which would be right for one individual, would not be right for another. Why? Because one person as an individualized entity, have sufficient strength within to resist, than the other had not.

Q. Again, perhaps, by the appearance of the sufferings which that individual has passed through, you being conscious of them, may gain sufficient strength within yourself from the sufferings of another to shun that which would be wrong to you. And so on through all the different experiences incident to material things.

Q. How do children in the spirit world obtain control of positive minds?

A. Children upon the spiritual plane of life do not obtain control of positive minds, without the aid of minds that are more positive than the minds of those individuals controlled.

Q. So I understand by that, that you mean simply that when a spirit leaves the body and goes into the spirit world, it can never retrograde, or come back; or do I understand that human beings cannot retrograde? Persons may be very good to-day, and very vicious and bad to-morrow.

A. That which is seemingly bad; we know of nothing that is really bad. No matter what your experience may be; no matter how terrible the deeds may be, which you commit; no matter how terrible for other individuals to look

sophical society, the Dialectical, which has several young lords among its members, if no elderly ones.

Making a call in Paternoster row, the other morning, I met a barrister of some literary and scientific as well as legal reputation, and social position, who gave me an account of some recent manifestations in the presence of Mr. Home, which have been witnessed by a hundred or more noblemen and literary and scientific nobilities, and which are more astonishing than anything that has happened, perhaps, for centuries. Passing over the usual manifestations, such as the raising of heavy bodies, playing on locks, piano, or so that the keys can be seen to move without fingers, I come to three or four distinct manifestations, the testimony to which is very difficult to get over. My informant is a man in every way reliable, and the other witnesses, whose names have been confidentially given me, not only belong to the highest circles of politics and society, but are men eminent capable of forming a correct judgment. In several instances the body of Mr. Home has been elongated by measurement upon the wall and lying on the floor, to the extent of eight or nine inches, and then shortened as much—making a carefully measured difference of a foot and a half.

He has been at different times raised into the air from the height of four feet to that of a high ceiling, and carried round the room in the clear view of all present, who have had the means of assuring themselves that no deception was possible. He was carried horizontally out of a window in the third story of the house of Lord —, and brought in at the window of another room, some 30 feet distant, having been carried through the air 40 feet or more from the ground. Finally, he has on several occasions taken a large live coal from a coal fire, held it in his hand, and laid it in the hands of other persons, without even the smell of fire, or the sensation of heat being perceived by them. My informant showed me where his own finger had been burned in testing the reality of this manifestation. He assured me that he had seen Mr. Home go to a large coal fire, and lay his face upon the white hot coals, without even singeing his hair or beard. As this is a pretty strong story, I beg to append the following, which I find in the *Spiritual Magazine* for this month. Mr. Hall is the well-known editor of the *Art Journal*—his wife, Mrs. S. C. Hall, is well known as a writer, and has lately received a pension from the Queen.

"No. 15 Ashley Place, Victoria street, S. W.—Sir: I state facts without explanation or comment. On the 27th day of December I was sitting with nine other persons in my drawing room. Mr. D. D. Home left the table, went to a bright fire, took a lump of 'living coal,' bright red, and threw it onto the table, and placed it on my head. Not a fair or strong, nor a side, but a very strong, and a very singular, blow, and did not sustain any injury. The coal remained upon my head about a minute. Mr. Home then took it off, and placed it in Mrs. Hall's hand without injury to her, and he afterward placed it in the hands of two of our guests. The gas light and two candles were burning in the room. I and the nine other persons present would depose to these facts."

Your obedient servant,

S. C. HALL.

The editor adds the following note: "At the conference at Lawson's rooms, Jan. 14, Mr. D. Jenckin, who was present on this occasion, publicly stated the facts he gave by Mr. Hall and added several instances of the kind which he had witnessed. The fire-test, he said, had now been seen recently, at different times, by more than fifty persons in the metropolis and its neighborhood."

I may add that I know Mr. Jenckin, and that he is a gentleman of high scientific acquirement as well as social position, and, I should say, every way to be trusted. If there is any value in human testimony, in proof of any fact whatever, there can be no doubt of the verity and genuineness of the facts above stated, and you may judge of the perplexity and consternation of men of science. Fellows of the Royal Society and other fellows, who think it is their duty to understand everything to explain, what they do not understand, and to have a theory ready for every fact you can bring them. For a long time they scornfully, and then sturdily, denied the facts, but when a man is confronted in every company by men of science as distinguished as himself, and worse still, by noble lords, who declare that they have seen and tested the very facts he denies, it becomes aggravating.

The following, from the *Chicago Times*, drawn out by the foregoing statement, is so suggestive of the native significance and growing influence of Spiritualism, in educating the "secular" press and reforming public opinion, that we give it entire. As a speculation, the theory of the "Brain Wave" is interesting, but is fanciful in the extreme, when put forward as an explanation of the well attested facts and the incidental phenomena of Spiritualism. As a sign of the times and a mark of progress, we bespeak for it no attentive reading.

Readers of *The Chicago Times* may remember the publication, a few days since, of an article recounting some miraculous exhibitions by a certain Mr. Home, who has obtained considerable notoriety through various alleged spiritual and material manifestations. It is related that this individual, in supreme disregard of the laws of gravitation, jumped from a window in a third or fourth story of a building, and floated easily and gracefully through the air into another window, some thirty or forty feet distant, and more elevated. It is also said that this man elongates his body several inches, when he feels so inclined, and can shorten it proportionately. He has frequently, if report may be believed, taken to aerial exercises in a large room, rising up into the air and floating about until he chose to come down to the level of common humanity.

The manner in which these stories are corroborated would lead any one who is credulous to believe that the days of miracles are not yet over. The circumstances are vouchcd for by the London correspondent of *The New York Times*, by a prominent London newspaper, and by Mr. S. C. Hall, a respectable and truthful man, who says that he has seen them.

What does it mean? Ordinarily, men of balance and judgment would not hesitate to denounce the whole affair as a fraud and imposition, and men of science would content themselves by simply asserting that these things are impossible. It may be that these theories are altogether correct; for the total depravity of human kind, which is nowadays so universally accepted, precludes faith in any man or his assertions. Yet, when respectable and truthful witnesses affirm these things, and when similarly unusual and physically impossible things are constantly recurring, the general subject of miracles must be revived. If this Mr. Home does such things as he is said to do, or any like miraculous actions, and should declare himself to be of superhuman origin, he would find no difficulty in surrounding himself with disciples, who would be ridiculed and denounced, as other disciples of new theories have been, but who would make proselytes in spite of these things. The tradition of the sect thus founded would be strong.

By the way cannot you influence some of the popular speakers who are traveling through this country to call and speak at some of the meetings? Indianapolis and St. Louis, half way between Chicago and Cairo, on the Illinois Central Rail Road. A fine young girl could well profit by these meetings.

Have a Lecture Association here which calls forth good speakers every two weeks, but not a word dare they say about Spiritualism or Woman's Rights, owing to the controlling element of Orthodoxy.

Please send five dollars, for which I

wish you to send twenty copies of the *JOURNAL* for three months to the following names. Please be particular to have each of their names marked on their paper so our post master will distribute them correctly."

"miracles" or those things in natural life, which are beyond and opposed to human reason and science.

If the stories about Home, or any other of the numerous miraculous traditions which history offers, are to receive the dignity of argument, we must begin to admit that seeing is not always believing, and this old adage, like a great many other old adages, is a popular fallacy. Unless we say that Mr. Hall and the rest of the gentle men, who testify positively that they have seen these strange manifestations, are liars point blank, we must establish some theory by which sight is or may be, deceived. This theory established, there is occasion and justification for doubting all things that are miraculous in their nature.

The London *Spectator* has recently endeavored to show that there are certain mental deceptions, which are grouped under the general name of "Brain-Wave," that mislead men, and this journal has given some well-authenticated examples of the theory. One of these was in an instance in which the wife of W. L. Clay, a man prominent in the movement for prison-reform, distinctly followed the footsteps of her husband through the gate, up the walk, into the house, through the door, where he left his umbrella, and shook the rain from himself; she then took him and received an answer when, as she supposed, he went up-stairs. But, on proceeding to the room one minute after, she found that her husband was not there. An hour afterward, the very same sensations occurred, and the husband actually arrived as she imagined he had arrived before. The husband said that, at the very time his wife's hallucination occurred, he was actually revolving the subject of return in his own mind, and had then mapped out the very course which he followed on arriving at his house.

A common instance of the effects of imagination, which is cited in every volume of metaphysics, is that in which the experiment upon a condemned criminal proved that, by simply making a scratch on his arm sufficient to draw blood, and submerging him in a bath of warm water, and telling him that an artery had been severed, he would bleed to death. The man actually died from exhaustion superinduced by his fancy. Almost any physician of extensive practice, too, can relate instances in which actual diseases have been temporarily checked, and imaginary diseases altogether cured, by mere force of will. Many other instances might be cited in which it is known that the fancy or the will has controlled the subject in hand.

May there not be a "brain-wave," a freak of fancy, or a power of will, in the case of Mr. Home's exploits, or those of any other unnatural or supernatural character, influences the testimony of men, who actually believe that they have seen what they relate? On the principle that "Seeing's believing," which is so generally adopted; this deception of sight is accepted as truth, and so promulgated. Once gaining credence, it is only natural that it is accepted and spread, and becomes of ridiculous proportions, to be handed down as an adage. But, if this theory be admitted—and there are certainly powerful reasons why it should be—what becomes of the supernatural things which posterity is taught to believe as a part of Christianity?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOAST.

BY DR. E. WHEELOCK.

How frequent it is when talking with an exponent of Spiritualism or self-styled orthodox Christian, for them to boast of what great things "we Christians" have done—in the following strain: We have civilized the world; we have established all the Arts and Sciences; we have been the only promoters of morality; the only builders of colleges and schools, in short, we are the only salt or salvation of the earth, the sum pium bonum of all good.

But what are the facts? Did the religion of the Jews have for its object the universal education and the amelioration of the condition of mankind? Did the early Christians seek to impart universal knowledge, and give freedom to the African Slave? or did they not first make him a slave? Does Christianity stay the tide of war, or does it, in the least degree, do justice to the unprotected red men of the forest?

Does it not perpetually slander and misrepresent all nations and persons who do not foster its pride, or servilely bow at its command? Does not the rack, the stake, the gibbet, the gallows, the dungeon, the persecutor, and the unchristian, like heavy cloaks, made fast the felons' feet, have ever been a hindrance to the march of science, to the true investigation of the science of the human-soul, the laws of life, and man's true destiny?

FROM MATTOON.

A friend writing from Mattoon, Illinois, says: "I think all subscribers should, and could, get up a long list of names whom they would like much to send the *JOURNAL* for three months, if no longer. I feel as though I could invest five dollars towards giving my neighbors and friends twenty-five copies of your most valuable paper for the term of three months. By so doing I think it will fall into the hands of thinking minds who will continue their subscription after the three months time expires. There are many thinking, investigating minds through the country who have grown tired of mock-form worship as they have in churches and do not attend any society, but are constantly demanding spiritual, food, and I think your paper will supply that demand to a certain extent."

I am satisfied that Old Theology cannot influence the thinking, investigating mind, and such minds are not always supplied with spiritual papers like unto the *JOURNAL* and *BANNER OF LIGHT*.

Should your subscribers take hold of this matter in earnest, your list of subscription could be doubled in three months.

One word about lecturers. You in the large cities are blessed with having associations whereby you can have lecturers often and know nothing of the dry, monotonous life in the country where we have no society to encourage public lecturers to stop on their transit through our country. All the spiritual food one gets in the country is through the *JOURNAL* and *BANNER OF LIGHT*.

By the way cannot you influence some of the popular speakers who are traveling through this country to call and speak at some of the meetings? Indianapolis and St. Louis, half way between Chicago and Cairo, on the Illinois Central Rail Road. A fine young girl could well profit by these meetings.

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## Frontier Department.

E. V. WILSON.

## Skaneateles.

Skaneateles! Who is he, what is he, and where does he live, and what does he do?

Be patient, dear readers, and we will tell you all we know about him, and that is not much.

He was once an Indian Chief, of the Onondaga tribe, and was drowned in Skaneateles lake, N.Y., many years ago, while under the influence of King Alcohol, the Prime Minister of civilization; and is now a spirit acting through mediums, to counsel the children of those who robbed him and his tribe of their homes and birth-right; to heal the lame and the sick, coming with peace and love in his nature, to those who despicably used him, and is an angel of mercy clothed in love, seeking to do good unto his enemies. And is it not a wonderful fact, that the savage nature of the Indian, on becoming a spiritual being, is lost. He is changed to an angel of mercy, and in our experience with spirits and Spiritualists during fifteen years, we do not remember of ever meeting a bitter, revengeful Indian spirit. We wish we could say as much of the spirits of white men and women. This much for the Indian.

Skaneateles Lake is a beautiful body of water, some sixteen miles in length, narrow and deep, clear and pure, situated in Onondaga county, New York, south-west of Syracuse, some eighteen miles, and is resorted to during the heat of summer by the rich, the gay and the sick, from every part of the Union, and the sloping shores are noted for their American rurality and pleasant scenery, and in the future, must become the "Coney," or "Winternre," of America. The country is well improved around it, and on its banks are many fine mansions, and its waters are used for mechanical purposes, as well as for the use of numerous manufacturing establishments, and the Erie Canal is in part supplied from its waters.

Skaneateles village, a flourishing little town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, is situated at the foot of the lake and known far and wide for its conservative element. Hitherto, Spiritualism has had but little foothold here, being kept under by a system of religious lies and phrases such as, "It is the work of the Devil," "It is free-love," "It breaks up families;" as well as "What good will it do?"

The last question is the "language of the people" others than the language of theology, bigotry and superstition. And yet when carefully considered, the Devil was born of theology, free-love of St. Paul, and the breaking up of families of Jesus, and what good will it do? of the positive d—l fools who believe that Spiritualism is dead, that Jesus is today carrying out the plan of salvation in some far off planet, and that E. V. Wilson is a myth.

And now that we have told you all about Skaneateles, Indian, lake and village, let us tell you something of Spiritualism here, for there are Spiritualists here, and more than the church were aware of, and hearing of the great revival work going on in Buffalo, Syracuse and many other places, under the able ministration of our brother, E. V. Wilson, we extended a call to him to come to our help, and he has been with us for four days and nights feeding us on the "bread of life" spiritual life teaching, explaining and demonstrating the precepts practices and facts of immortality.

His first lecture on "The Bible," was clearly demonstrative of the fact that this book belongs to the Spiritualists.

His second lecture, on "The law of spirit control," all declared to be one of the ablest lectures ever delivered in our village.

His third lecture, "Diabolism, or the Devil," carried the price of \$1.

His fourth and last lecture "God in the Past, Present and Future, Theologically and Spiritually, considered and contrasted," swept everything before it, and what is best of all, as well as approval of the speaker's position and ability, is in the fact that the meetings were self-sustaining, the receipts being more than the expenses. Aside from his lectures, Mr. W. gave one public and one private audience, giving many fine tests, from which we select the following:

First, Capt. M., I see by you a fine looking little girl, about six years old, describing her carefully. Second, there is with you a spirit by the name of Antoline Baptiste, a Portuguese sailor, says he was with you in a terrible storm off the coasts of Spain, in 1836, and was subsequently lost off the Cape of Good Hope.

Third, there is with you a man, an Irishman, a sailor, you are at sea off the coast of Ireland, when this man mutinies. You are called forward, the man seizes a hand spike from the capstan stocks, and makes a blow at you, just missing you and nearly killing a man near you. This man is now a spirit.

Fourth, there is with you, describing him, who gives me the name of Edward Wilson, says he was the first officer of the ship "John Adams," and that he knew you well, that you and he were together in Liverpool, England, in 1832.

Fifth, there is with you, a very stout old sea captain, who gives his name as Stubbs, of Maine, and that you and he sailed out of New York together, in 1838, in the ship "Caledonia," and you in a Merchantman, for the East Indies.

And now, sir, do not be offended at what I am about to say. There is here on your right, a woman, just behind you and over your head a second woman, on your left a third woman. Here Mr. W. entered into a minute and graphic description of the women; after which he said, there are two others here, one of them I believe to be your daughter, the other they are your wives, and yet, sir, I see a fifth wife in the form, by your side.

Response: All you have told me is true. The little girl is mine, and died at five.

Antoine Baptiste I knew well, and a famous good man he was. Learned subsequently, that he was lost by shipwreck.

I recollect the storm off the coast of Spain in 1836, very well. The Irishman and the mutiny, I also remember, and that he came very near killing me. It was off the coast of Ireland.

First officer, Edward Wilson, of the ship "John Adams," was an intimate friend of mine, and I remember the meeting in Liverpool very well.

I remember the ship "Caledonia," and of my sailing for the East Indies, in 1832, but cannot bring to mind Capt. Stubbs, and friends. In regard to the spirits of these women, that have been described, it is minutely true. He has described my second, third and fourth wife in every particular. I am now living with my fifth wife.

I have always doubted Spiritualism, and have never been a Spiritualist, but I cannot deny these things. I am a stranger to Mr. Wilson, and this is his first visit to our town. He could not have been

told of these things for there is no one here that knew of them. Most wonderful.

Mr. Wilson gave many other fine tests during his visit, in all about seventy-five, and many of them as marked as those connected with Capt. M.

Here we have repeated the scene that occurred at the well of Samaria, only that this time it is a man and five wives; then it was a woman with five husbands. These things were not done in a corner, nor are they based upon the testimony of Mr. W., but it was witnessed by many persons and those, too, unbelievers. And we may say in the language of Capt. M. "I cannot deny, I must believe, I have no longer any doubt." We are in possession of the names of many who witnessed these things and are prepared to prove them.

## Our discussion with Elder Grant, at Danville, New York.

To-day, we send you what was published of the debate in Danville, New York, between E. V. Wilson and Elder Miles Grant. It conveys but a faint idea of the debate.

A few quotations from our notes may help to convey to the reader some idea of the strong points made, and not answered by Elder Grant.

First. All testimony put in by either party and not rebutted or ruled out, is conceded, hence, the following testimony put in by the affirmative and not rebutted or ruled out, gives us the case.

First. That light, air, water, earth, the vegetable and animal kingdoms, appear spontaneously, hence, not made, and became breathers of air and had no immortal soul.

Second. Man was made, manufactured, and that a soul was loaned to him, and must be returned to him who loaned it. The borrower must pay his debts. The animal borrowed from the air and the earth. Man borrowed from the earth, air and God or Spirit; hence, took precedence over that which appeared, hence, immortal.

Third. Elder Grant conceded that the phenomena of Spiritualism in all of its phases and teachings are true, and do take place, and I admit it, but declares it to be the work of Demons, hence, not sustained by the Bible. This concession left us nothing to do, but to prove that the phenomena of to-day existed in the days of the prophets, Jesus and the apostles. This we did both by the Old and New Testaments, and the Elder did not rebut it.

Fourth. We proved that the law against such as had familiar spirits, was simply an exhortation to Moses, and not a law of God or command from him, quoting from Deut. 32d chapter, 16th verse.

Fifth. That men did die, were buried and afterwards appeared to those who knew them when ill.

Sixth. We proved that not an angel had ever been seen or spoken to, that was not seen as a man, and spoke as a man. We then called upon the Elder to produce a single case where an immortal appeared and talked as a man, that had not somewhere in the past been a man, or an inhabitant of this earth.

Seventh. We rebutted the position made by the Elder from Rev. 16th chapter, 3d verse, by showing that the third plague affected only men, and not fishes, they having no part in the plan of salvation.

Eighth. We compelled Elder Grant to concede that he misrepresented Samuel in saying Samuel died to Saul.

Ninth. The Elder denied that Elijah ever wrote to King Jeohoram, after his translation, and affirmed, "It is not in the Bible." We then read him from 2d Chron. 21st chapter, 12th verse, written in SOT—B. C. He again denied it, and said, "It is not in the Bible, and I demand that Wilson prove that Elijah had ever been translated." We then turned to 2d Kings, 2d chapter, 11th verse, and subtracted 887 from 880, and put it in as testimony, and Elder Grant never referred to it, from that time out, hence he stands convicted of denying the Bible.

Tenth. Elder Grant convinced Jesus of telling a lie—he impeached him. We quoted Matt. 11th chapter 14th verse: "This is Elias which was to come." The testimony of Jesus concerning John the Baptist.

Elder Grant arose and denied the testimony of Jesus, and then read from John, 1st chapter, 21st, verse, "And they asked him, What then, art thou Elias?" and he saith, I am not. Art thou that prophet? and he answered, No." And the Elder asked, triumphant, "Who knew best, whether it was Elias, John or Jesus?" If this does not impeach Jesus, then we do not understand the use of these authorities to foreign to the resolution, hence, not admissible. Point of order sustained. Elder Grant then said, "If I am compelled to confine myself to Bible reading, then I may as well close the discussion as fast, for I cannot defend my position from the Bible."

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Twelfth. We had nothing to do after the ruling of the chair, but to keep the Elder to the resolution, as he introduced no new points whatever, admitting everything, simply calling it evil or demonology, and then affirmed that God forbid witchcraft, and familiar spirits. We showed conclusively that the word Demon, was not found in the Bible, hence, not admissible. We denied the command of God forbidding communing with such as had familiar spirit, proving beyond a doubt, that the law had no higher authority than as an exhortation of Moses, and not a law of God. We then read from Deut. 18th chapter, 9th, 10th & 11th verses, that the command did forbid communion with spirits, but prohibited the people from living in the land who had these gifts.

Thirteenth. Elder Grant complained to us of our unfairness in compelling him to confine himself to the resolution, saying, "Nor would we have accepted this resolution, if we had known our course."

Is not this concession a surrender? We think so. We now repeat the challenge.

Resolved: That the Bible, King James' version, sustains the teachings and phases of Modern Spiritualism.

Discussion to be carried on under parliamentary usages. We will discuss the above resolution, with any minister of good, moral character, who is in charge of a congregation of not less than one hundred communicants, in either of the following cities: Buffalo, New York; Cleveland, Ohio; Chicago, Illinois, or Milwaukee, Wisconsin; any time within six months from March 1st, 1869, and thirty days after receiving notice of the acceptance of this challenge.

Ten. April, 1869.—The Spiritualist Society of this city have invited Dr. H. F. Poole, author of the "SPIRITUAL TIMES," London, for the year 1869. J. H. St. John.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, meets at Concert Hall, Chestnut, above 12th street, at 9 A.M., Dr. G. D. Dyott, Conductor; Mrs. Mary J. Dyott, Guardian. The First Association of Spiritualists has its loc.

"The Philadelphian," No. 1, 11th and Locust streets, Washington Hall, every Sunday, the morning devoted to their Lyceum, and the evening to lectures.

I have always doubted Spiritualism, and have never been a Spiritualist, but I cannot deny these things. I am a stranger to Mr. Wilson, and this is his first visit to our town. He could not have been

We will meet the expense of the Hall, and advertising.

Address E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage county, Illinois.

## A THRILLING CLAIRVOYANT VIEW.

The LYCEUM RECORD of the 6th ult., says:

"Dr. Blain, being present at the election of officers last Sunday, asked permission to tell the children what he saw with clairvoyant vision during the session. He described a large collection of children, ranged in beautiful circles, one above another, and bathed in a halo of glorious light, each one bearing bouquets of flowers and green leaves, and silvery stars which looked as if made out of bright, sheer silver. These flowers and leaves and silvery stars, the bright, happy spiritual children with radiant joy, were falling snow flakes over the groups of children in the spirit groups which would clasp their little hands with delight at the beautiful scene, while all the circles would sing and invoke blessings on the Lyceum. The Doctor's description was graphic and interesting as well as encouraging, on this special occasion."

To be silent at the proper time, is often better than to speak well.

You must suffer if you transgress law

## NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

ATMOSPHERE, MICH.—Lyceum meets each Sabbath at 1 o'clock P.M. Dr. A. D. Eddy, Conductor; R. H. Waterer, Dr. N. W. Bates, Guardian of Groups, Mrs. A. Wright, Conductor.

ASTORIA, CLATSOP COUNTY, O.—The Society of Friends of Progress have just completed a new hall, and invite spectators to travel their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—The First Spiritualist Association meets in this hall, 25 Broad street, M. T. Wright, President; Samuel N. Jones, Vice President; Wm. Dunckley, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A.M. Dr. A. D. Eddy, Conductor; Mrs. A. Wright, Guardian.

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, APRIL 10, 1869.

VOL. VI.—NO. 3.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
GOD KEEPS THE WAY.

BY MRS. F. O. HYER.

I cannot pray God keep the way,  
Of the inspired of truth and love,  
Or ask that angels day by day,  
Bring choicest blessings from above;  
For well I know that the Most High,  
Can never bestow a pure balm,  
In spheres or worlds beyond the sky,  
Than bows from work well done in this.

Since first upon my vision-dropt  
The beauties of our mother earth,  
Since first my innocent sense awoke  
To something of her priceless worth,  
Christ's prayer to the Eternal One,  
Translated to my soul was given:

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done;  
On earth as in Heaven."

"On earth as it is done in Heaven"  
I read in morning's golden light,  
To every star a voice is given  
Proclaiming it unto the night;  
The song-bird with its joyous wing,  
Touches the lyric chords of air,  
While through the summer day doth ring  
The glad sweet burden of this prayer.

The sunbeam bears the ocean spray  
To the pure averse above,  
Warming it through the sweet, bright day  
Till gentle as a mother's love  
A messenger bears of the sun,  
And whisks to each, drooping—  
"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

The tempest sweeps across the sky,  
And loud the heavy thunders crash,  
While from the fountain-clouds on high,  
To earth, the heavy torrents dash;  
To rivers' swell the mountain rills,  
The song-bird to her broodling trees,  
The frightened herds upon the hills  
Seek shelter 'neath the surging trees.

But rainbow wait behind the storm  
And perfume from the throbbing hearts  
Of floral bosoms pure and warm,  
In rarer exhibition stirs—  
When nature's pulse its calm regains,  
Each cloud rolls backward from the sun,  
And earth through all her gladdened views,  
Feels that God's high will be done.

Thus our sweet, holy mother earth,  
Teaches her children of the law  
By which her countess, boundless wealth,  
They shall with her forever draw;  
Thus hourly she communes with me,  
Till I so love her lot to bear,  
I'd prize no immortality  
In which that mother did not share.

Such heritage of love divine  
Compenses for all care and toil,  
Co-heirs of this exhaustless mine,  
No fee our treasures can despol;  
Thus all her children called to teach  
The gospel of her holy cause,  
Are paid for every word they preach  
In the rich foliage of her laws.

Oh! mother, beautiful and fair!  
Thine orbit is the natal sphere,  
I have no power to breathe a prayer  
To be removed from labor here;  
Nor can I pray, "God keep the way."  
Of those to whom the gifts are given,  
To see the dear earth day by day  
Unfolding to the highest leaves.

## WILFRED MONTRESSOR; OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACE, OR THE  
COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

MONTRESSOR AND MISS PERCY—A HUNT.

Miss Caroline Percy had risen from the ottoman, and was standing before a mirror adjusting her disarranged ringlets when the door of the apartment opened suddenly. She turned and beheld Wilfred Montressor. A faint exclamation of surprise burst from her lips.

"My gloves, Miss Percy," said the man of thirty-five, bowing slightly and advancing toward a work table on which a pair of gloves were lying.

"But—but—Doctor Everard," stammered Miss Percy.

"I parted from him at the street door, and I brought me of my gloves. The Doctor has several friends in this vicinity, and I am not a popular visitor in all cases."

The lady remained standing in the center of the apartment, with her eyes fixed inquiringly upon her visitor.

"Frankly, Miss Percy," exclaimed Montressor, smiling, "I did not return for the sole purpose of reclaiming my gloves. I have another object—to converse with you freely and alone."

"Doctor Everard's injunction was, that I must forbear talking—a most difficult prescription, I admit," remarked Miss Percy, with a singular mixture of hesitation and vivacity.

"The Doctor is an enthusiast in his studies and pursuits."

"As a physician he is attentive and skillful." "Both—and yet his knowledge of books is more accurate and profound than his knowledge of human nature. Enthusiasm often closes the eyes as completely as the processes of animal magnetism."

There was a lurking meaning in these words which did not escape the notice of Miss Percy, for she replied quickly:

"You are not a skeptic in mesmerism?" "I could not remain so," rejoined Montressor "if I were accustomed to judge from appearances; but as you remarked to Doctor Everard, at the commencement of our interview, appearances are deceitful."

"I do not understand you," replied Miss Percy.

"It is unfortunate," observed Montressor, with a grave smile. "I will explain myself more clearly. Your performances this morning have been highly creditable to your powers as an actress, and prove conclusively, whether animal magnetism be true or false, that the unsuspecting Doctor Everard is no match for the artful Caroline Percy."

Miss Percy's dark eyes flashed angrily, and she drew up her slight form with an air of offended dignity as she replied:

"You are presuming, sir."

"Truth is never a just cause of offense, when uttered from honorable motives," said the traveler calmly. "It is important to the objects of this interview, that I convince you of my appreciation of your real character. Something I have learned from others previously to my introduction to your personal acquaintance, and the circumstances connected with Doctor Everard's experiments have fully satisfied me that you are skillful in deception, ambitious of notoriety, regardless of your own interests, and fond of amassing yourself with the weaknesses of others. It is really unnecessary for me to expose minutely this imposture which you have practiced on Doctor Everard. You will not, dare not, deny it!"

"I will not, sir," said Miss Percy angrily. "Deny your right to interrogate me."

"Nay, madam, I assert no right," replied Wilfred Montressor, with a searching glance. "Enough of this. You perceive that I understand you."

There was an undefinable consciousness of power in the tone and bearing of the traveler, which insensibly over-awed Miss Caroline Percy. She rose, however, under the influence of his words, and with a smile, said:

"You are desirous of becoming the wife or the mistress of Mr. Frederick Willoughby?"

"It will become a crime," said Montressor, thus gravely rebuking the sarcasm of the lady, "if you persist in encouraging his visits after the warning I have given. You have a pleasing exterior—a lively fancy—you have talent and tact. Possessed of these, you may reasonably hope to inspire a passionate attachment in the bosom of a young man of warm impulses and generous feelings. You are cool, artful, and designing. Are you desirous of becoming the wife or the mistress of Mr. Frederick Willoughby?"

"It will become a crime," said Miss Percy, "if you persist in encouraging his visits after the warning I have given."

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Percy," remarked Montressor, "I have no intention to wound your feelings, or to trespass very long upon your time. Before proceeding further, I claim the privileges of a friend."

"A friend!" echoed Miss Percy, with a glance of incredulity.

"Yes, Miss Percy."

"You have exhibited singular proofs of friendship."

"Our acquaintance is of recent date," said the man of thirty-five, with a peculiar smile; "but I am prepared to vindicate my pretensions by my actions. Money, in the judgment of the world, is an unerring test of real friendship. I am rich, Miss Percy. I seek not to prey, indiscriminately, into your pecuniary affairs—only to assure you that my purse is freely at your disposal in case a loan of money should at any time hereafter be convenient or desirable to you."

Your conduct is extraordinary, Mr. Montressor. I shall request the presence of my aunt during the remainder of our interview."

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Percy," remarked Montressor, "I have no intention to wound your feelings, or to trespass very long upon your time. Before proceeding further, I claim the privileges of a friend."

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Miss Percy cast a troubled, inquiring glance at the speaker, offended pride and over-mastering selfishness were contending unequally in her bosom.

I comprehend the meaning of your glance," said Montressor, smiling. "You are not crudely enough to believe in disinterested friendship, and yet wish to learn the cold pro quo?"

"You have criticised me with merciless severity," said Miss Percy coldly. "It seems that you imagine me capable of receiving pecuniary assistance from a comparative stranger."

"Why not?" replied Montressor, "unless you distrust my assurances. I shall deal frankly with you, Miss Percy. I am thoroughly informed of your engagements and obligations to Mr. William Pettigrew."

The assumed indifference of Caroline Percy vanished at this revelation—a deep crimson flush mantled her cheeks, extending to her brows and temples.

After a moment's pause Miss Percy recovered herself, and turned to her visitor with a serious expression of countenance.

Have you an object of sufficient importance, Mr. Montressor, to justify you in prolonging an interview which is both painful and embarrassing?"

"I have, Miss Percy," said Montressor, gravely. "What has been said by me heretofore is merely an introduction to the real purpose of my visit. I seek, measurably, to control your actions, and I deemed it essential to the establishment of a permanent influence over you to satisfy you that your aims, your tastes, and your position are fully known to me. In my criticism of your character, I intend no severity nor any insult in my offer of pecuniary assistance."

The fortunes of Miss Percy as Montressor proceeded, manifested signs of wonder and admiration.

"I have an object, Miss Percy," continued the traveler. "It relates to the future welfare of Frederick Willoughby and the just claims of William Pettigrew."

"By what right, Mr. Montressor do you seek to control my actions or to interfere in my private affairs?"

Montressor had almost instinctively faltered the character of Miss Caroline Percy. Instead

of replying directly to her question, he remarked:

Mrs. Willoughby, the mother of Frederick Willoughby, is a person whom I greatly admire and esteem, and to whom I am under many obligations. She is a lady of high principle and virtuous conduct, proud of her social position, her family descent, proud of her son and deeply interested in his prosperity and happiness.

Frederick Willoughby is a young man of education and fortune; of a frank, honorable yet impetuous disposition, just commencing an active, independent career. The hopes of a doating mother, and the expectations of troops of friends depend on his preservations from vicious pursuits or evil entanglements. Now, Miss Percy, I question your seriousness as to your intentions in forming the acquaintance or encouraging the visits of Mr. Frederick Willoughby."

My acquaintance with Mr. Willoughby was commenced accidentally." As Miss Percy uttered these words, her eyes fell beneath the steady, piercing glance of Wilfred Montressor. "And he has been to visit me but two or three times."

"Your intentions, Miss Percy?"

"Mr. Willoughby is the master of his own actions," said Caroline Percy, somewhat haughtily. "If he seeks my society, the crime is not to be imputed to me."

There was a continual struggle in the mind of Miss Percy, between the involuntary desire she felt toward her visitor and the natural pride and independence of her character. Yet probably the appeal which had been made to her selfishness, was the most powerful agent in restraining her from a contemptuous disregard of the assumed authority of the traveler. Her manner exhibited, to a greater or less degree, the phases of this struggle. At first she was subdued and timid; then by turns she became sullen, irritable, and even became haughty.

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"Your anxiety in relation to Mr. Willoughby is unfounded, I think," said Caroline Percy, with a smile. "I like him, certainly, from what little I have seen of him; but I have had no reason to think that he is disposed to fall in love with me. Your charges against me are so open-ended, with no specific demands as extraordinary. Besides, I am aware that you are more capable of saving himself."

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## Pacific Department.

BY..... BENJAMIN TODD

### A Dilapidated Church.

Poor old tumbling walls, time-worn and worn-eaten, destruction is thy inevitable doom! But not alone art thou in thy old age and misery; but false, filthy and wicked doctrines and creeds which have resounded and made those old walls re-echo back again the sound from time to time, are going thy way also. Their destruction is keeping pace with thy moldering pieces and sure to beat the company to thy ruin. Death is written upon thee, oh, once rich and elegant tabernacle, which for years was the fashionable resort for God's holy worshippers.

Had I been caught wandering upon the seventh day in any other direction, no doubt I would have been pointed to this place as the only refuge for redemption, where the sin-stained soul could be made white and a fit subject for His divine presence. Alas, how changed! The pulpit, which faces you at the entrance is also nearly demolished.

The sanctified presence of the priest-hood proved insufficient to preserve that holy place from the destroyer's hand. It alike is failing. Look at the windows. Could you discern the least object through the small pieces which have chanced to remain, perhaps unnoticed by the mischievous school-boy? Would you have supposed them ever transparent, and once the finest ornaments of that grand temple? Quite otherwise. The spider now inhabits each nook and corner, and the tiny threads are crossed and recrossed, displaying beautiful specimens of skill and architecture in the utmost profusion.

How chilling is the atmosphere surrounding this spot! It goes to the very centre of life, and causes a shudder. How dreary, dismal, and yet bewitching, are these old ruins. I yearn to leave, and still something haunts me to linger. I feel stifled and I feel inspired. I can almost hear those songs of praise which so oft have been offered from this crumbling pile. I can, seemingly, hear those barbarous and unnatural prayers going up to God from beings more corrupt at heart than the rotten mass before me. I see the incense being offered, which purifies the guilty from those hellish crimes which curdele one's blood to know!

These and various other ceremonies bespeak the office for which this edifice was once erected. But what a change! The poor old house is left like a recreant friend, to totter and fall alone! Like its false and iniquitous teachings, it will go down without one word of pity or consolation; a fair emblem of a religion born but to decay by time and civilization.

Fool old creed, thou hast lived thy allotted time, and now with these crumbling walls, must thou go down alike, one mass of corruption. Thy foot-hold, although for a time strong, was sure to weaken for lack of truth and enlightenment. Now, farewell. Peace be to the ashes, oh, ignorance and superstition!

LEOLINE.

### Gumblers.

The most provoking class of these characters that we have among us as Spiritualists, are those that are constantly grumbling about mediums and lecturers. If there is a more thankless task in the world than that of mediumship or public lecturing on the subject of Spiritualism, I would not know where to find it. The miserly conduct of Spiritualists towards their speakers, has driven much of the best talent we ever had from the field. The solemn and weighty obligations of the consanguineous ties have forced them to seek more lucrative employments, and yet apparently the mass of Spiritualists are indifferent to the matter.

If you converse with them on the subject and urge the necessity of better-sustaining speakers and mediums, their reply generally is, "Oh, I don't particularly care about lectures, and as for tests, I have seen enough to convince me of the phenomena, and I will take my chances in the other world." To say the least, such characters are very far from being philosophical Spiritualists.

I only wish they could once have it revealed to them how mean and contemptible their little narrow, contracted, miserly soul will look by the light of the spirit world.

Again, there is a class of very egotistical persons who dilate largely on their own attainments and growth that are constantly finding fault with mediums because they do not grow out of what is termed the early manifestations, such as rapping and tipping, calling them low and frivolous manifestations, holding them in light esteem.

Let me tell you, Mr. Self-Righteous Egret, that this is very ungrateful on your part to say the least. Was not you a child once and did not these mediums teach you A B C through these very means that now you affect to despise? And are all educated up to that stand-point that the primary department is not needed?

So long as human beings are born, so long will rudimentary instruction be needed in common intellectual development; and this applies to Spiritualism as well.

Facts are the basis of Philosophy, and I thank the powers that be, that they cannot be separated in Spiritualism. They go hand in hand with each other like two bound in marital bands; and it is that alone that will hinder the spiritual philosophy from becoming effete in time like all other religious philosophies that have gone before.

Let all the different phases of mediumship be encouraged; they are all important. There are none high and none low in this great work; and if there are a few sanctimonious pharisees who leave the ranks for fear of contaminating their apostolic robe, all right. Let them go, it will only clear the track and make room for more earnest workers.

### An Excellent Test.

The following correspondence was handed to us by Dr. E. A. Tompkins who is one of our most highly esteemed citizens. He is a man possessing a fine mind, highly educated, and a very successful practitioner of medicine, but unfortunately like many of his profession, is a skeptical turn of mind. The boy medium is the one we mentioned a week or two since.

The following indentment, we found on the back of the letter:

"This letter and its fellow is as conclusive as evidence of the truth of spirit communication as a reasonable mind should ask."

E. A. T.

I wrote this letter and enclosed it in three brown envelopes, and then caused a piece of it to be placed on each side and riveted, and then put in another envelope and carefully marked. It was returned to me unopened, and yet transcribed and answered. How was it done? The same was done to a previous letter.

E. A. TOMPKINS.

Grass Valley, February 28th, 1869.  
Will the spirit<sup>r</sup> power that usually controls John A. Tyler Jr., answer the following questions and remarks?

Are we conscious of our existence after our mind or spirit separates from the body by what is called death? Are we punished after the death of the body, for the faults and follies we have committed and repented of here, and now hate and abhor?

Will we be abhorred in the Spirit-Land for the errors we have committed and repented of in this life of the body? When a man does no good sufficient to counterbalance his brother to others, does his committing suicide result in after misery to himself? Are my parents and former earth friends with me? Have I a guardian spirit; and if so, what is that spirit? Please answer all or such as you choose of the above questions?

E. A. TOMPKINS.

In the following transcription of the doctor's letter, the words italicized, and every punctuation mark is the same as in the original.

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Answers to the above questions: No, you are not punished for the faults you have committed here if you have sufficiently atoned for them already. No one is abhorred in the Spirit World, no matter how bad they may have been. We only try to improve their condition. Yes, it adds greatly to his misery if he is with you and are happy. Every-one has a guardian spirit, you among the number. You have two, namely: your mother, Eunice Tompkins, and your sister Mary Tompkins. I believe I have answered all your questions, and I trust satisfactorily.

JOSEPH RABE,  
Dr. E. A. TOMPKINS.

### Items of Interest.

Christians say that our first parents were born in a state of innocence. Grant it, and what do it amount to? It was only an innocence of ignorance. Virtue only comes as the result of having struggled with human passions, and brought them into subjection to wisdom:

Ungrown children are naturally inclined to, and to tell the truth until grown-up children educate them to be hypocrites.

The greatest liar in the world tells a hundred truths, to one lie.

The preponderance between good and evil, is largely in favor of good in the human race, and no better evidence is needed of consummate ignorance or insipidity on religion than for a person to take the ground that all mankind are totally depraved.

The book of nature is far more reliable than the Christian's Bible, for it never tells lies.

Spiritualism has taught one grand truth the world never discovered before, and that is that religion is natural. A home production does not have to be imported.

Human beings are like a clock; they can not recall past hours, and the future they have nothing to do with. It is to tick now and just so much time to do it in. Be sure that you put the tick on time, or you will lose just so much in the count of your existence.

Christians teach their children to hate—the Devil, hate sin, hate infidels, hate Spiritualists, and they grow up full of hate, and their parents are very apt to come in for a share.

That person who loves little children, poetry and flowers, is not very far from the Kingdom of Heaven.

That individual who loves the most, has got the bravest heart and will not fear death.

The law of selfishness, "might makes the right," but in the law of love, right makes one mighty.

The truly noble men and women dare to do right in the face of opposition, whilst the coward shrinks out of sight or becomes a fawning scrophulant, and worships at the shrine of popular opinion.

The person that does right because it is right, without fear of punishment or hope of reward can alone be said to act from principle.

Man cannot sin against God—he can sin only against something he can affect by his act. God being infinite and imputable, no act of man can affect him.

### Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

#### Dark Circles.

BY WM. B. FAIRNSTECK.

BRO. JONES.—The question has often been asked, "Why can not spirits give physical demonstrations in the light, as well as in the dark?"

The answer is perfectly plain and satisfactory to all who have made the laws of spirit<sup>r</sup> intercourse their study, and those who cavil at the necessity, might, with as much propriety, be asked, why can not spirits change the nature of galvanism, electricity or magnetism?

Every particle of matter in the universe is governed by laws, and conditions are always necessary, or no law can be in force.

Therefore, as it is natural or lawful for galvanism, electricity or magnetism to have peculiar properties or qualities, it is natural for light to prevent physical manifestations, because it breaks up conditions which are necessary, or destroys the mutual relation which the power to demonstrate and the darkness bear to each other.

The same laws that existed and operated in former ages of the world, exist, and are operating to-day, and we have only to refer to the demonstrations of spirit power recorded in the

Bible, to prove the fact; for the greatest demonstrations there recorded were also accomplished in the dark, showing that it was a necessity then as well as now and could not be accomplished under any other circumstances.

I have selected, and will present a few of the many instances recorded in the Bible:

In the 22d chapter of Genesis, it is stated that Jacob met an Angel in the road, and after sending messengers to his brother Esau, an angel in the form of man wrested with him "all the night until the break of day."

In the 2d chapter of Luke, "By night, in the dark," angels visited the shepherds, and heavenly host and said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace and good will towards men."

In the 12th chapter of Acts, it is recorded that King Herod, after killing James the brother of John with a sword, had Peter taken and cast into prison; and the night that Herod would have brought him forth, he was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and the keepers before the doors of the prison.

7th verse: "And behold an Angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shineth in the prison," and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, "Arise up quickly, and his chains fell off from his hands. And the Angel said unto him, guide thyself, bind on thy sandals, cast thy garments about thee and follow me. And he went out and followed him, and was not that it was true which was done, by the angel, but thought he saw a vision, and was not conscious until he had passed the city gate, which also opened to them of its own accord,—when the Angel departed from him."

Lastly, in the 28th chapter of Matthew, it is stated that an Angel came and rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon

The rolling back of the stone was also done in the dark. For, "As it began to dawn," Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, came to see the sepulchre, saw the angel, and must have spoken to him, for he answered and said unto the women, "Fear not ye for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said, come and see the place where the Lord lay."

Now, if there be any true meaning attached to words, or honesty in man, I can not see how any one with a common share of intelligence, can for a moment doubt or deny the analogy between the facts recorded in the Bible, and those that are taking place at the spiritual seances or exhibitions of to-day.

It is vain, therefore, for those who ought to teach the truth, to say that Spiritualism is opposed to the Bible, and that all physical manifestations are the work of the Devil.

That assumption not only shows the most consummate ignorance of all that is connected with spirit communication, but a spirit as uncharitable as it is unjust, and illy becomes those who profess to be the followers of the magnanimous and lowly Nazarene.

Pendleton, S. C., Feb. 17th, 1869.

ROSICRUCIAN PAPERS. NO. 6.  
"The Man that died Game."

BY F. B. RANDOLPH,

Good morning, Free Will! What a fault-finding set of mortals we are, to be sure. We are full of sharp angles ourselves, yet blatherskite our neighbors because they are so, too. I'd like to see a real saint, but they are scarce as hen's teeth. How are we to be or act outside, or independent of our personal propensities? our respective individualities? our efficient makeup? And then, when people find fault with us, lie about and stir us up to wrath, how we do fret and fume and break things. What's the use? It makes a thinker sick to hear so much gab about harmony and progress, and all that sort of highfalutin, and in the next breath pitch into Mr. A., Mrs. B., and the hundred litte C's.

What a sight of gammon there is in the world! So long as you tickle me, and I tickle you, its all very fine, Mr. Ferguson, but you just stroke his hair cross-way, and there's trouble in the camp, and a large sized American citizen of African lineage located in the fence, is right off. The fact is, we're all babies yet, and in a baby-age of a baby world. Jesus of Judea was familiar with the dynamic law of morals, and went about benevolently casting out devils from those who lodged that species of tenant, and we read that he once ousted no less than seven from Mrs. McDaniel, or Mag Daleen, the only woman they probably ever did get entirely out of, and she became un-de moralized. This is a world of chemical interchanges, and at one time, we may be pure as angels, because chemically undisturbed; and within an hour, may inhale the spores or monads, which from inertness, may spring into active life, and engender changes in our organic structure that may superinduce the apocalyptic plague, in the shape of some disease or abnormal appetite or passion.

Judge Set-em-strait, yesterday, sentenced a man to jail for seduction, and last night, Mrs. Witch-em-all cooked the Judge to the tune of all his virtue and half of his cash, and to-day, John Leidek Ille, will run off with my lady Gay, whose buxom servant girl will set that gentleman's heart on fire, and empty his head of its remaining sense.

And so we go. Sin! Sin! "So saith Mrs. Grundy. But who shall tell how much or of what kind? Who shall examine the fields of air, and warn us of sporadic influences, or the myriad of larva floating there ready to descend upon and take root within us, generating demoralization, culminating in woe, death, anguish, crime?"

We are blind in our blame, blind in our hatred, mord so in our scandals and revenge.

Once at a New's boy's prayer-meeting, Mr. Ugg Lee Mugg, the celebrated reformed prize-fighter, eloquently expatiated on calvary and its crosses, to an admiring throng. He told them

that Jesus trained in the wilderness; that he was rubbed down with prickly pears; that he fought forty rounds, a day long each, in the wilderness, with the devil, who trained in hell, was a heavy weight and struck straight from the shoulder with his gauntlet well up, while his foe was a light weight without much practice, that God held the stakes, Gabriel kept time, Michael was referee and Doctor Longphiz, bottle-holder; that the Devil got the best of it notwithstanding the stake-holder patted the light champion on the back, and said, "Go in Sonny, I'll bet my pile on you!" and at last he got knocked out of time, and the sponge was thrown up. But, said he, "He died game," when one of the news boys worked up to fever heat by the wild eloquence of the speaker, sung out, "Bully for Jesus! not in irreverence, but in all honesty. And when the speaker went on to state that when Jesus fell, bleeding at every pore, he turned to the stake-holder, and said: "It's all up—I'm floored, but don't trouble 'em, it's a fair beat," and died. But lo! a miracle, the blood flowed all over the ground, and came to be, first a brook, then a river, then a mighty ocean that rose and swelled and lifted up all the houses, ships and people, and floated them all to the gates of heaven, where they are all now walling to get in. Will you, my hearers, go in?"

There came one vast shout from 500 boys and men: "Of course we will, old hoss. Three cheers for Jesus, the man that died game!"

Now, these people could not have been reached by anything half so effectually as by the use of demoralized social notions and talk, and just so it is, that not one of us has a weak side, which side we are attacked on and suffer from, but the destined end is reached at last, provided "we die game."

In my search for knowledge of human character I have often gained what's sought by placing myself in rapport with the spirit of the person before me, in order to read the inner scroll of life, and never yet saw man or woman who had not points both strong and weak, never saw a perfect angel yet, nor have I ever seen a bad man or woman, wholly yet I know God hath given us sore and tender spots, exposed to rude touches all the time, and mine own are plentiful.

Last night, the President of the company invited the stockholders and myself to the Opera, and we all had choice seats, in which to sit and listen to the glorious Aujac, in Offenbach's Barbe Bleue. Frequently I had been to the same theatre, but poverty compelled me to take a cheap upper seat; and I shrank from people's gaze, while I and my soul listened to the music. True, I could and did hear people say as they pointed their glasses at me, "That's Randolph, the d—ddest fellow in Boston," or "That's Randolph, the king of humbugs," or "That's Randolph as good and noble a soul as God ever made;" in fact, a regular hash of port and keen remarks, and I shrank still closer into my corner-seat, \$20. But last night, I went as the peer of a man of \$600,000, and "That's Randolph the wonderful clairvoyant; That's the discoverer of Phosdyne, and finder of oil wells, and inventor of silver-plus, and the best fellow under heaven; let's go take a drink along with him, and John Pigott Esq., his particular friend," and then I larged, I did, in fact I snickered right "out in mœtie."

The same people couldn't see rightly in my days of poverty, and were demoralized; and now they were equally so under the supposition that boundless wealth was in my grasp. Fools, both times the man was and is the same, but Mr. John Pigott's known wealth, and my familiar seat beside him, operating chemically upon them gave life to different appreciative powers, and for awhile, I became a hero, with a cash capital, a good long way short of ten millions, yet quite large enough to pay my board bill and washer-woman, and a little balance over. But the fact is, we all wear spectacles, and see things wrongly now by reason of Grundyness, and I conclude that the millennium will arrive when we reckon ourselves up at our actual worth; our neighbors ditto, and concede all we can to the force of destiny. Why not eat our peck of dirt quietly? Answer slang with silence or satire? Laugh at folly? Hate no one? Love all we can, and keep all of it we get? Fight forty days and forty nights against the devil—circumstances. Strike straight from the shoulder—form correct motives. Take a drink—forty�; when dry—fag-out. Sponge ourselves—with patience. Stick to the text of our make-up, even if all the world faces us; strike like Stanton, but longer than he did, even if we wait till there is good skating in orthodox hell, and then after all we get knocked out of time, let us take it coolly, and if we die, "die game."

It ought to be known that the better-land is our real home; at present we are all in boarding houses, living on hash and being hashed ourselves, and be it known that whoever makes a business of boarding is sure to be demoralized, and sour cider and wh(h)ine is the order of the board.

Algernon Charles Swinburne understood mankind better than even Shakespeare, James Stewart or Freeman Dowd, an almost matchless trio, for he wrote these thrice immortal lines—lines worthy of a Shakespeare, Dowd or Stewart and:

Before the beginning of years  
There came to the making of man  
Time, with a gift of tears;  
Grief, with a glass' that ran;  
Pleasure, with pain for leave;  
Summer, with flowers that fell;  
Remembrance, fallen from heaven  
And madness risen from hell;  
Strength without hands to smite;  
Love that endures for a breath;  
Night, the shadow of light;  
Life, the shadow of death.  
And the high gods took in hand  
Fire, and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand  
From under the feet of the years;  
And froth and drift of the sea,

And dust of the laboring earth,  
And bodies of things to do;  
In the houses of death and birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And falsehood with loathing and love  
With life before and after,  
And death beneath and above,  
For a day and night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span,  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man.  
From the winds of the north and south,  
They gathered as unto strife;  
They breathed upon his body;  
They filled his body with life;  
Eye sight and speech they wrought  
For the veins of the soul therein,  
A time for labor and thought,  
A time to serve and to sin;  
They gave him light in his ways,  
And love, and space for delight,  
And beauty and length of days,  
And night, and sleep in the night.  
His speech is a burning fire:  
With his lips he travelleth;  
In his heart is a blind desire,  
In his eyes fore knowledge of death;  
He weaves and is clothed with derision  
Sows and shall not reap;  
His life is a watch or a vision  
Between a sleep and a sleep.

Glorious Swinburne! No truer poem ever fell from human pen! and this brings us of regions of heart-land pretty soon, by and by.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

WOMAN—HER RELATION TO MAN.

BY ADDIE J. SPALDING.

The JOURNAL of January 23rd, contains an article from the pen of E. W. Wilson, under the caption, "Woman, and Her Relation to Man. Is She Dissatisfied with her Present Condition?"

The writer depicts briefly but truthfully the present relative conditions of Man and Woman, and suggests as the remedy, equality in everything. But it strikes me that he throws upon woman too much of the burden of applying the remedy. He exhorts her to own herself, and never surrender the sacred right to control her person, body, soul and sexuality as well as property. Does Brother Wilson realize that in the present condition of man's development, and under the laws which he has made for her to obey, is it not an easy matter for a married woman to control her own property? She may have contributed more to the common fund than her husband, but if she is Mrs. Smith, is not the property all Smith's? And is not Smith the one who has got to do the business and support the family? Then who but Smith should have any voice in controlling the means by which business is to be done? In ability to manage, calculate, and economize, his wife may excel him, but there is abundant room for the exercise of her gifts in the kitchen. She can save, or wisely use the dimes and dollars there, but his control of the hundreds and thousands must not be interfered with by her. He may lose in foolish speculations the accumulations of years, which would have been saved for approaching age if her voice had any weight with him. But was not his motive good? Did he not expect to make more money instead of losing all he had? Then where is the blame? This is the general understanding in regard to property. Now for woman to stand up, resist, overcome, and set right this matter looks to me like a herculean task.

I am often amused at the way men puzzle their heads over the question, "What shall be done with the women?" To me a much knottier question is, "What shall be done with the men?" For with them lies the difficulty. I am convinced that in nineteen out of every twenty cases, the uncongeniality in married life is neither more nor less than tyranny on the one hand, and resistance to tyranny on the other. The disposition to govern woman is inborn in man. This disposition is unwittingly fostered in the boy by both parents. The father is referred to as the higher authority, the mother being only second in command. The sister is only a girl, therefore, whenever her wishes come in collision with those of her brother, she must yield. In the school-house yard, where both sexes play together, the boys lead and the girls must follow. When a boy thus trained becomes a man and marries, will the cords of love be strong enough to lead him to give up a portion of his authority with himself? Will he yield to her wishes as often as she is required to yield to his? It is possible that in some cases he may, but these cases are exceptional. The reverse is the rule. What wonder then that there is inharmony and incongruity in married life?

It is a hopeful sign that so many thinking minds are suggesting remedies for existing evils. "Amend the laws regulating marriage and divorce," says one. "Let woman take her rights," says another. "Give her the ballot, and all will be right," cries a third. Good remedies all, as far as they go; but as neither doctor has discovered the seat of the disease, so neither has prescribed the most potent and far-reaching remedy.

Let boys of the present day be taught, both by precept and example, that the authority of a mother is equal to that of a father. Let them learn to respect the right of girls, whether sisters or playmates, and be made to know that it is as hard for a girl to give up to a boy as it is for a boy to give up to a girl. Let them be trained with a view to make of them good husbands, and the next generation will give little occasion for legislating or doctoring for uncongeniality. In the mean time, chronic cases must be treated as best they may, and what can't be cured must be endured.

Though claiming for woman no superiority over man, I yet see that he is a tyrant and she his victim, and that among the many remedies sought for the correction of this sad state of things, one of the most efficacious will be found to be, the proper training of boys.

Champlain, Minn. Feb. 1st, 1869.



## Relgio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, APRIL 10, 1869.

OFFICE 84, 86 &amp; 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
S. S. JONES,  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.*For Terms of Subscription see Premiums and Prospects on eighth page.**Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL, should enclose a card stating where to remit it, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.*S. S. JONES, *Editor**All letters and communications intended for the editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S. Jones. All business letters to John C. Bandy,*

84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

*The Pen is mightier than the sword.*

## CONSCIOUSNESS, MAN, GOD.

*You are God. I am God. We are all part of the great infinite God. There are no places where God is not. There is nothing that hath not the seal of Divinity upon it. Message of the Department of Banner of Light.**In all phases of life, on all sides, we find that invades our investigation. Nature is inexhaustible in the variety of her action, and such being the case, in whatever direction we may turn our attention, we will find much that is well worthy of receiving a passing notice.**To the close observer, a lesson can be learned in any of the departments of nature. God being infinite in nature and capabilities, his works must necessarily be endless in extent and variety; and therefore, man will find enough to do throughout all eternity. In our haste, many times, to improve, we ignore certain elementary principles that afford a permanent structure on which we can stand to carry on our investigation, and instead thereof, we theorize too much, and establish, in fact, too little.**We know, however, we exist; that we live, move and have a being, and are subject to certain laws. Plants exist, wave in the breeze, breathe the pure air, and kiss by the sweet dew-drops, yet they know it not. Consciousness in them is not developed sufficiently for them to recognize their own existence. The majestic tree as it points upward, smiling at the heavens, saluting the stars with its rustling leaves, and in prayerful silence recognizing an over-ruled Providence, seems to be struggling upward, endeavoring to manifest a consciousness within its massive trunk, and amid its rustling limbs where the birds of the air congregate to carol their sweetest songs. Beautiful tree, Nature's edifice, erected in mid-air to demonstrate the struggles of consciousness! I would not, however, say that the tree is not conscious; for God is within it, and he is not conscious?**I would not separate consciousness from anything, although we can discover no manifestations of its power. In the tiny flower with its rainbow tints, nursing in its little cup the dew-drop that nestled there for a night's repose, waiting for a ray of light to beat it heavenward again, in the morning; the little blade of grass that sips from mother earth its sweetness; the acorn hugging the ground with its infant instinct until its aspirations are realized by becoming a majestic tree, all are, seemingly, struggling to manifest a conscious existence. Why not? God is inseparably connected with them. Can he not manifest himself in the oak, in the flower and plant? Separate God from nothing. He is everywhere; *He is everything*. Doubt not a single moment. You have seen God as much as you will ever see him. What seen infinity, the God of *everywhere*! the God of Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Venus! You see him on earth. In the falling of an apple he spoke to Newton; in the revolution of the earth he spoke to Galileo; in the water he spoke to Archimedes; in the murky cloud he spoke to Franklin; he speaks to all of us through nature. God is infinity! What else but infinity? Who ever saw a personal God? Not I, nor you, not any one. The fool says in his heart, there is no God. The sun that rises in the east, says, "I am God, for I am the source of light and heat!" The earth says, "I am God, for I am the source of nourishment to earth's mortals." The atmosphere says, "I am God, for without my presence you could not live a single moment!" Gravity says, "I am God, for without me the fair orbs that deck the firmament and twinkle so beautifully, would be destroyed."**Every thing in existence has god-like qualities, and all united, constitute God himself. What; each of us a part of God? Yes; beautiful thought, shining from no borrowed light! A part of God! "Why not?" says the sun, the source of light and heat. "Why not?" echoes from the innumerable worlds that deck that blue vault. "Why not?" says the little dew-drop just nestling for the night in a bed of roses. "Why not?" says the philosopher who has just discovered the aëgantic telegraph, by talking with the positive and negative poles of a battery. "Why not?" echoes from the king, the president, the beggar; in fact from all humanity. God infinite! What else beside him? Nothing.**It would be well to pause, says a spirit visitor by our side, and consider another question. You seem to see God everywhere; you separate him from nothing, and in so doing prepare yourself to receive still grander truths. The world ignores certain elementary principles, and affirms many things to be true that are totally false. Life is an essence; it exists in everything. The stone, the clod of earth, the plant, the tree, in fact everything feels the effects of its influence. Under flour and water, keep the same in a confined state for a short time, and animal life will be generated therefrom, perceptible to the senses. When the flour and water were united, a central point was formed, towards which this life-element centred as naturally as the stone when lifted from the ground, will fall to the earth. This life-element was in the flour and in the water separately, but when united together its power became focalized so that it could manifest its peculiar**nature in the shape of disgusting, loathsome worms. The egg in process of incubation is constantly attracting this life-element in such proportions, and in such a manner, that a living being is produced. The earth itself, with its teeming soil is constantly subject to the influence of this life-element.**But where is God? Everywhere! You see him, I see him, all see him, yet you scarcely appreciate the sublime fact! You hear his voice in the rustling leaves, in the singing birds, in the surging clouds, in the silent movements of the innumerable worlds above. If God is infinite, he must necessarily be infinity itself; for otherwise the statement would involve a contradiction of terms, and other elements besides God could be found in space, which would be absurd. God occupies all space; he is all in all—in fact, he is infinity itself. Every drop of water, every tiny insect, every object in nature, being a part of infinity, must necessarily be a part of God. But if man is a part of God, we have a finite intelligence within an infinite intelligence; in other words, God divides himself in an infinite number of little intelligences, and yet retains the original status of infinity itself, which seems absurd, though carefully considered. (This finite mind, a part of the infinity of mind, is enough to puzzle any one; but wait awhile, and we will make it clear.)**Man is a part of God, and yet finite, standing in the same relation to him as a drop of water does to the ocean of waters, or the waters of the universe? God is essentially indivisible,—yet is constantly throwing off from himself, as it were, elements of life. Man being a part of infinity, is a part of God, for you cannot by any process separate man from God. We are only elements of life in God, the same as the animalcules in the blood are elements of life within us. We are the animalcules, circulating as it were, in the vast ocean of mind, receiving nourishment therewith the same as the animalcules of the blood receive nourishment from the same. God is infinity; we as finite creatures are traversing the arteries of the universe, occasionally coming in contact with the great Central Heart, the fountain of life and intelligence, and receive impressions therefrom, that impart a knowledge of some grand law. We are within God—not God within us, and consequently are a part and parcel of him. We are life within life; a wheel within a wheel; finiteness within infinity. God embraces all laws within his organic structure; man is an offshoot of these laws for he struggles to understand their nature. He would not, nor could not try to understand what is entirely foreign to himself. He may understand something of God, yet never be a God. He may bow before the shrine of infinite knowledge, and its portals one by one will open to his enraptured vision; revealing the grand truths within, yet the portals closed are still innumerable. He can circulate within the veins of the vast universe, touch its Central Heart, feel its pulsations, behold the silvery orbs that it is constantly throwing off to deck the vault of heaven, and witness the harmony that prevails in all the unfoldings of the great "I am," yet before him are fields untraversed, problems unsolved, grand scenes unviewed and voices of cherubim not heard by him. Still, an animalcule in the veins of God, he will ever reside, a part and parcel of him, grasping for the glittering truths that deck his course, and beckon him on in the path of investigation.*

## THE AGITATOR.

*The above named paper is published at 132 South Clark street, Chicago, every Saturday, at \$2.50 per year.**Mrs A. Livermore, Editor, Mary L. Walker Assistant Editor.**The first number of the above named neatly executed, and ably edited paper, is upon table, asking for recognition and exchange, which will respond to.**The *Agitator* is in the line of reform. We hope it may prove a success. There is no reason but one, that we know of, why it should not. Agitation and progression is the order of the day. That women are "endowed with certain inalienable rights" equal with man, we see no reason to doubt. They have but to assert those rights, and persistently ask for them, to attain them. If a majority of the women of the State of Illinois were to go to the polls on the day of election for delegates to the next Constitutional Convention, and unite with the radical "woman's right's element" to be found among the opposite sex, whose right of suffrage is not questioned, and if refused their rights by the Judges of election, they should constitute a new Board and in every way conform to the law, providing for such election,—they could secure delegates to the Illinois Constitutional Convention, to their own liking. Here is a scheme worth working for. Let the *Agitator* take the matter in hand and work up the movement. No time is to be lost; yet, there is just time enough to make a success of it, and to immortalize the *Agitator*.**We said there was but one reason why the *Agitator* would not be a success. Perhaps, that reason does not exist; but our readers will all inquire what that supposed reason is?**We answer: There are so many old fogies hanging on to the new movement, that would rather see it, woman included, go to "Davy Jones' locker," than to follow our advice. Well, perhaps, we ought not, for that very reason, to have made the suggestion.**Still, we have great hopes that the noble women who are leading in this movement, are adroit enough to lead the priests and carry their influence for the scheme, instead of being led by them—to allow them to lead, a more fatal step could not be taken.*

## SPIRIT ARTISTS.

*Jesse H. Soule enquires if there are spirit artists who give likenesses of deceased persons of whom the artists know nothing. Answer, yes.**We should think it would pay such artists to advertise in this paper, but probably they know best.*

## LECTURES AT LIBRARY HALL.

*E. S. Wheeler delivered his third series of lectures at Library Hall, on Sunday, March 21st.**The morning lecture was announced by the speaker, "Spiritualism as a Science," but was in fact more of an inspirational and off-hand production, than an exposition of a really scientific nature. The discourse was full of radical thought, and practical suggestion, and the lesson of the hour seemed to be appreciated by the audience; for at its close, upon the motion of Professor J. H. W. Toohey, a successful subscription was started for the purposes of the society.**Professor Toohey announced himself willing to be one of thirty or sixty, to raise three thousand dollars, to secure a hall, under the control of the Committee. One thousand dollars was pledged at once, in sums of one hundred each, and assurance was offered that the remainder would be raised in subscriptions of smaller amounts. In the evening, many members doubled their subscription for the month to pay off indebtedness, and thus the amount pledged or paid during the day, was about \$1250.00.**The speaker commenced by saying: "The sunshine of this beautiful morning, the beautiful music we have just heard, and more, the countenances of so many thoughtful friends, fill me with a thrill of poetic fervor, which almost charms me away from the matter of fact disquisition I have proposed as the body of my talk upon this occasion. The day is drunk with music, the very air is inspiration, the heavens themselves are all quiver, as if the world were but a thought!"**A subtle influence spreads around me and I am drawn away from the prosaic and factitious toward, onward, upward, toward the poetic, the beautiful and the ethereal; but I assert my individualism. I have given no quit-claim deed or lease of my self-hood, to any being or class of beings, embodied or disembodied. Welcome is all help, all assistance is needed, but I must lay out my own work, and stand myself for some thing.**What we want, is not always that which we need, and we must seek to regulate life in harmony with fundamental principles of true expediency, rather than impulsively snatch at the things we may desire for the time only. And we will, therefore, forego pleasure for profit; defer our journey to cloud and rainbow land, to spirit-homes and the Valhalla of the gods; that in this present we may learn the lesson of the hour, appropriate the now and here; and so go greater and richer to the beyond, to which our progress moves us.**Spiritualism is something more than a sensation, and yet our relation to it has been sensational. We have seen, we have wondered, and are still full of wonder; for the phenomena are as marvelous as ever. They have always existed, and always will, in accordance with conditions.**That which we need is a critical knowledge of facts, a thorough understanding of principles and laws.**We learn through Spiritualism, the nature and method of our own lives. First, that we are immortal, hence that life is important and significant; so we become courageous to bear its evils. Then we discover the nature of the existence beyond this present, and learn how to fit ourselves for our action there.**Spirits return weak, un-vitalized, puny, namby-pamby, unable to control, powerless to manifest; others living through the spheres in power as planets wheel, and bear down upon our earthly state, like steady gales surcharged with lightning.**The lecture was highly interesting,—and we regret that we have not room for a more extensive notice.*

## A NEW PROPOSITION.

*Feeling willing to make almost any sacrifice to promulgate the truths of Spiritualism, we propose to furnish each of our trial subscribers with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months longer for the nominal sum of fifty cents each, provided renewals are made within the next two weeks. This proposition will barely cover the cost of the blank paper, at manufacturer's price, and the expense of getting the subscriber's address on the printed mail list for the mailing machine. Then there will be no longer any failure of each subscriber to get the JOURNAL in due time.**This proposition extends to every trial subscriber whether the trial three months has expired or not, or whether they shall become trial subscribers before the fifteenth day of the present month of April.**In addition to other attractions, our new department of "ARTS AND SCIENCES" will elicit great interest and will be worth more to each reader than the paper will cost.**We earnestly solicit the generous services of old and new friends to aid in continuing the circulation of this most excellent paper; not only with those who have already taken it on trial, but to the liberal throughout the land.**Promised renewals will secure each number of the paper for six months at the nominal sum of seventy-five cents. But remember the renewals must be made before the fifteenth of the present month of April.*

## DR. MC BRIEDE AND CLEVELAND.

*The above named healing mediums are worthy of patronage. They have two excellent qualifications as healers; we know from experience. We have just been confined to our bed for two days with chills and fever. Not being in the habit of yielding to sickness or employing doctors, we attempted to brave it out; but finding the case desperate, and our time of too much value to be wasted in an unequal struggle with our unrelenting disease, that one moment was giving us forecasts of a theological heretic, and the next, that of an Arctic explorer,—we concluded to call to our aid the above named firm. Suffice it to say, that with the aid of our new allies, three operations by the hands of Dr.**Cleveland, succeeded in placing us in thirty-six hours back to our post ready for sixteen hours' labor out of every twenty-four. All right!**The two necessary qualifications referred to, are these: First, the power to cure the sick. Second, to be content to take a reasonable compensation for services without playing "Jew," or enquiring how much you are worth; or, in other words, without first examining to see how much blood you have got in your veins, and then bleeding you all you can stand, a practice which has become quite common of late.*

## FROM TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

*Mrs. S. S. Jones.—Sir, in your paper of March 20th, page four, and in the fourth column, is an article entitled, "J. H. Powell." You stated that he was engaged by the Spiritualist Society of Terre Haute, for twelve months, but owing to that Society not being able to sustain a settled speaker, Mr. Powell is again in the field. Your informant was either ignorant of, or woefully mistaken in the facts, Mr. Powell came to our Society the latter part of December, 1868, under an engagement to speak for us on Sundays only, at the rate of nine hundred dollars per annum. He remained with us until the first of March, at which time our Society closed their engagement with him, giving him within a few dollars of a half-year's salary for a little over two months' services. Our Society has not, and does not intend to make any engagements that they cannot fulfill. As we are in negotiation for another speaker, such a statement is calculated to leave an impression to our disadvantage, and hope you will make the correction. Satisfied that you have no intention of doing our little Society any injustice, we remain yours, for the cause.**JAMES HOOK,  
Secretary of the First Society of Spiritualists.**REMARKS:—The article referred to by Bro. James Hook, Secretary of the First Spiritualist Society of Terre Haute was penned by Bro. Powell.**We supposed it true and published it, and we publish the correction with pleasure.*

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*We desire to call the attention of our readers to the department in the JOURNAL under the above head. The article on "Our Sun, the Origin of all the Forces on Earth," is well worthy of careful perusal, for many new thoughts will be awakened thereby.**He who fully understands the wonderful changes that take place when a light, invisible gas like hydrogen which becomes condensed without any external pressure, in the one-thousandth part of its former space, in the metallic state in palladium, will not wonder when spirits under certain conditions, assume an organization as tangible as our own, and manifest themselves to mortals.**We invite contributions for this department of our paper, hoping those of a scientific turn of mind, will respond thereto.*

## A. B. CHILD.

*Brother A. B. Child, the author, informs us that he will make arrangements to lecture through the West in December, January and February, and may be addressed previous to that time at Royalton, Vermont. A. B. Child is one of the best thinkers and writers of the present age. We know nothing of his capacity as a popular lecturer, but we can assure our readers that they who listen to him will have a treat of common sense, which will last a lifetime.**That which we need is a critical knowledge of facts, a thorough understanding of principles and laws.**We learn through Spiritualism, the nature and method of our own lives. First, that we are immortal, hence that life is important and significant; so we become courageous to bear its evils. Then we discover the nature of the existence beyond this present, and learn how to fit ourselves for our action there.*

## FATON, ONTARIO.

*Mrs. Anna M. Seth writing from the above named place enquires the cause of certain peculiar spiritual manifestations.**Our reply is that they are principally psychical—from both planes of life—perfect from neither. The mediums are yet imperfectly developed. Give them good surroundings and they will soon be developed to a higher stage of mediumship.*

## BOSTON JOURNAL OF CHEMISTRY.

*We have upon our exchange list the above named valuable monthly newspaper, devoted to chemistry as applied to Medicine, Agriculture and the Arts. Terms fifty cents per annum.**JAMES R. NICHOLS & CO., 150 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.*

## E. F. BOYD.

*The above named gentleman is desirous of forming a correspondence with all who desire to form a community, having a similar basis to that of the Oneida Community, N. Y.**His Post Office address is Minneapolis, Minn.*

## BLANDINGVILLE, ILL.

*Bro. W. B. Land writes us that they have been having a good work done, with the assistance of Bro. Loveland, in discussions, &c.—He says speakers and mediums are in demand in his section.*

## FLEMING HOPKINS.

*Yours with five dollars enclosed, is at hand! You do not give your state. If our correspondents would be careful to give their full address plainly written, it would save a great deal of trouble.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We beg leave to say to our correspondents that it is no indication that an article will not be published because it does not appear within the first few weeks after its arrival at this office. Good articles will keep a considerable time, and then fill exactly the place for which they seem to be designed.*

## CELEBRATION AT AURORA, ILLINOIS.

*We learn from Brother Morton, that the friends celebrated our twenty-first anniversary, at the residence of Mrs. Swift, in Aurora, in a very pleasant manner.*

## DR. MC PADDEN AND LADY.

*We are requested to say that these healers and test mediums, who have for some months past been laboring in Iowa, are now on their way to Omaha, where they expect to labor for some weeks.*

## LYCEUM RECORD.

*The words which form the caption of this article is the title of a neat little periodical, the production of the Spiritualists of Springfield, in this State. It is a neat, creditable little sheet, and was a feast to our soul to look upon.**In reference to the objects of the Lyceum, it truthfully says:**"The grand result sought to be attained is the harmonious development of the child into the perfect man and woman."**The means by which this good work is to be accomplished is judicious exercise of the physical, that overrestless desire, and necessity of the child and the marching.**The proper and legitimate prompting of the mental powers to activity, eliciting the free thoughts of the child, and the application of the mechanical rules—hence the question and answer.**The cultivation of the moral, by the simple application of the natural law and effect; that suffering must follow the infringement of law, and that there is "various" atonement, but that the full demands of transgressed law must be satisfied. This applies alike to physical, mental, moral and spiritual.**The promotion of the spiritual according to the divine laws of spirit communion; the development of the angel side of human nature, independent of supernaturalism. The universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, is the banner motto of the Lyceum idea."*

## TESTIMONIAL TO D. D. HOME.

*Through the columns of the London Morning Chronicle, we learn something of the whereabouts of this wonderfully gifted medium as well as the following pleasant instance and testimonial of his worth from a crowned head of Europe.**D. D. Home chanced to be among the visitors a couple of weeks ago, at the fashionable German watering place, Hamburg. The Emperor of Russia and his consort, some few miles distant, and hearing of his talents, sent the Emperor to meet him with much affection, expressed sympathy for the recent treatment he had received at the hands of his capricious would-be mother, and gave him hospitable entertainment. We heard from one whose word we deem perfectly reliable, that a most remarkable scene took place during the evening, and extraordinary tests of spirit identity were given.*

## PLANCHETTE—THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.

*The above named work is one of the very best books ever published. Every Spiritualist throughout the country should send for it at once. It abounds in facts demonstrating Spiritualism beyond cavil. The secular press everywhere speak in the highest terms of it. The work has passed to the third edition about as many weeks.**For sale at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.25 and 10 cents for postage. Address S. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.*

## UNDERHILL ON MESMERISM.

*The above named very popular work will be sent free by mail on receipt of \$1.50. It is the most valuable work ever published, to those who desire to become developed as mediums. For sale at this office.*

## WANTED \$500 TO \$1000.

*Under the above heading will be found an advertisement in another column. Those who have addressed G. B., box 121, will please write again, addressing G. B., box 131, Waverly, Iowa.**Our compositor mistook the figures.*

## DR. DUNN.

*The above named Brother called upon us while on his way home from the southern part of the State. He goes to his family in Rockford to spend a few weeks to rest, preparatory to again entering the field.*

## DEWITT C. SEYMOUR.

*Brother Seymour informs us that he is soon to take a lecturing tour through Kansas and Missouri.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Atlantic Monthly for April has arrived and as usual, is "chuck full" of articles relating to the arts, sciences and politics. Terms per annum, \$4; single number, thirty-five cents.**FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., publishers, Boston.**"Our Young Folks" halls from Boston, published by Fields, Osgood & Co. It is a cheap monthly (twenty cents), and we opine, a favorite with boys and girls. Stories, science, music, poetry and pictures, are all admirably mixed in the number for February.**Oliver Optic's Magazine—"Our Boys and Girls" for March, Lee and Shepherd, Boston, is a weekly issue, and calculated to interest and instruct both young and old, gay and grave. "Our Picture Gallery" presents a portrait of George Washington, accompanied by a biographical sketch of the "Father of his Country."**"The Gospel Pulpit," published quarterly by Rev. W. J. Chapin, 51 Reynold's block, Chicago, makes its first bow, which we hope may not be its last. The gospel pulpit has long been a benighted one, and only occasional flashes of vital religious fire have been felt. Now we have, thanks to Paine, Voltaire and others, Spiritualists included, a liberal Christianity, or gospel pulpit, which alone is acceptable to the people.**We see something of the true light in the first number of this Quarterly. We wish it success.**"Madame De Chamblay." A novel by Alexandre Dumas. Turner Brothers & Co., publishers, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.**Dumas has written too much, and been before the world too long, to need words of praise from us. He has sketched some of the most thrilling, melodramatic, touching stories that have issued from the press. "Madame De Chamblay" purports to be a fragment of the autobiography of Dumas himself, and as such, alone would interest the novel reader.**Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York, are about issuing the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," which, from specimens we have received, promises to be a "repertoire" of "wonders," and no mistake. The pictorial representations will doubtless command the work to the lovers of Fine Art.*

## MUSEUMS.

At McVicker's Theatre the highly popular and sensational drama entitled "Flash of Lightning," is still kept upon the boards, drawing, as it did heretofore, good houses. It closes with the present week, to make way for Mrs. Mary Gladstone, a fine actress, who begins a short engagement on Monday, April 5th.

Yankee Robinson, in the attractive play of "True Love," and the Sanyahs, the wonderful female gymnasts, are attracting full houses, at Crosby's Opera House. They remain only this week; and on Monday, April the 8th inst., "Humpy Dumpty," reconstructed, with new scenery, new prologue, new tricks, and Tony Denler as Humpy-Dumpty, will be again upon the boards of the Opera House, to the infinite pleasure, no doubt, of the Chicago public.

"Home," one of the most elegant of modern comedies, has been a theme of much admiration at Aiken's Dearborn Theatre. It is pronounced one of the handsomest scenes ever prepared for the Chicago stage. Mr. Aiken evidently intends to give all the novelties that are to be had, and announces that on Monday, the 12th of April, he will produce "My Lady Clare," another of Robertson's plays, which has been playing simultaneously at Selwyn's and the museum, Boston, and two new plays by Watts Phillips, "Fettered," and "Not Guilty," are in preparation.

At Wood's Museum, the drama of "The Climney Corner," and Brougham's burlesque of "Po-co-hon-tas," have formed the features of attractions, being patronized by well filled houses. Manager Blaisdell has manifested no lack of dramatic taste and skill in the selection of his corps of performers and the elegant manner in which he has placed his pieces upon the boards of this theatre, during his two-week's management.

Theatre Comique, besides the usual variety in song and dance, announce the first appearance of Sarah Francis, the re-engagement of Nellie Florence, Minnie Rainforth, W. C. Benton and the great Campbell.

## LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS.

ON THE  
WONDERS OF THE  
UNIVERSE

REVEALED. TO MAN.  
Is the title of a new work fresh from press,  
By the Guardian Spirit of David Corless,  
S. S. JONES,  
Publisher.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says :  
The Medium (David Corless, of Huntley's Grove  
Million Co., Ill.) through whom this work was  
given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena  
of "Modern Spiritualism" for over twenty years  
and during that time he has been the humble Medium  
through which hundreds of philosophical and  
scientific lectures have been given to scientific listeners.  
Of himself, he says, "he is an educated  
man, far advanced in years." He adds  
that he is a careful and attentive perusal.

The introduction entitled "The Unveiling" treats  
of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's  
unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized  
Life in the native purity of all things.

On page twenty-four the author treats of "the  
way mediums paint likenesses, in the true order of  
the development of the arts and sciences."

In part second, under the general head of mysteries revealed, the author treats of "How Mankind  
Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of  
Mediums. How the writing is done. How we influence a Medium to speak. The fullness of all  
kinds of language investigated. The ring test and  
the carrying of Musical Instruments around the  
room explained."

This work is neatly got up and consists of seven-  
ty-three closely printed pages and we hesitate not  
to say that it contains more original thought upon  
important subjects, a few only of which we have  
enumerated, than any other work of equal size we  
have seen.

The work will be sent by mail from this office to  
any one on receipt of fifty cents.

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prise their sale principally to the families of Spiritualists,  
Liberalists and the Children's Progressive  
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five cents per copy.

A reasonable discount to the trade.

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84 Dearborn Street,  
Chicago, Ill.

## Mifflin.

On the 3rd of January, 1869, by G. N. Wells, Esq., Miss Anna Estelle Parker, of Miley, Ill., to Mr. Thomas Beckwith, of Chicago.

Also on the 8th of January, 1869, by J. Weeks, of DeWitt, Mo., Miss Julia Lee, of St. Louis, to Walter M. Parker, Ill.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Overwhelming Success of the Great Spiritual Remedy.

Read in another column, "A Panorama of Wonders by

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Address J. C. BUNDY, 84 Dearborn St., Chicago.

## Dr. Wm. Clark's Vegetable Syrup.

KETCHUM—Having by me a bottle of Dr. Wm. Clark's Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mr. Jeanie W. Danforth, and hearing that the husband of our milk-women, had been long confined to his room from the effects of a fall from a building, which injured his side, some year and a half since. Suffering with pains from interstitial tumors, I sent him the bottle of the said syrup, with directions to have side bathed with hot salt and water, by a healthy colored woman, and to take the syrup internally. The result of which was, that in ten days, he was out and at his work, [that of a common laborer.]

His wife, a devoted Catholic, said, "she had spent quite \$100, up to her doctors, with no good result; but having faith in good Spirits, she would try this."

His name is McCarthy and he lives in this place, No. 135 Yours Fraternally.

ABY M. LAFFIN FERRER.

Georgetown, D. C., January 14th, 1868.

## A PLEASANT STORY.

In the streets of Chicago, I wandered alone,  
And scarcely sang a familiar old song;  
While viewing the cars—horses, and such—  
The Irish—the Scotch—the French, and the Dutch,  
And the strange advertisements of these latter days,  
On the Bulletin Board, for concerts, and plays,  
When all on a sudden I saw something new,  
On nice printed paper in Red, White and Blue:  
It told of the virtues of something so neat,  
So handy—so harmless—so perfect, complete,  
For coloring board, the mustache or hair,  
Without any poison, or slopping, or care,  
And not only so, but the color is "fast,"  
And like a shoemaker, it "sticks to the last!"  
In reading I pondered, and thought of my hair,  
Now as "gray as a rat," once so glossy, and fair.  
I hunted, and found it—I bought it, and tried.  
When all my gray hair, in a "NET," was tucked aside!  
My age is renewed—I feel twenty years younger—  
I will marry next week—no use to wait longer,  
I will have a wife, and the comforts of home,  
For all will be gained by the New MAGIC COMB.

Yester, I found Comb at 84 Dearborn Street, where they have a few more left of the same sort. Don't forget the place.—Enclosed \$1.25 and address. MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago Illinois, and we shall receive the MAGIC COMB by mail post-paid.

U. B. WIRE.

## Dr. Clarke's Remedies.

B. S. JONES.—I see you are advertising the medicines of Dr. Clarke a spirit, who controlling prescribes for the sick through the organism of Jeannie Waterman Danforth. Permit me to tell you, with deep feeling, friend Jones, that I have used these remedies, the Syrups, Nervines and Powders with the highest satisfaction. I know them to be excellent, as hundreds of others will testify. Dr. Clarke is a noble and brilliant spirit.

Most truly thine,

J. M. PARZELL.

## To Dealers and Traders.

If any of our readers or friends who are Dealers or Traders wish for the PATENT MAGIC COMB to put into market, we will furnish the Wholesale "Price List" upon application. The trade can find money in it.

Address, MAGIC COMB AGENCY,  
84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Beauty on the Mountain,  
Beauty in the vale,  
Beauty in the forest-tree,  
That lead before the gale,  
Beauty in the Ocean,  
With crest of foaming foam,  
And BEAUTY in the special work,  
OF PATTON'S MAGIC COMB!

You sir, this is really and emphatically true, and if you desire to change dingy, yellowish, gray, or bad looking Hair or Beard, to a BEAUTIFUL dark Brown, or Glossy Black, you will enclose \$1.25 to THE MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, and receive the Magic Comb by mail post paid, and if you follow the directions on the Comb, we guarantee perfect satisfaction.

Dr. P. H. Randolph.

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There are more than Fifty Varieties, comprising every form, from the smallest, oval, long, and very long; and they are of different colors; snow-white, pale-yellow, yellow, and of a pink tinge. It yields continual annual crops without reseeding. It is said to extend to the Arctic Circle in our Northern Eastern, Western States, and in all other Northern parts of the earth. The following constitutes its principal claims to universal adoption.

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3rd. Its combination of Nitrogen, which gives to it a most distinctive character equivalent to meat and wheat combined, thus rendering the use of meat as food entirely superfluous.

4th. Its unexceptionable excellence of flavor, and freedom from all insipid taste.

5th. Its long keeping and freedom from all rot or decay due to the nature of it, and its retention of its excellence for more than a year.

6th. It is a purifying and highly nutritious constituent of food capable of developing the muscular powers of men to a fulsome degree.

7th. The root being perfectly hardy, the crop when so desired, may be allowed to remain during the entire winter in the open ground.

A short History of this plant has been published in pamphlet form, price 15 cents, by W. R. Francis, Publishing New York.

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Wherever there have been a number of rooms, and are now

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move to with them any disease, and that with any curable

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ease by Mrs. Loveland, who is a clairvoyant, and can perfectly

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Consultation Always Free.

The poor treated gratis every day from one to two

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F. MCGRATH & CLEVELAND, Popes Block,

## Communications from the Inner Life.

We shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All Communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

(Reported by Nickle and Nervis, short hand Reporters, 118 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Any Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life seances, should be faceted well written, and directed to the editor, who is responsible for the questioner to be present at the seance.

## INVOCATION.

Oh, Our Father! With a consciousness of Thy power, and Thy wisdom, we again approach Thee, and as a part of Thy children offer our sincere thanks for the privilege Thou has given us; in manifesting ourselves unto Thy children who are upon earth.

We thank Thee that Thou hast so enlightened their minds that they are enabled to receive us with thankful hearts, and listen to the words of comfort and consolation that we, through Thy divine wisdom, are enabled to give unto them. Not through fear do we approach Thee, for we know that Thou art the embodiment of goodness, and we have naught to fear.

But, with thankful hearts and desires intense, would we bask in the sunshine of Thy ever-enduring love. Feeling that assurance we would call upon every one to worship Thee, as the Creative Principle and an ever-present spirit; and as they would thank Thee for their joys, may they likewise thank Thee for seeming sorrows; for as they realize that Thou art the Creative Power—the life and animating principle of all things—they will see Thee alike in joy and sorrow.

May every trial which it shall be our lot to experience bring us to a more perfect understanding of Thee, and for these things we will ever thank and praise Thee, our Father.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTIONS BY R. COOK, AVON, LIVINGSTON CO., N. Y.

QUESTION.—Do you believe that the divine intelligence, that you speak of, is separate and distinct from nature?

ANSWER.—It depends upon what you call "nature." If you mean the whole grand divine economy, then we will say that it does not exist separate. But if there is a certain portion of the universe which you term nature, and a certain other portion which you call divine, then we say that the divine Principle called God does exist, separate and apart from nature.

Q.—I have been in the habit of considering nature as embracing all existence. Is not that the import you would give it?

A.—God is the innermost. Nature is that which clothes the innermost. God is the Father—Nature the Mother.

Q.—You have said when making Invocations "Father and Mother God."

A.—No such a thought from me. I have said Father God and Mother Nature. The idea is that one is just as high and holy as the other.

Q.—What idea do you have when you make use of those terms? In your life you may have something that we can't understand. Can you really define anything outside of nature?

A.—The divine Principle permeates everything. It is not outside. It is to this divine Principle to which we look, as the child looks to its parents, with confidence and an abiding trust.

It is not because we define them, Father God and Mother Nature, as one, but a union of the positive and negative.

Some are so constituted that "mother" comes nearest their souls. While others the word "father" strikes an answering chord. The two united answer all the demands that can exist.

Q.—What kind of mediumship would you call that of Andrew Jackson Davis? Was it given by spirits, or was it his nature brought up to that point?

A.—Certainly, he must have in his nature the element of mediumship. He was developed to that condition which enabled him to give forth his ideas, or else he would not have been chosen for that purpose; but that he was controlled by spirits, we know. Others think he was not.

Before individuals were unfolded, spiritually, such manifestations as come through mediums were supposed to be manifestations of some power of mind itself, and not by an influence foreign to itself.

Q.—What name would you give to that seeming intelligence which exists throughout the animal economy?

A.—The power working through the animal system the same as the human?

Q.—Yes, that exists in all organisms.

A.—We go right back, as in the other case, and say that it is the God principle which includes the whole. The intelligence manifested in the animal is not a separate principle of God, the Whole. In its workings it seems distinct, and yet it is a part of the whole.

Q.—It is something more than a developed form of crystallization?

A.—Something more than that? Yes.

Q.—What are the functions of the human soul in the animal kingdom?

A.—The human soul is to us the covering of this germ which we have before spoken of. The soul is the spiritual body.

Q.—As I understand it, we have a material body, a spiritual body within it, and then a soul within the spiritual body.

A.—You can call the innermost life principle soul if you choose. When you become disengaged of the material covering, you will still have external sense. We call the soul the spiritual body to be taken cognizance of. The germ—the interior principle—we call the spirit.

Q.—I want to know if that germ is the internal entity?

A.—Don't you want to carry me along and have me forget my starting point?

Q.—No, I don't want to do that. Every ques-

tion of this kind arouses in my mind a desire to inquire into causes.

A.—As it is aroused, a new field of inquiry is opened. Now, what is it that causes this thought in your mind?

Q.—I do not know how they came into my mind. I know they are there. I have lived thirty years of my life without believing in any future state, and I am convinced from what I have witnessed here and elsewhere. Now, why didn't spirits bring this about before?

A.—Go back in history, and you will find demonstrations which were unaccountable in those times, but in the present age individuals have become intelligent and liberal enough to investigate. In those days the persons who were mediums were in danger of losing their lives, but now minds have become liberal enough to grant to others the right to their own opinions. The minds of the people in past times being so illiberal, spirits could not approach them. Individuals can now express their thoughts freely. A force of spirit power can now be brought to bear against antagonistic influences.

JANE DARLING.

J. A. MORRELL, MEDIUM.

Chicago, June 6th, 1868.

Home at last! glorious home with all its beauty, its love, ever ready and in waiting to receive the weary traveler after his journey through the life of earth's experiences and trials; ever ready resting place where the way-worn traveler, the sorrow-stricken child of earth, may find a home of rest, of peace, and of love; where the soft light of Truth from the Divine Heart of Love, breathes a sweet lullaby of quiet rest till the soul wakes to a realization of its own God, and the glory which surrounds Him.

After I left the body there was a time of quiet unconsciousness, when I was in the sacred keeping of my infant child; there the fond hopes of a doting mother, here the warm solicitude for a friend, there the sorrows of my heart for the affliction of the bereaved, all, all are written in letters of light, and all have their divine lesson annexed thereto. My walls reflect every good work of my life, and oh, how good it is to feel that you have done well in earth life, that your mansion is ready for your reception. Oh, sister dear, could I have realized what was in store for me, I would have put forth greater exertions, I would have made greater sacrifices and would have labored more for others; for in proportion to your good works on earth is your mansion in spirit-life, unless you are assisted by benevolent and charitable friends who will give a part of their own jewels to build a home for you. From my chamber of repose my eyes drink in the ever varying lovely landscape before me; I inhale the soft zephyrs freighted with sweet odors, and my soul is gladdened by the sweet music of singing birds, all is light and harmony, it is a paradise in truth.

The timid fawn and the wild gazelle join the little lamb in his noon-day frolic and all keep time to the music of a wind harp as it breathes its ever swelling anthem of praise to the all pervading spirit of love and progress.

My grounds are quite extensive; my friends tell me that is because my charity was broad and expansive.

I find that I have retained every function of

nature, consequently I am provided with every necessity of my being; my taste and appetite has changed so far as requiring gross food, that having been the call of my physical nature, and having laid aside my earthly body, I no longer have to sustain it by the use of gross food, but fruits nuts and vegetables as you have them, being more spiritual in their effect, as a physical nourishment, it is not strange that our diet should be spirit fruits and vegetables of which we have an abundance, and in such varieties that the most delicate spirit may find that which is adapted to its taste and nourishment, and there are many, very many, that are so weak and delicate when they come here that they require careful nursing and the most delicate nourishment to raise them to a realization of their spiritual life.

"In my Father's house there are many mansions."

At some future time I will endeavor to give a description of my beautiful mansion and its surroundings. Your sister, Jane.

June 17th, 1868.

My mansion, dear sister, is beautiful beyond description, therefore, we have endeavored to faintly shadow its outlines upon the mind of your mate, that he may assist us in giving some slight idea of its extent and beauty.

I could not be entirely happy even amid all this beauty, were I deprived of the privilege of coming to you and other dear friends, and telling you and them of my grand and joyous home! My house is square, having taken form from my nature. It is what you would call two stories high; the roof projects some distance, and is supported at its outer edge by a lattice-work, which is carved in all manner of ornamental shapes, and covered with a perpetual growth of flowering vines. The walk around the house and inside of the lattice is paved with small stones of all the colors of the rainbow; each stone or jewel emits its own light and its own peculiar hue, each one apparently trying to light or illuminate its neighbor, and while this constant strife of love lighting is going on around my home, I find every apartment illuminated thereby.

The lesson of this, my dear sister, is, my house was built on a foundation of love; and love will find emuls all the colors and tints that are known; even in the spirit-spheres, each color, and each tint of color speaks its own language, and when you learn to read the colors, and the poetry of the tints, you will read and read, and listen and gaze until you will become, as it were, lost to yourself and swallowed up in the great vortex of love which surrounds you.

On entering my house, my friends took me to what they called the reception room, which is high and airy; its beauty was dazzling, though I had already been prepared to view spirit beauty which you know not of, nor can you know till you have finished your work here below and come up higher.

The apartment, as I have said, was high and grand; its cornice is elaborately carved and gilded in colors, each carving has its own meaning so that the friends or visitors may gaze and read, and grow wise in reading; the walls are decorated with spirit paintings of scenes and localities in the higher spheres, each painting containing and conveying intelligence and wisdom of a higher life. When I speak of spirit painting, I find no language capable of conveying an idea of what it really is. While you gaze upon the picture, it takes life, and as you look you read lesson after lesson, true after truth, until you feel yourself drawn upward and onward through the mazes of mystery into

the higher courts of the temple of wisdom.

From the centre of the ceiling hangs a sort of chandelier of curious form, and beautiful in design, its lights or burners are crystal globes, which act as receptives and reflectors of light which comes shimmering up from the innumerable love jewels which form the foundation of my mansion.

The floor is a mirror covered with a transparent carpet of richly perfumed flowers. Such is my reception room, and when I have learned to describe things as they are, perhaps, I can give you a better view.

One more apartment I would fain describe; it is my chamber, or resting place; it is a room situated in the south-west corner of the house looking out upon a landscape that is ravishing in its beauty. The walls of this chamber are decorated with emblems of every good thought, and aspiration of my heart, while I was permitted to remain on earth. The ceiling is glorious with a god-like beauty which has emanated from answered prayer; here on the ceiling over my head while I recline on my couch of sweet scented flowers, can I read my past life, and see how very, very good the great God of nature has been to me, in giving me the varied and severe experiences I have had.

I can read here the prayer of my earlier life for my infant child; there the fond hopes of a doting mother, here the warm solicitude for a friend, there the sorrows of my heart for the affliction of the bereaved, all, all are written in letters of light, and all have their divine lesson annexed thereto. My walls reflect every good work of my life, and oh, how good it is to feel that you have done well in earth life, that your mansion is ready for your reception. Oh, sister dear, could I have realized what was in store for me, I would have put forth greater exertions, I would have made greater sacrifices and would have labored more for others; for in proportion to your good works on earth is your mansion in spirit-life, unless you are assisted by benevolent and charitable friends who will give a part of their own jewels to build a home for you. From my chamber of repose my eyes drink in the ever varying lovely landscape before me; I inhale the soft zephyrs freighted with sweet odors, and my soul is gladdened by the sweet music of singing birds, all is light and harmony, it is a paradise in truth.

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But as some in the circle were not satisfied with the above tests, another and different one was tried.

A gentleman was permitted to sit at the medium's back and grasp her arms just above the elbow, and hold her fast if she attempted to rise from her seat, or make any of the demonstrations with her hands, to give immediate notice to the circle. The light being put out again, the demonstrations went on as before. During the sitting, the gentleman was asked several times, if he still held the medium's arms, and to which he replied in the affirmative, and when the circle closed, he declared to all present that the medium could not have made the demonstrations, and this man admitted he was a skeptic before. On one occasion, a lady had her spectacles taken off and carried around the circle and given to different ones and finally brought back and placed on her head, in the same position as they were when first taken. Immediately after, an Indian spirit approached this same lady and said, "Me want blanket, me want blanket," and took hold of her shawl and pulled it from her shoulders, rolled it up and put it into a lady's lap on the opposite side of the circle. The words were distinctly heard by several in the circle. In several instances, spirits came and gave their names audibly and distinctly to their relatives or friends.

On one occasion, while the writer was sitting in the circle, my little boy who passed over to the Spirit Land two years and nine months old, came to me and called me, pa, put his little hands in mine, pulled my whiskers, patted me on both cheeks, on the head, and kissed me, the same as he had done while in the body, many times.

In one instance, the guitar passed outside of

the circle several feet, and rattled against the door. On several occasions, water was sprinkled on all in the circle. Little Snow Drop made herself very conspicuous in carrying things around the circle; such as beads, buttons, combs, &c. She was the favorite of all in the circle. It was wonderful to witness with what rapidity she would pass round the circle. Seemingly, she moved with the velocity of lightning. She was truly talkative, and would speak so as to be heard by all in the circle, creating a good deal of levity by her odd speeches. In some instances, the medium would describe spirits in the circle so as to be recognized by the friends. On one evening, the medium gave a cabinet exhibition. This was given at the house of the writer. A small bed-room was used for the purpose. Dark blankets were hung up in the doorway to darken the bed-room. A committee was then chosen to examine the room and see that no one was in the same, or any thing by which the medium could be assisted in any way; and also to tie the medium's hands. A small cord, some fifteen feet long, was furnished. The committee placed the medium's hands behind her, crossed them at the wrists and commenced tying in the middle of the cord, then wound the remainder of it around the body and arms in such a manner that there were some twenty knots made in tying. The committee as well as others, said that the medium could never untie herself. The medium then went into her cabinet, and the cord was so tightly drawn around the wrists, that the marks were distinctly visible, and the medium went into the cabinet, having the rope in her hand. Immediately, voices were heard therein, like two persons talking to each other. This continued for ten minutes, when the medium came out having her hands tied behind her. The committee and others declared that they were tied more securely than at first. Again, she went into her cabinet, and voices were heard as before, when a gentleman asked, "What are you doing there?" The answer was given by the spirit: "We are trying an experiment." In about four minutes from the time she went in, she came out, and to the astonishment of all present, some twenty persons, ladies and gentlemen, she had on a vest that had been left hanging in the bed-room, which belonged to the writer. The vest was put on the medium, the same as the writer would have worn it, dressed to go out. The hands still tied behind her, and no one present could discover that the rope had been untied or even loosened; in fact, all seemed to feel satisfied that there had not been sufficient time for any one to have untied and tied the rope while the medium was in the cabinet. Besides, the medium's hands were considerably swollen from the tightness of the cord. Surely, wonders will never cease.

I will mention but one more incident which took place. While the last circle was being held, some twenty-five persons, ladies and gen-

tlemen, were present; the medium said she saw a spirit or person standing outside of the circle, and commenced describing him, when all at once she cried out, "Oh, how frightful he looks!" he seems to be all crushed to pieces about his chest! The blood is running from his mouth and ears. Don't let him come into the circle, he looks so frightful!" At this juncture, the spirit spoke and said: "I must come in this way." This was distinctly heard by those sitting at that side of the circle where the spirit stood.

Some in the circle said, "Let him put his hands on a gentleman's head, the back part of the head, the fingers fronting forward into the circle, showing that the spirit stood outside of the circle behind the man. The spirit then passed into and across the circle, put his hands on another man's head. The gentleman said, "If this is Mr. Buck, pat me on the head three times. This was done. By this time the medium had become so alarmed at the frightful appearance of the spirit, that the light had to be brought and the circle closed.

Now, all in the circle recognized this last presentation as the spirit of a Mr. Buck, with whom all were aquainted while he lived here in the body, the facts of his death, and the manner in which he died were known to all present.

The facts are these: He was moving a building on rollers. He put his head and shoulders under the building while it was moving, to examine something about the building. Just at that instant, it dropped from the roller and caught him just back of the head, upon the shoulders, and crushed him in the manner the medium saw him. One gentleman in the circle who helped take him from under the building, declared that the medium had described him just as he looked at that time.

## Minnesota Quarterly Convention of Spiritualists.

The first quarterly Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists, was held in Mankato, Feb. 20th and 21st.

The Convention assembled on Saturday, the 20th, at two o'clock P. M. The President being absent, the meeting was called to order by Mr. T. C. Flowers, of Mankato. After a greeting song by Mrs. Logan, the meeting went into convention.

Mr. F. A. Logan, Missionary agent, then gave an interesting account of four months' Missionary labor, extending over some fifteen or more counties, with a full report of the seances, showing a great amount of labor performed, organizing spiritual associations and Star Armies, a new order of Temperance societies for children,—with a success in raising funds, beyond the most sanguine expectation of the Executive Board, all of which, together with many letters sent in to the Board from different parts of the State, earnestly recommending and desiring her continuance in the Missionary labor, fully satisfied all the members of the Board present, that she is eminently fitted and qualified to do a great and good work Missionary agent.

Mrs. Lois Walbraker then addressed the meeting under a powerful spiritual influence, closing with a beautiful inspirational poem; and many others followed with short speeches, closing with a song by Mrs. Logan.

## EVENING SESSION.

Evening session opened with a song by Mrs. Logan, followed with a lecture by Mrs. Lois Walbraker, to which the audience listened with rapt attention for more than an hour, after which, the angels gave some beautiful and stirring inspirations through Mrs. Logan, followed by some very interesting manifestations in controlling and developing a speaking medium, Mrs. George Gibbs.

## SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

Convention called to order by Mr. M. F. C. Flowers, at 10 o'clock, and was ably and eloquently addressed by Mrs. Lois Walbraker, concluding with a song by Mrs. Logan.

## AFTERNOON SESSION.

Executive Board met for business. H. C. Trainson in his resignation as member of the Executive Board; succeeded, and E. Pratt, of Garden City, was appointed to fill the vacancy.

Members of the Board present: M. F. C. Flowers, A. B. Ryerse E. Pratt and D. Birdsall.

The financial account and report was then audited and accepted, showing after all legal expenses for Missionary labor and contingent expenses were fully paid and satisfied, there still remains in funds and in subscriptions on Missionary funds yet unpaid, \$130.

On motion, it was ordered that Mrs. F. A. Logan, be continued and employed as Missionary agent.

On motion, ordered that the Society be authorized to employ Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, as Missionary agent.

On motion, ordered that the Society be authorized to employ J. L. Potter, or some other competent man to act as State Missionary agent.

On motion, ordered that the Treasurer pay Mrs. Lois Walbraker the sum of \$15 for lectures and pamphlets.

On motion, ordered that the next quarterly meeting of the State Association meet on the 5th and 6th days of June next at Rochester, if the friends there will make the necessary arrangements for the meeting; after which, Mrs. Logan gave a very able discourse on the use of Spiritualism, to the general acceptance and satisfaction of a large and attentive audience. Meeting closed with song and benediction by Mrs. Logan.

## EVENING SESSION.

The evening session opened with invocation by Mrs. Walbraker and song by Mrs. Logan, followed by Mrs. Walbraker with a lecture on the uses and benefits of Spiritualism, which was acknowledged by many to be one of the best discourses they had ever listened to, after which the spirits again controlled Mr. G. Gibbs, and after giving some of the



## Frontier Department.

E. V. WILSON.

### Spiritualism in Buffalo, New York.

We spoke nine Sundays in Buffalo, during Dec., 1868, and January, 1869, giving eighteen lectures and spending two hours each Sunday in the Children's Lyceum, making our work on each Sunday equal to six hours per day.

We found the Society inharmonious and full of discord and but poorly attended, and in debt. We left them with a crowded house, growing interest and out of debt, but wanting in harmony.

There was at our first lecture in the city, but ninety persons; at our last, over five hundred. Every seat was filled, the platform covered, the standing room all occupied, and full five hundred people in a three-hundred Hall.

The first Lyceum we attended had sixty-three children present, the last one eighty-seven. We formed an adult group that was full every Sunday, and there were present many persons to witness the interesting exercises of the Lyceum. The Lyceum is very well officered, and the children attentive and well behaved. Many of them giving evidence of fine talent as speakers, declaimers and singers.

Br. Henry Fitzgerald is eminently qualified for the position of Conductor, and fills the office with credit to the Lyceum as well as to himself, and he has some good helpers in the cause as leaders and guards. In fact, the Lyceum is a good one and well managed. Spiritualism is alive in Buffalo, and needs not a little more harmony to become a grand Society, numbering thousands instead of hundreds. They need a first class Hall, with plenty of room for the children.

Br. Fish is to succeed me in ministering to the Buffaloans, and may the angels help him in his labors with the people. The angels helped us in our labors in Buffalo and through them we were enabled to give many fine tests.

On the evening of Monday, February 1st, we gave a seance of which the EXPRESS published the enclosed, clipped from its columns. I will herewith send you a statement of the seance as taken down by my friends in Spirit Life.

### NUMBER ONE.

A spirit calling himself Charles Edwards, bartender in a Hotel six years ago, stood by Mrs. S. and thanked her for her kind care and attention to him.

### NUMBER TWO.

Mr. Gibson fully described, came and told how he committed suicide some years ago, pointing out where he knew in life, saying, "The crime is forgiven, the offence not forgotten."

### NUMBER THREE.

A spirit who declined to give his name, saying, "Describe me, for there are many here who know me." We then described him minutely, and the people said, "This is Judge Stevens, sometime ago, our neighbor, and formerly, Mayor of our city."

### NUMBER FOUR.

There came and stood by a lady, one calling her mother. The description was carefully given, and the woman said, "weeping at the time, "It is my dear son."

### NUMBER FIVE.

A man came, was fully described, and told us he was murdered in this city, fourteen years ago, and that the man who murdered him was in the Hall last night, but not present to-night. I do not wish him to be brought to trial. "I am on his track, and he remembers his crime, and this hell of conscience is all that any needs here, or hereafter."

### NUMBER SIX.

Two boys came, hand in hand, and told how they were drowned in the river, nine years ago, told of their death trials, and leaving words of cheer for those they had left behind.

### NUMBER SEVEN.

A man fully described, standing by a stranger, showing us how he was killed, when and where.

### NUMBER EIGHT.

A soldier stood by his old friend, told how he was killed, when and where.

### NUMBER NINE.

A beautiful child came and placed her hand on the knees of an old man, and called him father, told of the time of her death, and of her happy life in the Spirit World.

### NUMBER TEN.

A sailor came and stated, "I am Captain Wilsey, and sailed the topsail schooner, George W. Willis, of Oswego; founded and sunk in 1850 off Madison Dock, below Cleveland, Ohio. The vessel was raised subsequently, and taken into Ashtabula Harbor. I was found in her cabin, and those who raised her, took from the desk in her cabin \$500 in bills."

### NUMBER ELEVEN.

There stands by that lady, Mrs. S., a spirit who shows us the letter J. We then entered into a full and minute description of him, and he says, "Tell my wife for me, that she is a foolish woman to put up with the abuse and oppression she is enduring at present, for the man married only for her money."

### NUMBER TWELVE.

A sailor, Joe Waters, came and told of many wild pranks he had been in, and gave an account of a bacchanalian row he had been in, in a saloon with many like Captains, in 1840.

### NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Captain Walker, of the Great Western Steamer, was fully described and identified.

All of the above tests were fully identified. Besides these, we gave many readings of character, and located over thirty dates, and only one single case unidentified, and he was a confirmed Spiritualist.

We are not surrounded with a great cloud of witnesses? Thus God, through his angels as in the past, continues to be our helper.

### Keep it Before the People

That Elder Miles Grant said in Danville, New York, Wednesday evening, January 27th, 1869, "And if I am compelled to follow the Bible, and confine myself to it, then I may as well close the discussion at once, for I cannot maintain my defense from the Bible."

The above is copied from my notes taken at the time, and is the correct.

I now quote from the Danville ADVERTISER: "He (Elder Grant) then said that if he was allowed to do nothing but talk Bible all the time, they might as well close the debate at once."

Elder Grant's version of the matter is as follows:

"I then remarked if he would not allow me to

do anything but simply read the Bible, we might as well close the discussion."

The resolution read as follows:

**RESOLVED:** That the Bible, King James' version, sustains Modern Spiritualism in its phases and teachings. The discussion to be carried on under parliamentary usages.

The facts of the case are simply these: Elder Grant left the authority covered by the resolution and quoted at random, without authority before him, what was not in the Bible. I raised a point of order. The point was this, that the Bible we were discussing, was an English Bible, accepted by Christianity, and that we spoke the English language, hence, we were not discussing the Greek, Hebrew or Latin. Point of order sustained by the chairman. Elder Grant paid no attention to the ruling. I then called him to order, and refused to let him proceed. The president told him he must and should confine himself to the resolution, and then in great excitement, he said, "I am compelled to follow the Bible and confine myself to it, I may as well close the discussion at once, for I cannot maintain my defense from the Bible."

Now, reader, I leave the matter in your hands. Compare the notes from a condensed report of fire night's discussion, with my notes carefully taken down, and Elder Grant's quotations from the Apo VERITAS.

I now offer Elder Grant an opportunity to repeat the discussion in Chicago, in July next, on Monday Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th, evening sessions. Terms, resolutions and conditions the same in Danville, New York.

I will see to securing a Hall, and making every preparation.

Will the Elder come to time? - We shall see.

No random, running fire, Elder; but a square stand-up, mental contest over the old book, King James' version of the Bible, and when Christianity gets out another, then we will attend to it; but as an American people, speaking the English tongue, we are not warranted in going to the Greeks to get an English idea.

### A Talk With Spirits.

E. V. Wilson, an Illinoisan, who has for several weeks been lecturing before the Spiritualistic Association of this city, concluded his labors in Lycoming Hall last evening. His subject was the Law of Intuition, or Message. He has given the space to give an extended report of his discourse, which was rather discursive, as well as original. In a strange way he would stop in his lecture, saying occasionally, that the spirits were troubling him. One of these said his name was Willis; that he had been a sailor, and was wrecked on the Madison dock at Cleveland in 1839; that he sank with her; was found in the cabin dead; that some men took \$800 out of her; that men in Ashtabula knew all about it. After the defunct mariner had his say through Mr. Wilson, the latter continued his lecture, describing persons likely to fall in love with him. He also spoke of his recent revival meetings. They generally had blue eyes, brown hair, small limbs, round plump forms, and ranged between fifteen and nineteen years of age.

Lloyd Garrison was the man who wielded the greatest influence in this world. He brought about a four year's revival meeting (of blood), and converted many into Abolitionists. He was the greatest character in the tragedy of the American Revolution.

Mr. Wilson devoted considerable time to the delineation of the character of some of the ladies and gentlemen in the house. He claimed to have nothing to do with phrenology or physiognomy, but operated by means of spiritual fluidity pervading the material sphere. Out of this he only had the hardhood to deny the description of the character. He told a Mrs. S. that her dead husband was present, and the lady wanted to know what he had to say. He says, answered the lecturer, "She is a sinner who is about to submit to all that she does—she is oppressed and down-trodden by a domineering man, who married her for money than woman." And the woman said that it was so.

Another spirit-man acknowledged that he had cut his own throat in Buffalo thirteen years ago, but he was not forgotten, but the offender had been forgiven. Another spirit, Mr. Waters, told a story about a number of Lake-children who years ago at a Commercial street saloon wagered that their stomachs could not be filled.

One spirit that had been hovering around for two nights, said he was murdered fifteen years ago, and the murderer must be found, for his house last night, but is not here to-night. He is in the city, I shall not point him out to have arrested, but wish him to know that I am on his track; and that is hell enough for any one man in life."

This sensational announcement closed the lecture. —Buffalo Exchange.

### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### The Voice of Phanette.

Phanette says: It is not best that life should always be smooth. If you will observe, you will perceive life is full of reverse. Do not complain of your trials, for they are your greatest blessings.

If sorrow never visited man, he would spend his life in delicious dreams, until started by the cold hand of death. The Creator seems to have designed that humanity should be marked by viscidities. The obstacles that breaks the stream, makes music, and keeps its waters pure. The crushed plant yields sweetest fragrance. The rock reft, discloses its gems.

The human soul are emanations from God, like sparks from the smitten steel, for they are a part of it, and will return to the fountain from whence they came, to revolve as satellites around the great Ocean of Intelligence, which is beyond the comprehension of mortals.

To treat things which appertain to the spiritual with contempt, soils your moral nature, for they are all shadows of some great truth, that is beyond the vision of mortals. When once your mortal or spiritual nature is blackened, there is nothing on earth that will blanch the sullied snow of character.

Take my advice. Learn new ideas by conversing, for the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom, and if you do not improve your opportunities, the recording Angel of memory will cause you many regrets.

### Honorable Notice.

DEAR JOURNAL.—I send you a copy of complimentary invitation, as follows:

Office of Rock Island County, Soldiers Monument Com.

Mr. Jacob Norris, Pres., and Members of the First Spiritual Society, Rock Island, Ill.

You are respectfully invited to be present on the occasion of dedicating the Rock Island County Soldiers Monument, on the 9th day of April, 1869.

Exercises will commence at one o'clock, P. M.

The monument is a fine one; on it are engraved over four hundred names of the Patriot-dead of Rock Island County, who gave their lives

that the Nation might live; and we desire to make the occasion of its dedication, a day long to be remembered.

CHARLES B. KNOX,  
Secretary. JAMES M. BEARDSTEDT,  
Chairman of Com.

It is truly gratifying, in the pressure of present hostility, to be able to report such honorable notice as the above invitation conveys; and let us not forget to credit to the said committee a noble and praiseworthy example of liberal, genorous treatment of all religious bodies, irrespective of creed or order.

It is most refreshing to the American citizen to find these indications of a fellowship and brotherhood, which proudly stands above the petty plane of sectarian and party strife, to meet at one common altar, where are shrined in sacred memory our "illustrious dead."

M. J. WILCOXON.

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\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAME.

Our youthful days are fled for aye,  
And we are older grown,  
Then let us not recall again!

The joys and pains we've known,  
For 'mong the memories of the past  
Are many shadows deep.

And if we call them up again,  
We can but sigh and weep.

Weep o'er the broken idle then,  
And fades dreams so bright,  
When we thought life a happy day,  
Filled with the sunshine bright,

And in those early days of life,

With joyous, buoyant heart,

We learn the lesson sweet, to love,

But soon we learned, to part.

For death with icy fingers closed  
Around our loved ones dead,  
But now, living in brighter spheres,  
Their spirits hover near;

As we journey on in life,

We feel the weight of years,

And know how vain are all regrets,

And sighs, and dreams, and tears.

Then let us not recall the past,

But leave it buried there,

And to the future turn our gaze,

And overcome despair.

Our youthful days are fled for aye,

With all their joy and pain,

And as we journey on in life,

Recall them not again.

## WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR,

### THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

### BOOK FOURTH—THE CONFESSION.

CHAPTER XXX.

#### THE SEVENTH—THE CONFESSION.

The sun went down without a cloud, and a bright star-light evening succeeded.

At half-past seven o'clock Mark Masters, the police officer, posted himself at the corner of Broadway and Leonard street. His mind was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the passers-by. For a long time he had been accustomed to judge of the pursuits and characters of men from external signs, and he had acquired great facility and accuracy of discrimination. His keen eye detected the slightest difference of dress, walk, gestures, and his judgment, with almost unerring certainty, referred them to their peculiar causes, whether of occupation or of character.

The twilight slowly departed while the police officer was thus employed. During the space of three-quarters of an hour, he remained standing quietly at his post. At the expiration of that period, a person of medium stature and gentlemanly address, with his face partially muffled in a black silk handkerchief, approached the officer, and said, in a disguised tone of voice:

"The stars are out, Mr. Masters."

"You have the word," replied the police officer, "but who are you?"

"I am the Seventh."

"Follow me," said Masters.

Mark Masters turned into Leonard street, and proceeded at a moderate pace in the direction of the Tombs. On reaching the prison he did not seek the main entrance, but passing along the rear of the gloomy structure, he stopped at a side entrance in Franklin street, principally employed for the admission and discharge of prisoners. He jerked the bell handle somewhat rudely, and the heavy door was opened by one of the turnkeys, a stout, pugnacious fellow, with long arms, broad shoulders, and a large head, covered with thick curly hair.

"Donovan," said the police officer, addressing the turnkey, with a significant gesture, directed toward Wilfred Montressor. "This is the gentleman concerning whom I spoke to Justice Drinker in your presence, this afternoon. He desires an interview with Simonson, the burglar. Will you conduct him to the proper cell?"

"I will, Mr. Masters," replied the turnkey.

"Mike Donovan is a prudent man," said the police officer to his companion. "A safe man, and understands his business. I leave you in his hands."

The police officer departed, and Wilfred Montressor, passing the threshold of the prison, removed the handkerchief which had partially concealed his features.

"It is chilly out of doors," said the traveler, "as if apologizing for the use of a muffler, "but the air within these walls is hot and close."

"Neither honest men nor rogues like to breathe it," said the turnkey, chuckling. "Sure I am there is no hurt in it, for I have breathed it many a day."

The turnkey took a portable lamp from a pine table near the entrance, and conducted Wilfred Montressor toward a long corridor or passage way, on either side of which, at regular distances, were small doors leading to as many

cells for prisoners. At the distance of five or six yards from the commencement of the corridor, the attention of the traveler was arrested by a low, moaning cry issuing from a crevice in one of the cells.

"That chap takes on hardly," said Mike Donovan, in reply to an inquiring glance from Montressor. "He is a new hand at his trade, and taken last night in company with your man Simonson."

"His name?" asked Montressor, sharply.

"Williams—yes—Williams."

"Unlock the door of the cell for an instant. I will speak with him before I visit Simonson."

"My orders extend only to Hugh Simonson," said the turnkey. "I suppose everything will be right, sir?"

Montressor made no reply except by a trifling gesture, but the features of Donovan instantly brightened, and without any further difficulty he unlocked the door of the cell and threw it open.

As Montressor and the jailor entered the cell, Andrew Williams sprang from the straw pallet on which he was lying, and clasping his hands together eagerly demanded:

"Tell me—tell me! Am I accused of burglary or murder?"

"Murder!" said the turnkey, Donovan, in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes," exclaimed the prisoner, shaking as with an ague. "Is the policeman lead?—the one who was stabbed by Simonson?"

"No more than you or I," replied the turnkey. "Milman will be out again in a day or two; the stab was only a flesh wound to the breast."

"Thank God!" said Williams, joyfully; but relapsing almost instantly into his former condition, he murmured audibly, "Still I am a murderer; for I have killed my poor wife."

"Your wife is living," said Montressor, in a kindly tone.

"Have you seen her to-day?" asked the prisoner; tremblingly.

"No, Mr. Williams, I received my information from the physician who is in attendance upon her."

"Is she better, sir? tell me that, for mercy's sake."

"Doctor Everard speaks encouragingly."

"They have taken me from her sick bed," said Andrew Williams. "They have separated us forever, but it is my fault. I have only myself to blame."

"If you could procure bail," remarked Montressor, "you might go at liberty until the day of trial."

"Who would stand bail for a poor man like me?" replied the despairing prisoner. "It was poverty, sir, that drove me to this—it was indeed—I was willing to work for a living. I did not want my wife a rich one. It was the fear of starvation that urged me on to this false step, besides being over-persuaded. And yet, sir, I don't believe that I could have used the money gained by robbery if I had got off safely. I have been thinking of it to-day, as the folly and wickedness of my course rose up before me."

"It may not be so difficult to procure bail as you imagine. If you will solemnly promise to abstain hereafter from dishonest courses, your temporary release from prison shall be effected."

Andrew Williams sank upon his knees, his eyes gushing with tears, and in a tremulous voice made the required promise.

"See to that poor fellow, Mr. Donovan," said Montressor, in a whisper to the turnkey. "Nature never intended him for thief."

The cell of Hugh Simonson was the next but one to that tenanted by Andrew Williams.

"Hallo, Simonson," said the turnkey, "a gentleman wishes to see you."

The burglar was stretched, at full length, upon a narrow mattress, with his face buried in the scanty bed-clothes. His coat was hanging upon the back of a rickety wooden chair—otherwise he was in his ordinary dress.

"A gentleman?" muttered the thief. "If I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth I might have been a gentleman myself."

Hugh Simonson turned upon his couch, and partly raised himself upon one elbow. His countenance, matted hair—his bloodshot eyes—his swollen, disfigured features and the savage, almost fiendish, expression of his countenance, were repulsive to the turnkey. He eyed the jailor and Montressor with a malignant scowl, and demanded, in harsh, unusual tones:

"What do you want of me?"

"I will leave you alone with him," whispered the turnkey, addressing Montressor. "When you are ready to go, tar lightly against the door of the cell, and I will release you immediately."

Donovan placed the small lamp which he carried, in the hands of Montressor and retired, closing and locking the door after him.

The sound of the closing door, and the harsh grating of the key roused Simonson more effectually from the stupor of his broken slumber. By an awkward, ungraceful movement, he brought his feet to the floor, and assumed a sitting posture on the rail of the bedstead.

"What do you want of me?" repeated the burglar, surveying Montressor with a stare of mistrust, partly of defiance.—"Are you a parson, or a lawyer?"

"Neither."

"I don't believe in the devil," said the ruffian, coarsely, "and I am destitute of money, so that I have no need of the services of the former, and cannot purchase those of the latter."

"Your career of villainy and crime has not thoroughly stilled the voice of conscience."

"Conscience!" exclaimed Hugh Simonson, sharply. "Get me out of these stone walls, and I will teach you that night committed, the person who entered the apartment after me was the murderer."

"Every hour of imprisonment will sharpen her sting," said Wilfred Montressor. "The

events of the past will intrude upon you by day and by night, in frightful memories and hideous dreams."

"What have I done, more than others?" said the burglar boldly. "The world owed me a living, and I took it. The rest of mankind are pursuing the same end, save that they rely upon fraud and trickery, instead of violence."

"The casualty of thieves and burglars may justify them, in their own eyes, in deprecating the property of others, but no man can sleep quietly with the guilt of murder resting upon him."

Simonson threw an anxious, uneasy glance at the speaker.

"Do you come here to frighten me?" said the robber, with an effort to appear calm and resolute.

"Not to frighten you, Hugh Simonson" replied Montressor, fixing his eyes upon the burglar, "but to tell you that your guilt is known to man as well as to God, and to bid you reflect perpetually upon the dying agonies of your innocent victim."

The countenance of Simonson changed perceptibly, as he listened to his visitor, and he answered, tremulously:

"I killed him in self defense."

"Him—who?"

"The policeman, last night."

"I speak not of him; the policeman is not dead—but of her—of Zorah."

The thief rose from the bed, and gazed at Montressor with a look of undisguised astonishment.

"A woman!" he stammered, almost inaudibly.

"Yes—of her whom you murdered, in cold blood, in the dead hour of the night."

"It is a lie!" said Hugh Simonson, stamping violently on the floor of the cell. "I have plundered rich men, and bullied strong men, but I never misused a woman, or wronged a poor man out of a cent, during my life."

"You cannot deceive me," said Wilfred Montressor, scrutinizing the features of the ruffian, "the proofs are too strong."

"Proofs?"

"Have you ever seen this gold lopine watch? this diamond cross?" demanded Montressor, displaying before the eyes of Hugh Simonson the articles which had been pledged at the pawnbroker's establishment of Benjamin Hoskens.

The burglar's countenance grew dark and sullen as he silently inspected the articles.

"You are seeking to entrap me," said he, angrily. "No man is compelled to commit himself."

"Fear not; I shall not appeal to the vengeance of the law. The doing of last night will consign you to the walls of a dungeon for twenty years."

"Twenty years! a life-time!" muttered the burglar.

"In every hour of that weary space, the stings of conscience will grow sharper and sharper, haunted as you will be, day and night, by the ghost of your murdered victim."

"You willadden me," exclaimed the burglar furiously. "I am no murderer."

"You stole these articles from a dressing-table in the bed-chamber of a house in A-street, on Friday night of last week?"

Simonson was silent.

"On the same night, in that very apartment, a lovely woman, Zorah, was basely, cruelly murdered. You are her murderer."

"It is a lie!" shouted Hugh Simonson.

"Denial is useless; the cruel deed was committed during my absence, on the night of the robbery. These trinkets were taken from Zorah's bed-chamber, were in your possession, were pledged by you at a pawnbroker's shop in Chinatown. You have been tracked step by step in your career of crime. The law will pronounce one penalty, conscience another. Ten years hence, you will be able to tell me whether bodily suffering or mental torture is the severest infliction."

As Wilfred Montressor uttered these words, the angry, sulken expression disappeared from the countenance of Hugh Simonson, and a glance of intelligence beamed from his blood-shot eyes.

"It was your house, then?" he asked, bluntly.

"Yes."

"You were absent in the dead of night. At what hour did you return home?"

"About one o'clock."

"If a murder was committed in your house that night, you are more probably the murderer."

The traveler was surprised at the brazen audacity of the prisoner.

"I confess to you that I scaled the second-story of a house in A-street, last Friday night, by climbing on the roof of a small rear building, and unclosing the blinds of a window, whose lower sash was raised. At the moment when I entered the apartment, which was dimly lighted by a small lamp, I was startled by the cracking of a door in the lower part of the house. I seized a gold watch and some trinkets which were lying exposed on the top of a bureau, and hastily left the chamber as I had entered it."

Having gained the roof of the rear building, I crouched behind a chimney until I could ascertain the cause of the noise which had disturbed me. After two or three minutes, the door of the apartment which I had left was opened, and I heard distinctly the sound of footsteps. I determined to retire as quickly as possible with the booty I had obtained. As I cautiously descended the chimney, I was discovered by the maid who had obtained the room. She screamed, and I fled away in an instant, and was followed by low, protracted moaning."

"If master was at night committed, the person who entered the apartment after me was the murderer."

"Every hour of imprisonment will sharpen her sting," said Wilfred Montressor. "The

monstrous, with a mixture of surprise and incredulity.

"I have told you the truth, for there seems to be a dreadful mystery connected with the affair; and I cannot bear to be thought worse than I am."

"If your confession is confirmed by evidence, you will have no reason hereafter to regret your frankness."

At the appointed signal, the turnkey presented himself at the door of the cell, and releasing Montressor from durance, conducted him to the entrance through which he had been admitted.

Wilfred Montressor departed from the Tombs in a state of perplexing uncertainty. The narrative of Hugh Simonson was connected and plausible, and his manner, bold, insolent, and even ruffianly, added to the internal evidence of its truth. But Montressor reflected that his confession was the confession of a villain—a hardened offender against the laws of God and man—to whom the selfish interests of life were everything, and honor, justice, and the sanctity of oaths nothing.

"Besides, if Hugh Simonson be innocent," he asked himself, "who is the murderer of Zorah?"

Suddenly, in the midst of these reflections, the All-red Triangle, or the exploit of the Duke de Richelieu, in his career of gallantry, was recalled to his mind.

Hugh Simonson was forgotten.

A wild, terrible suspicion fastened itself irreversibly upon the soul of Wilfred Montressor.

## Scientific Darling.

One dull day in August, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cleet Hills, on the western edge of the central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gases which chemical skill could produce, and it rose with amazing velocity. A mile up, and it entered a stratum of clouds more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from the clouds, the sun shone brightly on the surface, and below lay an immeasurable expanse of clouds, which looked solid as that of the earth now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains, and deep, dark ravines, appeared below; the peaks and sides of those cloud mountains next the sun glittered like snow, but casting shadows as black as they were solid rock. Up, up; still higher! What a silence profound! The heights of the sky were as still as the deepest depths of the ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as unstirred from year to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furniture of a deserted house. No sound, no life—only, the bright sunshine falling through a sky which could not warm.

Up—five miles above earth! Higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dawn-gate. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the air ship, the other watching the scientific instruments, and according to him with a rapidity breed of practice. Suddenly, as the all-red triangle is lost, his sight grows dim; he takes a lens to help his sight, and only marks from the falling barometer that they are rising rapidly. A glass of brandy lies within a foot of him, he tries to reach it, but his arms refuse to obey his will. He tries to call on his comrade, who has gone up to the ring above; a whisper in that deep silence would suffice—but no sound escapes from his lips—he is voiceless. The steersman comes down into the car; he finds his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses failing him.

He awoke at once that life and death hung upon a few moments. He seized, or tried to seize the valve, in order to open it, and let out some of the gas. His hands are purple with intense cold—they are paralyzed, they will not respond to his will. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooning steersman returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instrument, they must have been nearly eight miles up; but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. They had been higher above earth than mortal man or any living thing had been before. One minute more of inaction—of compulsory inaction—on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air ship, with its intensely rarefied gas, would have been floating unattended, with two corpses, in the wideness of space.—Once a Week.

## A Shiftless Man.

In the spring of 1841 I was searching for a studio in which to set up my easel. My muse-hunting ended at the New York University, where I found what I wanted in one of the turrets of that stately edifice. When I had fixed my choice the janitor who accompanied me in my examination of the rooms, threw open a door on the opposite side of the hall and invited me to enter. I found myself in what was evidently an artist's studio, but every object in it bore indubitable signs of shiftlessness, of unthriftness. The studio busts and models of various kinds were covered with dust and cobwebs; dusty vases were faced to the wall, and stumps of brushes and scraps of paper littered the floor. The only signs of industry consisted of a few masterly crayon drawings and little luscious studies of color pinned to the wall.

"You will have an artist for your neighbor," said the janitor, though he was not here much of late; seems to be getting rather shiftless; he is wasting his time over some silly invention, a machine by which he expects to send messages from one place to another. He is a very good painter, one might do well if he would only stick to his business but Lord! he is addled with contempt, the idea of telling by a single streak of lightning what a body is saying at the other end of it! His friends think he is crazy on the subject, and are trying to dissuade him from it, but he persists in it until he is almost ruined." Judge of my astonishment when he informed me that the "shiftless" individual, whose foolish waste of time so excited his compassion, was none other than the President of the National Academy of Design—the most exalted position in my youthful artistic fancy. It was possible for mortal to attain it. S. F. B. Morse, once better known as the inventor of the electric telegraph. But a little while after this fame was flashing through the world, and the unbelievers who voted him insane were forced to confess that there was at least "method" in his madness.—Editor's *Drawer*, *Harper's Magazine*.

The Morgan County Agricultural society has leased twelve acres, about a quarter of a mile west of Martinsville, for a fair-ground. The lease runs for ten years, and the work will be commenced as soon as the weather will permit.

New York, April 1st, 1869.



## The Arts and Sciences.

From the Boston Journal of Chemistry.

### Our Little Suns.

Those vast masses of matter called planets, in obedience to great natural laws, revolve around the sun, and their dark surfaces are lighted up by his effulgent beams. During one half of the hour we are permitted to speak of the planet, he leaves us shadowed; and it becomes necessary that we should devise some little suns to imperfectly compensate for his absent rays. Our forefathers used rush lights and tallow candles in more modern times the rich "harvests of the sea" supplied oil, and the simple devices of the primitive people of olden times were in a measure cast aside and forgotten. Then we began to bore great auger-holes into the bosom of mother earth; down, down, through sand, clay, and rocks, the sharp revolving instruments were thrust, and upon their return, a strange black liquid bubbled up; this we call oil, and by its combustion millions of very excellent little suns are produced, about which scores of happy families revolve every evening.

But we have to speak in this writing, more particularly of that class of artificial suns which the learned and ingenious chemists have suggested or devised, and which have more recently attracted the world's attention. We will adduce them very briefly: First, we have the electric light. Of these devices there are many, all dependent upon the agency of electricity for obtaining results. As a class, they are more or less imperfect, the main objection being in the way of cost, and the time of production, and some mechanical difficulties comparatively unimportant. A score of indefatigable, enterprising students, in various parts of the world, are laboring at work upon the important scientific problem of the production of a cheap and practicable light by the use of the electrical forces, and it indeed furnishes a promising field for labor and research. Moses E. Farmer, of this city, one of the most intelligent and indefatigable experimenters in the country, has devoted several years to this special department of study, and his results are exceedingly interesting and important. He is not yet ready to report progress, but this much we venture to say: a very confident expectation may be indulged, that before many months pass away, a cheap, practicable electric light will be ready to dispense with gas and kerosene a place in our work-shops and dwellings.

What is known as the strobic light is attracting some attention in Europe. It presents no claims unworthy the attention of housekeepers, inasmuch as it is a simple substitution of the rare earth zirconia, for lime, or magnesia, in what is known as the Drummond light. It requires for its ignition, a mingled stream of oxygen and hydrogen, and this renders its use impracticable for ordinary purposes. The new metal magnesium, as is well known, affords a most intense light when it is formed into thin ribbons and burned. One serious objection to its general employment—that of cost—has been recently removed by the discovery of a new and wonderfully cheap method of producing it. Another method, however, which relates to the production of clouds of impalpable magnesium dust, formed during combustion, which precipitated upon furniture and renders it unpleasant and injurious. Undoubtedly some lucky experimenter will soon devise a lamp capable of taking care of the magnesium as it is formed, depositing it in some receptacle, and thus enable consumers to secure and sell it to the druggists as medicine. We entertain strong expectations that some practical good will flow from the light produced by burning magnesium.

The recent discovery by which oxygen is very cheaply isolated from atmospheric air, has an important bearing upon the subject of artificial illumination. A full supply of oxygen to flame proceeding from ignited hydrocarbon bodies, increases the luminosity in a wonderful degree. We secure in our gas-lights but about one half the illuminating power which should result, and which would result, if perfect combustion took place. Our atmospheric oxygen, by which alone any combustion or luminosity is obtained, is largely diluted with that dead, negative element, nitrogen. This prevents a full supply of oxygen entering into combination with the carbon of the gas, and developing its higher luminous capabilities. Now, if we get rid of the nitrogen, and by artificial contrivances are able to pour a stream of pure oxygen into the jet, we very nearly double its power, and consequently we need not consume but half as much. Here is a cheapening process, provided we can obtain the oxygen at cheaper rates than the carburetted hydrogen, steam gas, etc.

We have heretofore described in the *Journal*, Tessie du Motay's new method of producing oxygen. He procure it from the atmosphere, by first combining it with manganese and soda, and then expelling it from these bodies. The same quantity of manganese and soda will answer for an indefinite amount of oxygen. It is an ingenious but simple process, and the wonder is, that it was not suggested before. The powerful agent is thus furnished in great quantities at a low cost, and it is easy to see that it must have an important bearing, not only upon the matter of artificial illumination, but upon many industrial processes.

The air light, so called, is formed by making atmospheric air the vehicle for the conveyance of hydrocarbon vapors, "as that of benzole or light naphtha to burners. All the dozen or more "atmospheric" gasoline, "automatic," "liquid-gas" machines involve this simple idea, and nothing more. We may rightfully be regarded as the parent of the whole of them as a class, as twenty years ago we published the results of our experiments in this direction, as the readers of the *Journal* very well understand. We shall hear but little regarding these devices ten years from the present time. They are open to many objections.

We must exercise considerable patience in this matter of devising "little suns" for our health and comfort. We are manifestly on the borders of that field of discovery from which the most desirable and important results are to be realized. The channel is pushing his way in that direction, passing long days and sleepless nights that he may bring immortality upon himself and confer a blessing upon the race.

### Fresh Texas Beef For New-York.

Lying in the East River, at the foot of Ninth street, is the steamship William Taber, fitted up under the superintendence of Prof. Lowe, for the purpose of transporting to this market the carcasses of beef cattle from Texas, where beef is comparatively worthless. The gentlemen who have taken the enterprise in hand, have incorporated themselves into what is called "The Refrigerating Steamship Company," with a capital of \$300,000. The Taber is a vessel of about 950 tons measurement, and is so arranged that she will carry 400 tons of carcasses in such a manner as to allow a free circulation of air around each carcass. The entire hold of the ship is lined with a non-conducting felt, two inches in thickness, and when the proper machinery is in working order, the ship's hold can be cooled in an hour and a half. The extreme degree of cold is produced by a pressure upon carbonic acid gas, condensing it to a liquid form, and then allowing it to vaporize. This process produced so intense a degree of cold that personal contact with the ice or machinery will produce blisters on the flesh simi-

lar to those raised by burns. As a matter of course, this temperature is altogether unsuited for the preservation of meat, and would in fact be useless, and it was only produced as an experiment. The refrigerator on board has a capacity of 800 lbs at a time, and ice was made and the ship cooled yesterday morning in one hour and a half. The air in the ship was reduced to a temperature of 26° above zero. The air, as it came from the supply-pipe by which the cold air was thrown into the hold, indicated a temperature of 18° below zero. The temperature can be reduced to from 18 to 20° below zero, but it is undesirable to freeze the meat, and the object is to keep it in an atmosphere where vaporization almost ceases, and where it is dry and cold. The Taber will sail for Texas on or about the first of April, in command of Captain Bulger. Prof. Lowe and other scientific gentlemen will accompany her on her first voyage. The Company has an agent in Texas who will provide the cattle, and their arrangements are such that they will be enabled to slaughter and stow away 100 head per day. This will shortly be increased to 200. The round trip will be made in from 30 to 35 days, and the meat will be delivered in this market in about 12 days after it is slaughtered. It will be retained in and sold from the vessel until the Company have built a refrigerating house.

### The Insulation of the Atlantic Cable.

The Boston JOURNAL OF CHEMISTRY asserts on the authority of a gentleman intimately connected with the working of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, that the cable is growing continually more perfect, and that the fine cable, laid four years ago, is far superior to the last one. The loss, at the present time, does not reach half of one per cent upon both cables. This is surprising, and very encouraging to the owners of the line. The extreme cold of the deep sea basin, in which the wires remain, is favorable to the retention of the electrical current in the insulation provided for them. The time consumed in charging and discharging the conductors is a bar to rapid communication; but this is to be overcome by new methods of insulation. A device has recently been brought forward which promises to fully remove this obstacle, and then enable submarine cables to perform double the work now done by land lines. The success of deep sea cables is now fully assured, and we may look for a large increase in the number during the next quarter of a century.

## Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it  
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews  
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it  
In richest fragrance and purest hue;  
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it  
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose  
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower  
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,  
O who shall say that it has lived in vain!"

The Newboy.  
BY MRS. H. W. GREENE.

Standing upon the steps of the Revere House, in Boston, waiting for a horse-car to take me to Cambridge, a little boy, jostled against me, crying at the top of his voice:

"Herald, five o'clock! two cents!" Then dodging into an apothecary shop to warn his stiffened fingers, I heard him exclaim: "I wish I had sold out."

It was nearly dark, a cheerless night in November. A strong wind was blowing from the East, rain-drops commenced falling from the omious looking clouds, and people were hurrying and jostling each other in every direction.

As I stood there shivering in my warm cloak and fur, I cast my eye to the spot where the half clothed newsboy was standing. His face had a care-worn expression most painful to behold in youth and childhood. There seemed to be no joy, no elasticity lighting up his features; but a dull, leaden expression gave evidence of suffering, privation and misery. My first impulse was to buy the papers as much I detected them. But while I was deciding the case a half a dozen more newsboys passed me with the same cry: "Herald, five o'clock!" As it seemed quite impossible for me to buy the whole edition, I took my hand from my pocket and hurried into the car that was to take me to my destination.

After I had arrived at the comfortable home of my friend, seated with his interesting family at their hospitable board, I still thought of the newsboy. I wondered if he was out in the driving rain trying to sell his papers. And I thought, too, what kind of a home had that boy to go to when he had sold out his papers. Perhaps in a damp cellar, or in some cheerless garret, this poor boy had what he called home. It may have been beaten by an intoxicated parent because he had not sold his papers, or he may have gone home to a widowed mother, who was depending upon the sale of the papers for their supper and breakfast.

To-night, while I am writing, the wind moans pitifully, and the driving snow is sifted down from the leaden clouds. I am thinking where the poor newsboy is to-night, and if he has sold out his papers.

I wonder if the little boys who have comfortable homes, nice food to eat, warm clothes to wear, books to read, pictures to admire, kind parents to love and care for them, even think of these poor newsboys who have none to love them. It is a sad and fearful thing to be without a home, to be educated in the street, and become old in crime before arriving to manhood.

It seems to me that the good Father who created us, has made provisions for all his children. I do not think he designed that a part of his children should be over fed while others starve and die. It seems to me that the angels of mercy must drop their tears of pity, as they hover over the crowded city and hear the plaintive cry: "We starve, we die, oh, give us bread."

May all the little boys and girls who read about the poor, ragged newsboys, resolve that they will do what they can when they become men and women, to bring about a better state of society where all shall enjoy the good things of this world, and become more virtuous and happy.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Christmas Gift.  
BY MRS. H. W. GREENE.

"O, Nellie, what a beautiful doll! I wonder who is to have such a nice present."

Nellie brushed back the brown curls which half concealed her beautiful face, and said, "Well, come in Bell, you must guess."

"I can't guess, unless it is for your special favorite, May Stanton."

"No; it is for May Stanton, as well as I like her. You must guess again."

"Come, Nellie," said Bell, half out of humor, "tell me who the doll is for."

"Well, I suppose," said Nellie, "that Susie Johnson will have the doll."

"What Susie Johnson, the colored girl! I can't believe that you are in earnest. Why, nobody

likes her. She is just as hateful as she can be. There is hardly a girl in school that wants to sit beside her."

"That may be one reason why she is so hateful. Nobody likes to be despised. I think if the scholars would treat Susie better, she would treat them better. But she is made to feel that she is black, and on that account may be despised and ridiculed. I am for trying another method, simply the law of kindness. I don't suppose that Susie ever has received any presents, and I think I shall try the experiment."

"Well, Nellie, if you want to make a fool of yourself, do so. All the girls will laugh at you."

"Well, Bell, I can afford to be laughed at. I shall probably get as much happiness as they do who laugh at me," said Nellie firmly.

Poor little Susie Johnson was made very happy on Christmas morning, when she found a beautiful doll, and many useful articles placed on the little rude table, in a ruder cabin by the sea side.

Susie's mother was very poor and earned what she could by taking in washing, which, however, did not afford them many luxuries. Never had Susie so many treasures before. Her heart was wild with delight." She sang in her wild-ways snatches of negro songs, and laughed and danced till the snow birds stopped their chickadees and wondered what had happened to little Susie.

But Susie, "hateful Susie," never forgot Nellie McLiville. A few months after, when Nellie lay prostrate with a dangerous fever, and many of her most intimate school-mates turned away lest it should prove contagious, little Susie sat by her bedside day after day, bathing her fevered brow, or calling from woodlands the fairest flowers to adorn Nellie's sick apartment. It was surprising to see how gently Susie would smooth the stray hairs back from Nellie's pale forehead, and how nicely she would arrange fevered pillows so that the aching head of the invalid might find a cool and easy position.

I hope that all my little readers will take pattern of the good Nellie McLiville. Remember that there is nothing lost by being kind to the lowest of your associates.

### Eastern Island.

An English officer, who has recently visited Eastern island, in the Pacific, relates that he found there three Catholic priests, who had exercised a most wholesome influence on the man-eating inhabitants. The first priest came alone, about three years ago. As soon as he landed, was robbed and was to have been killed and eaten, but the chief interferred, and chose to have him for his slave. The next who came was a Frenchman, and a most resolute looking man, with a very powerful and determined cast of physiognomy. The moment he landed, they crowded down and endeavored to stone him, but he got near them and struck the first fellow he came across such a blow with his walking-staff as to stun him on the spot, when he walked unmolested through the crowd of swarming savages, now thoroughly cowed, and he has never been but once molested, but has them well in hand on the whole. Of course, the first thing he did was to procure the liberation of the other priest, and they have impressed on the minds of the people the idea, if they kill and eat either one or the other, a ship will come and destroy them.

### How Long We Might Live.

Professor Faraday adopts Flouren's physiological theory that the natural age of a man is one hundred years. The duration of life he believes to be measured by the time of growth.

When once the bones and epiphyses are united the body grows no more, and at twenty years this union is effected in man. In the camel it takes place at eight; in the horse at five; in the rabbit at one. The natural term of life is five removes from these several points. Man, being twenty years in growing, and lives five times twenty years, is one hundred; the camel is eight years in growing, and he lives five times eight years; that is to say, forty years; the horse is five years in growing, and he lives twenty-five years, and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness, lives everywhere from eighty to one hundred years. Providence has given to man a century of life, but he does not attain it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome fruit, gives license to passions, and permits vexations to disturb his healthy equipoise. He does not die; he kills himself. The learned professor divides life into equal halves, growth and decline; and these halves into infancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year; youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period that the tissues become firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which organism remains complete, and at seventy-five, old age begins to last a longer or shorter time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

### Voices from The People.

#### A Correction.

BRO. JONES:—in your issue of March 13th (not Feb. 13th as you have it dated at the head of the editorial page), in your article referring to the action of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Convention, you unintentionally, no doubt, misrepresented the facts.

You state that the above mentioned organization, "Denounced in a most unmistakable manner, the aims and objects of the American Association of Spiritualists."

Let it be remembered that the objects of this Association are to co-operate with State and Local Organizations in the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy; in the organization of all such Societies; encourage the formation of Children's Progressive Lyceums, and the establishment of a National College for the education of persons of both sexes on terms of equality, free from all sectarian dogmas, etc., and that the action of the aforesaid Massachusetts Spiritualists' Convention practically arrays itself against these desirable objects, and you will realize the dilemma in which you have placed this worthy State Society.

The facts are these: Dr. Gardner drew up a Resolution, supposed to contain seven reasons for the disapproving of the action of the Fifth National Convention in resolving itself into an American Association, etc.; which, after reading, he made it the special subject of debate at a special assembly. It was very imperfectly discussed pro and con, and out of an audience of nearly five hundred, probably one third of whom were members of the State Organizations, less than twenty voices were expressed in its favor and its passage.

Perhaps I am not a disinterested party, but I have one good judge to say that even this vote was owing more to the psychological power of the author of the Resolution, than to his arguments.

Certainly this does not warrant the assertion of being "denounced in a most unmistakable manner."

Please make this correction, and oblige.

— Andrew Jackson Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Mrs. H. D. Dellison, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

Dr. C. W. Ormsby, P. O. box 620, Elkhart, Indiana.

Thomas Cooke's address is Drawer 6223, Chicago, Ill.

Albert R. Carpenter. Address of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Address 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. A. F. Brown, St. Johnsbury Center, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. Brown, 161 West 12th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Nellie J. C. Brigham, Elm Grove, Ossining, N. Y.

Mrs. A. C. Brown, Address West Randolph, Vt.

Addie L. Hallon. Address Mankato, Minn.

Wm. Bryan. Address box 35, Camden P. O., Mich.

M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker, Addresses, Almond, Wis.

J. H. Blackford, Chariot, Mass.

John Corwin, Five Corners, N. Y.

Mrs. G. S. Cole, 735 Broadway, New York.

Dean Clark. Permanent address, 24 Wamesit street, Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Cowen, St. Charles, Ill.

Mrs. Auguste Currier. Address, box 615, Lowell, Mass.

H. T. Curtis, M. D., 624 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. F. Cowrie, M. D. Address 1374 Ottawa, Ill.

G. O. Child, inspirational speaker, Campion Adams Co. Ill.

Mrs. Dr. Wm. Ormsby, P. O. box 620, Elkhart, Indiana.

Thomas Cooke's address is Drawer 6223, Chicago, Ill.

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Mrs. A. H. Colby, trance speaker, Lowell, Lake Co., Ind.

J. R. Doty, Stockton, Ill.

Mrs. L. M. Dotson. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Henry J. Durgin. Permanent address, Cardington, Ohio.

George Dutton, M. D., Rutland, Vt.

Mrs. E. Dellison, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

Dr. C. W. Ormsby, P. O. box 620, Elkhart, Indiana.

Miss Juliette Lyon, address Northboro, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Young, Boise City, Idaho Territory.

Mrs. Fannie T. Young. Address of Banner of Light, Boston, March 10th, 1869.

### Correspondence in Brief.

A gentleman writes to us from New-York, ing us to publish more tests of spirit presence.

Why, the JOURNAL each week contains several well authenticated tests of spirit presence and power.

Alexander Hogue, of Rutland, makes the following inquiry:

"Please inform us what has become of that little girl near Milwaukee, who was supposed to be lying in a trance for twenty-five days, on last account. We want to know what has become of her,—whether she is dead or alive. You promised to keep us posted."

Can some one of the readers of the JOURNAL give us the desired information?

B. N. Kenyon, writing from Des Moines, gives the following:

"I crave a place in your well filled columns to say that, by Bro. A. D. Hume has just closed a course of the most able and interesting lecture before the First Spiritualist Society of Des Moines, consisting of ten lectures, occupying five Sundays, that it has ever been my good fortune to listen to on the subject treated, replete in both manner and matter. His closing lecture on the 'Nature and presence of Deity'—In its sublimity, originality, and clear, free and comprehensive reasoning, was a most royal feast."

W. Cundel writes to us stating that the Spiritualists of Maquoketa, Iowa, have formed an Association with W. M. Arnold, President, and himself as Secretary. We have no doubt that some of the State Missionaries of Iowa, will visit that section soon, and dispense the glorious truths of our philosophy.

Jacob S. Holt, Warren, Warren Co., Pa.

Mr. S. T. Townsend, Headley, Bridgewater, Vt.

Wm. H. Johnson, Corry, Pa.

Dr. P. T. Johnson, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich.

W. F. Jamison, inspirational speaker, Belvidere, Ill.

Abraham James, Pleasant Valley, Venango Co., Pa., box 24.

H. A. Jones, Syracuse, II.

S. S. Jones, Drawer 602, Chicago.

Dr. G. W. Kirby, speaker. Address this office.

George F. Kitteridge, Buffalo, N. Y.

O. P. Kellogg, East Tremont, Atchaboo Co., O.

Ira S. King, trance speaker, care of Joseph Smith, P. O. Box 1118, Indianapolis, Ind.

J. S. Loveland, Monmouth, Ill.

Mr. F. A. Logan, Winslow, Me.

W. A. Loveland, 35 Broadmead street, Boston.

Geo. W. Lusk, Address Battle Creek, Mich.

Mr. H. T. Lovquist, 60 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J.

John A. Lowe, Address box 17, Sutton, Mass.

C. B. Lynn, inspirational speaker, Sturgis, Mich.

James H. Morrison, box 378, Haverhill, Mass.

Dr. Leo Miller, Appleton Wis.

John Mayhew, Washington, D. C., P. O. box 67.

Mr. W. Matthews, Upton, Mass.

Mr. Anna M. Middlebrook, 176 Middlebrook, Conant, Mass.

**Religio-Philosophical Journal**

CHICAGO, APRIL 17, 1869.

OFFICE 54, 56 & 58 DEARBORN ST., 3D FLOOR.  
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
S. B. JONES,  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

See "For Terms of Subscription see Premiums Now and Prospects on eighth page."

See "Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL, should be careful to state whether it is a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly."

S. B. JONES,

EDITOR.

See "All letters and communications intended for the editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. B. Jones. All business letters to John C. Bandy,

54, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the sword."

**ORTHODOXY AND SPIRITUALISM.**

Moses having a high standing reputation and influence with the people of his time with whom he lived, made and published many false statements and declarations in his pretended history of the "creation," on subjects of very high interest and importance in the estimation and judgment of a very considerable portion of the world, and those statements having gained very general credit and belief throughout christendom, have been acted upon under the almost endless variety of human feelings and passions on the subject of religious opinions. Moses' history of the creation has been a principal part of the basis of discussion and contention on religious subjects. Does the progress and improvement thereby produced, justify the innumerable instances of strife and contention, of persecution, of holy wars, of torture, of cruelty and suffering, of murder, of assassination, of the "Inquisition," of burning at the stake, of martyrdom in numerous ways? Are such the ways and means to promote religion, the approbation and love of God and good will among men? And all this done in the pretended name and service of God. What must necessarily be the character of a religion thus obtained?

But in the lapse of time, great changes have taken place, in relation to the general and public feeling, passion and opinion in matters of religious belief. More toleration and charity and liberality and regard for individual right prevail, and of course, many erroneous opinions are seen and discarded or neglected, and some corresponding advances made in the admission of truths in matters of religious belief. Now, then, in calm consideration, has not, what s, and has been called "religious belief," been the cause of all this disturbance, persecution, human and inhuman barbaric cruelty; and all done in the professed service of a righteous God? Such religious belief influences its possessors to see what they believe God ought to do with the unbeliever, the wicked sinner, and in their holy zeal, they at once undertake to do, what they believe God neglects to do. Fortunately, to all such scenes, there is a decided comparison and contrast.

What is this wonderful, miraculous power of "belief," that gives such right and authority to compel the assent and acknowledgement of it, and its acceptance and professions by the unbeliever; or else to suffer the consequences of persecution, imprisonment, torture and death? In reality and truth, it is a confession and acknowledgement of such believer, that he is ignorant of the subject of his professed belief. He is as ignorant as he is lacking in knowledge. It is ignorance then, and his zeal in it, that gives this false and self-righteous claim to persecute his fellow beings. Bare belief is always weak, needing knowledge to sustain it or to disapprove and overthrow it. Belief may be the governing power of a fool as well as of a zealot or bigot, each of whom would use it as a settled matter of fact. It has often been the instrument of the self-righteous, the oppressor and assassin, showing it to be a dangerous weapon with those who allow it unlimited power; as often, it is neither the true representative of fact, knowledge or truth. The revolution in public sentiment on the subject of religious knowledge and belief, under the name and power of Spiritualism, exceeds any previous revolution on that subject, in its peaceful and rapid progress, freedom from violence and bloodshed, and in the number of its converts, forms a very significant comparison, and contrast to all former revolutions on that subject.

A great contrast is the knowledge it gives us of immortality and its accompanying truths, which in a great degree, were otherwise left to doubts, conjecture and belief.

Another very important fact of contrast is, it does away the fears of future punishment, and especially of "endless misery."

Another contrast is, it establishes the fact and the invaluable truth of the communication here, between persons in this life, and the spirits of those who have left it, and who live in the next world, giving the priceless enjoyment of social intercourse with relatives and friends, as well as with others.

Another priceless contrast is the gift and power of healing the sick and diseased "by the laying-on of hands."

By the evidences of its truths, it appeals to the reason and judgment of the inquirer, rather than to the old views and opinions of the Jews, which is another contrast.

Its peaceful and present widely extended and progressive success in its reformatory movements, its converts being numerous among the various classes and conditions of men and women, forms another contrast to all former revolutions in religious knowledge and belief—Instead of a division of the human races into saints and sinners, righteous and unrighteous, holy and unholy, Spiritualism teaches the brotherhood of man, the right and freedom of private judgment, and the free and public expression of it.

This is a true preventive of the spirit of persecution, and of ill-will and enmity between

men. The opposite spirit promotes division, ill will, enmity and persecution.

The spirit of this age is in progress, advancement, a more thorough knowledge of right and wrong, in science, religion, and ought to be in progress.

In this connection of inquiry, is it not appropriate to ask, what progress, advancements and additions have been made in a religious point of view, by the popular theology of the past half century? Has there been any thing further than the renunciation of errors, or a neglect to support them, which they have been compelled by the advancing progress of more liberal views. They not only have been, but are now stationary till driven by public sentiment to renounce errors and yield a cold and silent assent to the advancing intelligence and spirit of the present age.

**THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.**

The first glance of this religious dogma shows its absurdity and falsehood. It necessarily discloses and determines the sex of the parties, and by the means of their sexual intercourse, the result was the birth of a male child, a human infant being. In the historic account of this infant child until he was about thirty years old, there is nothing very remarkable, as being out of the common course and character of most other children, excepting the dispute with the doctors in the temple. From about the age of thirty years, until his crucifixion and death, which was about three years, he appeared a considerable portion of that time in public, saying and doing many wise and wonderful things. During his life, he had the common qualities and physical condition of other children, and of youth and manhood.

It is evident he was not God; but was a human being, having like frailties, feelings, passions, appetites and like need of support, as other human beings.

This statement of his *humanity* is made for the purpose of showing by contrast and comparison, what kind of a being he must necessarily have been, if he had really been a master of fact lineal descendant of the Holy Ghost, one of the three Gods of christendom. Under such circumstances the offspring should have been one-third God, or three-thirds Holy Ghost, or one-half Ghost, and the other half, human. These must be the legitimate results of the theologic dogma of the triune God.

The Westminster Catechism says: "There are three persons in the God-head, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory."

Equality destroys supremacy.

A son can not be as old as his father, unless he outlives his father.

By the aforesaid authority, the Holy Ghost is a person, and one equal joint, third part of the God-head, and yet acting separately with the virgin Mary, because it could not act with the son, he not then being in existence, and out of all due respect to the Father, it is not even alleged that He had any part in the transaction of the generation of the son. Therefore, the Holy Ghost must claim to be the Father of the son, or allow "Joseph the carpenter" to be the rightful father, as he was the true husband of the virgin Mary.

The dogma of the trinity has attempted to sustain itself by the science of mathematics; but as mathematics will not lie, even to favor the Holy Ghost, and will not permit one to be three—not three to be one, it has discarded it from the multiplication table, and sent the dogma to the four winds of heaven, and the Holy Ghost may go with them.

The ancients were very expert in manufacturing Gods, and usually kept themselves well supplied for all purposes. In this respect the good people of christendom are evidently beginning to take the back track, and to become satisfied with one God, without worshiping any other gods or ghosts. In truth, they were in a great measure, excusable for believing in more than one god, as the two additional ones were already made and delivered for their acceptance, by those most interested in their formation and adoption.

**LETTER FROM A WORKER.**

BRO. JONES.—We have sent you about one hundred and forty, three months' subscribers to the JOURNAL, from this place. Our town numbers two thousand and five hundred inhabitants.—Will be three years old next June. —We have a graded school of four hundred scholars, with four teachers, and our motto is, "Nature and Reason," versus "Theology and Superstition." Truly, Carthage is alive.

Fraternally yours.

C. C. COLBY.

Cor. Secretary.

Carthage, Mo.

**REMARKS.**—We return to our brother and all the friends in Carthage, our heart-felt thanks for their efforts in our behalf. The cause of liberal principles is bound to be the controlling element for good, in that young and thriving city of the West.

The Carthaginians are now, as of yore, a brave, fearless people. They love the right, and do it.

Our brothers of sister towns in the West, as well as in other parts of the world, will do well to imitate so worthy an example, by devoting time to the same work. We will guarantee that any one who shall regret making a similar effort, shall have his or her time compensated for in any amount required.

Think for a moment of the influence which will be effected by so large a number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNALS being received and read in a town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants.

Say, Bishops and Priests of old theology, is Catholicism or any other "strictly evangelical religion," to rule America?

**MRS. E. A. TALMADGE.**

Of Westville, Indiana, will answer calls to lecture.

**FAIR PLAY.**

Under the above caption, Col. Fox of the PRESENT AGE, makes a lame attempt to avoid the question of the officers of the American Association of Spiritualists, receiving, under the name of agents, compensation for services. We assumed that if those officers could appoint themselves agents and fix their own salaries, while under the constitution of the Association they were prohibited from receiving compensation, it was not better than a political dodge, to constitute themselves agents and fix their own pay for the same. We say so yet, and so will the millions of Spiritualists who are called upon by these officers,—agents, to blindly pay over their money for membership and under other pretenses, to the American Association of Spiritualists, aye, more, to pay over five dollars a year to such officers,—agents, even to be permitted to hold membership in a state organization. No; Col. Fox, this subterfuge won't win with the mass of Spiritualists throughout the United States.—The state organizations will follow the course of Massachusetts. We believe your own state, Michigan, has already a second state organization.

Illinois will never submit to a draft of five dollars per year from each member, to support the American Association, whose officers presume to appoint themselves to agencies to use up the money so raised.

If necessary, we are prepared to state just how that little scheme was carried through the Springfield adjourned convention, consisting of thirteen delegates professing to represent the Spiritualists of Illinois! Col. Fox, President of the American Association of Spiritualists, says, speaking of the same.

"I already has several agents in the field who are doing good work, and as far as reports have been transmitted from the Secretaries to the Presidents, have paid into the treasury of the Association, more than the amount of their salary drawn; thus making the agencies a source of actual gain to the association financially, besides the amount of labor performed under its auspices. Mrs. Brown is to be an active agent, and when she assumes her duties, she will establish a corresponding relation to the Association, entirely independent of her official relation.

The insinuations of "pretense" and political influence thrown out by the author are gratuitous, and do not merit our notice."

They may not merit the notice of Col. Fox, but he will find they will merit and receive the notice of the Spiritualists of America. Massachusetts and Michigan have already spoken; other states are ready and will speak in a voice that will give assurance that Spiritualism is not to be governed by *intrigue*, which has been the peculiar province of all theological institutions, to practice upon blind devotees in ages past, for the benefit of those holding positions and power.

An inquiry is being made by thousands already to the effect: "What is being done with the money that has been paid into the treasury of the American Association?" That inquiry will be continued.

It is generally believed by Spiritualists that there are two classes of officers in the Association: One class is of sterling integrity and would do nothing if they worked at all, but that which was believed to be for the best interests of Spiritualism, and some are so uncharitable as to believe, that there is a breach daily widening between the officers, and agent-officers of that board, which will shortly result in an open rupture.

We will endeavor to keep an eye single to this subject. It will "merit our notice."

**PLANCHETTE NO TOY.**

The Universe, a Catholic Journal of Philadelphia, in speaking of Planchette, remarks:

"Call Planchette a toy. If it were a toy, its motive power could be detected by the eye, and taken to pieces by the hand. But neither the sight of the eye nor the touch of the hand can discover the spring by which Planchette moves. Therefore it is not in its movement, a toy. It moves; undoubtedly it does. And how? Intelligently! It answers questions of any kind put to it in any language required. It does this, this cannot be done but by an intelligence.—Planchette is, therefore, moved by an intelligence. Well, by what description of intelligence? It cannot be supposed that the divine intelligence is the mover; for how can God be concerned to make such a creation of Himself? Planchette exhibits! A convincing reason cuts off the idea that it is presided over by an angelic intelligence. And it is evident to all that a human mind does not control it. There is but one more character of intelligence than that of the evil spirit. Therefore Planchette is moved by the agents of hell." \* \* \* But why should the devil connect himself with a Planchette—with a little triangular board set on small wheels, furnished with writing facilities, and having hands lightly placed on it? Does not such a thing appear very ridiculous? What is true. No one can give the devil's reasons for this act. He can operate in countless ways. He is not restricted to this, or to that, or the other reasons. Anything that may assist him in endangering the salvation of men is welcome to him. He has found his way into persons, why not into Planchette? The success of the thing proves his malignant understanding. We suppose the experienced scoundrel is ready to do anything human wickedness may ask of him, when souls are the price of his concession. But his reasons for particular manifestations are of small importance here. Facts are facts; and the point is that Planchette is not a toy; that it is moved by an intelligence; and that the intelligence which moves it is necessarily evil. We would, therefore, advise all those who have a Planchette, to break it for a fire of pitch and brimstone. It is a bad ornament on the side-board, and a bad amusement in the drawing-room. No one has a right to consult the enemy of God. They who do so are in danger of becoming worshippers of the devil and dwelling with him forever."

Bayard Taylor, in his last work, "By-ways of Europe," bids farewell to his duties as a literary traveler.

W. E. Woodward, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass., has issued a catalogue of his private library, numbering over 6,000 volumes, almost exclusively American, which will shortly be sold in New York. The library contains some very early American imprints, and some of such rarity as to be unique. The sale will probably attract the universal attention of some bookmanias.

Francis Dwyer, a Major of hussars in the Imperial Austrian service, has written a book on "Seats and Saddles" which will shortly be published, giving a minute description of the horse as an animal to be ridden, telling also how the saddle should be adjusted and what are the different styles of riding.

The burgomaster of Leipzig has prohibited velocipede riding in the streets of that city, owing to the numerous accidents which have recently been fallen the velocipeds of Leipzig.

Three epicures, who dine every day at the famous Parisian restaurant, "Les Frères Provençaux," pay a hundred and seventy-five francs for every meal they eat.

as another evidence of the correctness of our speculations. Yet, it is not what it will do, so much, as it is the agencies it will set to work to spread the facts and philosophies of Spiritualism.

**\* THE JOURNAL.**

This number of the JOURNAL will be found to contain much that is very interesting. The address of G. W. Field furnishes an unusual amount of food for reflection, for he draws on the Bible for incidents to establish the truth of Spiritualism.

The Inner Life Department, too, the reader will find in the questions and answers, much that will interest. The communication from Jane Darling sparkles with beauty and love, and is well worthy of a careful perusal. We hope to hear from her again. The communication from Henry to his Father, reported by Lavina L. Ingalls, is one of great interest, and will be read with pleasure.

Tests of spirit presence, Addresses from our best mediums and speakers, articles on the Nature of God and Man, and the Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, etc., will constitute the principal features of the JOURNAL.

Fearless and out-spoken, ever advocating the cause of humanity and justice, the JOURNAL is becoming a power in the land. Our circulation is rapidly increasing, convincing us that our efforts are fully appreciated.

**NEW OFFICERS.**

The Society of Spiritualists of Springfield, have elected the following named officers, for the present year:

John Ordway, President; A. A. Brackett, Vice Pres.; W. H. Planck, Sec'y; Mrs. L. M. Hanson, Treas.

**SPIRITUUELLE.**

The above named pamphlet by A. M. Lafin Ferree, will be found of service to the investigator. For sale at this office. Price 30 cents, postage 2 cents.

**M. H. MOUGHTON.**

And his gifted wife intend to take a trip soon through Michigan and Ill., and will answer calls to lecture. Mr. Moughton's address is Milan, Ohio.

**CHINESE NORTHERN YAM.**

See Wm. R. Prince's advertisement of the above named valuable vegetable, in another column, and send for a book explanatory of its value as a substitute for potatoes.

**L. D. HOUSE.**

Writes to us that a good Healing Medium would do well to locate at Binghamton, New York.

**Literary Notes.**

"The Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture," advocates a higher type of manhood—physically, intellectually and morally.

It should be in every family. Miller, Wood and Co., Publishers, 13 and 15 Laight street New York.

Terms \$2 per annum; single copies 20 cents.

The Scientific American comes to us regularly. As a Scientific Journal, we prize it highly. Every mechanic, every business man, every farmer, in fact, everybody should take it.

Munn and Co., Editors and Proprietors, New York.

Terms \$3 per year.

**Personal and Local.**

D. C. SEYMOUR has been lecturing in Kansas.

Ex-Senator Guthrie, of Kentucky, left about \$1,000,000.

Five octogenarian sisters recently attended a funeral in Brownstown, Pa.

Jefferson Davis denies that he has heart disease, and says that he was never better.

It is said that the daughters of Andy Johnson left the Presidential mansion in better order than it has ever been left, before, by an outgoing President.

Frank Pierce's Cabinet was the only one in the history of the United States that remained unbroken from the beginning to the end of the administration.

As a proof of the remarkable decline of Alexander Dumas' popularity as a romanticist, it is mentioned that the manuscript of his last novel was offered to six publishers, none of whom would give him more than a few thousand dollars for it.

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A Paris book-seller, M. Gosselin, has just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and fined one thousand dollars, for selling books and pamphlets not very complimentary to Napoleon and Eugenie.

Queen Victoria will this year, visit Switzerland again, and make also a trip to Sicily and Greece. She will, however, keep away from Florence and Rome, and go by steamer from Genoa to Palermo.

The presents which Henry the Fifth, the legitimate pretender to the French throne, received on New Year's Day, from his adherents in France were worth upward of one hundred thousand francs.

A Gypsy prophesied to Guizot in his childhood, that he would live until he was over a hundred years old. It seems as if the prediction shall be fulfilled.

**MESSAGES.**

"The Flash of Lighting," flashed to good audiences, during the two weeks it was kept upon the boards at McVicker's theatre, but has finally flashed out to make way for the more steady light of the standard drama, which was recommended on Monday the 5th inst. at McVicker's, with Mary Gladstone, being her first appearance in this character and play of "Mary Stewart." She also appears in "Leah," "Katherine and Petrucchio." Mrs. Gladstone is an English lady by birth, but is thoroughly Americanized as an actress. She will doubtless continue to be as she has been, well patronized during her stay in this city.

The great Pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty," which drew such packed houses at the Opera House last fall, remodeled with many valuable additions, was on Monday the 5th inst. again put upon the stage, at this grand resort of amusements, for a three weeks run. Tony Denier is the clown, Mr. Sloan the Pantaloons, Mr. Leslie the Harlequin, Miles, Auralie the Columbine, M. St. Ody, Miles Antonino, Venturoli, and Alexandrina are the attractions of the ballet. Mr. Alfred Moe is the champion skater.

It will be heartily welcomed during its entire run, no doubt by a large auditory.

Contrary to our expectations Mr. Aiken presents a new sensational play, which has taken the habitués of the Dearborn Theatre, both by surprise and storm. It is entitled, "The Knaves of the Pack," a translation from the French, and has manifested its sensational character by full houses.

Much new scenery has been prepared for the piece, and the cast includes Messrs. McKee, Rankin, Padgett, Kelley, Wilson and Crisp, Miss Cluer, Mrs. Stoucal and Alice Holland.

The "Ticket of Leave Man," has been upon the board at Wood's Museum, for the first time under the new management, during the present week, with the following cast: Mr. Blaidsell as Robert, the "Ticket-of-Leave-Man"; Ms. Lingham as Hawklaw; Mr. Dillon as Green Jones; Mr. Little as James Dalton; Mr. Edwards as Mr. Gibson; Miss Josie Booth as May Edwards; Mrs. Marple as Mrs. Willoughby; Miss Crocker as Emily St. Evermond.

At Theatre Comique more new Stars are announced. First appearance of Miss Carrie Duval, Mr. Sam Cole and the Hawley Brothers.—Friday evening benefit of the great Campbell. Admission only 35 cents.

Velocipede exhibition, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings of this week at Zouave Hall. Admission 25 cents.

**PEN AND SCISSORS.**

Kansas will cultivate grapes extensively this season.

The latest idea is to run machinery at Buffalo by the water power of the falls of Niagara.

The bridge proposed to unite New York and Brooklyn will, if built, have the enormous span of 1,600 feet.

A Houston genius sews cows' tails on old horse hides, and thus converts the latter into a merchantable article.

The rubber works at Newton Conn., have received an order for a rubber belt three hundred feet by four.

Sereno Edwards Todd, of the New York Times, receives a cent a word for all the articles he writes for the press.

It is estimated that there are 255,000 threshing machines in the United States, without counting the "school marmas."

The great depth of snow in the woods of Maine the past season proved fatal to a large amount of game, as the hunters were able to approach very near.

A few days ago, in Manchester, New Hampshire, a man worth one hundred thousand dollars earned twenty-five cents for carrying home a fowl for another man. He said he thought himself lucky to get pay for taking needed exercise.

The Rock Island Argus lately said: It isn't generally a good plan for young men whom nobody knows to be writing letters to young ladies who haven't the pleasure of their acquaintance, and don't wish to have—by no means. So, if Henry Marston, of Rock Island, will call at this office, he can receive the very silly and impudent letter which he wrote to

No more quail shooting in Minnesota, till 1875.

A Minnesota Natural History Society has been organized, to be located at St. Anthony.

A stranger was numerously introduced in St. Paul, as John C. Breckinridge.

A poor man named Horan, of Washington, Iowa, found a \$300 roll of greenbacks, and then hunted up the owner and returned them.

A very large colony of Swedes is coming to this state this spring.

#### PLANCHETTE—THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.

The above named work is one of the best books ever published. Every Spiritualist throughout the country should send for it at once. It abounds in facts demonstrating Spiritualism beyond cavil. The secular press everywhere speak in the highest terms of it. The work has passed to the third edition in about as many weeks.

For sale at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.25 and 16 cents for postage. Address S. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

#### UNDERHILL ON MESMERISM.

The above named very popular work will be sent free by mail on receipt of \$1.50. It is the most valuable work ever published, to those who desire to become developed as mediums. For sale at this office.

#### Taylor's Bed Springs.

Don't fail to read the advertisement in another column. Any man who wants a good paying agency, do well to send and get a set for a sample, and go to soliciting for them. They are so light, as to be easily carried under the arm, and once seen by housekeepers, a sale is almost certain. Mr. Taylor will furnish agents on such terms as to make it profitable business for any energetic man:

#### LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS.

OR THE

#### WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE

REVEALED TO MAN.

Is the title of a new work fresh from press. By the Guardian Spirit of David Corleas.

S. S. JONES,

Publisher.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says: The Medium (David Corleas, of Hustley's Grove McHenry Co., Ill.) through whom this work was given, came to us directly over the telephone, and during that time he has the humble Mediumism through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal.

The introduction entitled "The Unveiling" treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized life in the native purity of all things.

On page twenty-four the author treats of "the way mediumists licensers, in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences.

In part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of "How Mankind Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we influence a Medium to speak. The fullness of all kinds of language investigated. The singing and carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained."

This work is neatly got up and consists of seventy-three closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen.

The work will be sent by mail from this office to any one on receipt of fifty cents.

Address, S. S. JONES, 84 Dearborn Street,

Chicago, Ill.

#### VINE COTTAGE STORIES.

#### LITTLE HARRY'S WISH OR

#### PLAYING SOLDIER.

BY MRS. H. N. GREEN.

ALSO

#### THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL AND

#### THE ORPHAN'S STRUGGLE,

By the Same Author.

S. S. JONES, Publisher,

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL OFFICE

84 Dearborn St.

Chicago, Ill.

The above named little works of about thirty pages each are fresh from the press and belong to a series designed especially for children, youth and Children's Progressive Lyceum Libraries.

Mrs. H. N. Green is one of the most popular writers of the present age and especially adapted to the writing of popular liberal books for Children.

This series of Books which we have entered upon publishing are designed for the youth everywhere, out of course their tone and philosophy will comprise their sale principally to the families of Spiritualists, Liberalists and the Children's Progressive Lyceums.

They are artistically embellished and every way attractive and will be sent by mail on receipt of twenty five cents per copy.

A reasonable discount to the trade.

Address

J. C. BUNDY,  
84 Dearborn Street  
Chicago, Ill.

**Obituary.**

In Commerce, Oakland Co., Mich., March 15th, by Mrs. Lydia M. Pearson, at the residence of the bride's father's Mr. Pliny Phillips; Mr. Henry Austin to Mrs. Sarah E. Nash, both of the above named place.

Brother Silver often spoke of his companion and children in spirit life, and his ardent desire to depart and be with them.

Let this blessed faith that was his, comfort and cheer the hearts of those still in the flesh, that when the call comes

for them, him, they may say, "I am ready to go, and join those friends that have passed on before."

Called to the Summer-Land to dwell with angels; from Brookfield, Winona Co., Wis., on Feb. 18th, Edie May, aged, 20 months.

Also on Feb. 10th, Clarence Elmer, aged 4 years; children of Monroe and Achsa Phillips.

"There will be a sweet reunion,  
When the toils of earth are o'er;  
You will meet your angel children,  
On that bright immortal shore,  
Where no more shall sin and sorrow,  
Pain and care and darkness come;  
They will readily stand to greet you,  
In their glorious spirit-home."

J. C. Phillips.

Passed away, Feb. 9th, 1869, after a painful illness of four weeks, Genie, son of Ann G. and Hannah Nichols.

Joyous and happy, this little boy, is now in the Spirit World, and with flowers in his hands, he approaches his kind parents, and showers them lovingly upon them, whispering, "Mourn not for me, for I am constantly with you and can kiss and love you as in earth life."

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

#### OVERWHELMING SUCCESS OF THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY.

Read in another column, "A Panorama of Wonders by the great Spiritual Remedy, Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders."

For sale at this office.

Address J. C. BUNDY, 84 Dearborn St., Chicago.

#### BREVES, Clark's Vegetable Syrup.

Mrs. Clark's Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mrs. Jeanie W. Davis, and bearing that the balsam of our milk-women, had been long confined to the rooms from the effects of a fall from a building, which injured his side, some years and a half since. Suffering with pains from internal tumors, I sent him the bottle of the said syrup with directions to have it bathed with hot salt and water, by a healthy colored woman, and to take the syrup internally. The result of which was, that in less days, he was out and at his work, (that of a tanner's laborer.)

His wife, a devout Catholic, said, "she had spent quite \$100 upon him for doctors, with no good result; but having faith in good spirits, she would try this."

His name is McCarthy and he lives in this place, No. 215 Prospect St.

ABBY M. LAFFLIN PERINE.

Georgetown, D. C., January 7th, 1869.

#### A PLEASANT STORY.

In the streets of Chicago, I wandered along, And carelessly sang a familiar old song, While viewing the cars—buses, and such—

—The Irish—the Scotch—the French, and the Dutch, And the strange Adventures of these latter days.

On the Bulletin Board, for concerts, and plays,

When all on a sudden I saw something new,

On nice printed paper in Red, White and Blue:

It told of the virtues of something so neat,

So handy—so harmless—so perfect, complete,

For coloring boards, the mustache or hair,

Without any polish, or slopping, or care,

And not only so, but the color is "fast,"

And like a shoemaker, it "sticks to the last."

In reading I pondered, and thought of my hair,

Now as "gray as a rat," once so glossy, and fair.

I hunted, and found it—I bought it, and tried,

When all my gray hair, in a "Jiff" stopped sailing!

My age is so great—I feel twenty years younger!

I will marry next week—no use to wait longer;

I will marry a wife, and the comfort of home,

Most will be gained by the New Magic Comb.

Yes sir, I found that Comb at 84 Dearborn Street, where

they have a few more left of the same sort. Don't forget the place.—Eccles, \$1.25 and address MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois; and you shall receive the MAGIC COMB by mail post-paid.

U. B. WIRE.

Most truly thine,

J. M. PEERLESS.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1869.

#### To Dealers and Traders.

If any of our readers or friends who are Dealers or Traders wish for the PATENT MAGIC COMB to put into market, we will furnish the Wholesale "Price List" upon application.

Address, MAGIC COMB AGENT,

84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

#### DR. CLARKE'S REMEDIES.

B. S. JONES—I see you are advertising the medicines of Dr. Clarke a spirit, who controls prescribes for the sick through the organism of Jeannie Waterman Danforth. Permit me to tell you, with deep feeling, friend Jones, that I have used these remedies, the Syrups, Nervines and Powders, with the highest satisfaction. I know them to be excellent, as hundreds of others will testify. Dr. Clarke is a noble and brilliant spirit.

Most truly thine,

J. M. PEERLESS.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1869.

#### THE PATENT MAGIC COMB.

Beauty on the Mountain,

Beauty in the vale,

Beauty in the forest tree,

That beat before the gale,

Beauty in the Ocean,

With crest of dancing foam,

And BEAUTY in the special work

OF PATTON'S MAGIC COMB!

You sir, this is really, and emphatically true, and if you desire to change dingy, yellowish, gray, or bad looking Hair or Beard, to a BEAUTIFUL dark Brown, or Glossy Black, you will enclose \$1.25 to the MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, and receive the Magic Comb by mail post paid, and if you follow the directions on the Comb, we guarantee perfect satisfaction.

Dr. P. B. Randolph,

Nerve Specialist. Wholesale Manufacturer of Phosphyd Chloride, Baroumy, and Bromide, his celebrated four Nervous remedies. Price per dr. \$1 and \$5; per. dos. \$3 and \$40, warranted chemically pure, and the only known remedy for the disastrous catalogue of Nervous diseases in either sex. Also sole agent for Dr. R. Dow's celebrated Magnetic band, magnets for Claviraypurous \$3 and \$5 per pair. Tractor magnets, \$3. Dr. R. is now writing a new and extraordinary work, entitled "Love and its hidden mystery," which is prefixed another, entitled, "Claviraypurous, its art and culture, with rules for its attainment." To be published by subscription at \$1 per copy. Western subscribers can pay to RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and Hon. F. B. Dows, Davenport, Iowa, and the work will issue when 500 are ordered.

Principal Office, Boston, Mass.

525 Vol. 5.

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AND A

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## Communications from the Inner Life.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spiritual world.

(Reported by Blanche and Nannie, who had Reporters, 118 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.)

—Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life sittings, should be logical, well written, and directed to the editor, when inconvenient for the questioner to be present at the sittings.

## INVOCATION.

Our Father, unto Thee, as the living principle, we would give our thoughts at this hour. Not that they will be any more acceptable unto Thee because they are vocal utterances, but that Thy children may feel and know of our ideas of Thee. We realize Thy goodness. We feel Thy perfecting influence throughout all forms of life.

We realize, oh, Father, Thy blessing in affliction; yes, and even in that which seemeth to possess naught but sorrow. We feel that everything is a part and portion of Thee. We would thank Thee for all things. We would bring every immortal soul upon the material plane of life to realize Thy presence at all times. Our Father, we would ever realize Thy presence, and as we realize it, ever offer thankfulness unto Thee, as the great permeating, pervading, and life-principle. We would have all to realize that Thou art ever near, ever mindful of their needs. As a loving parent watches over its child in infantile moments, so may we realize that Thou in Thy wisdom art ever watching Thy children.

We thank Thee for this assurance. We thank Thee for the wisdom Thou hast given unto us, that we may feel that all is in accordance with Thy will, and that Thou mayst bring every one of Thy children to look upon Thee as Thou dost exist—a part and portion of each and every one of us. As we realize Thy perfect condition, we shall know more of ourselves, and by that knowledge know more of Thee. We thank Thee for every form and manifestation of life; we thank Thee for the knowledge that Thou hast given us in the past and in the present. We feel the assurance that all things are in accordance with Thy will and are well.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTIONS BY A GENTLEMAN PRESENT.

Q. Did you ever visit the Moon, as a spirit?

A. No, my brother, I never did.

Q. Do you know whether it is inhabited or not?

A. Only as I hear from those who claim to have been there.

Q. What do they say in reference thereto?

A. They say that it is inhabited.

Q. Do you describe the inhabitants thereof?

A. The same as you would describe the inhabitants of earth, were you to describe the planet where you now exist.

Q. Can you give a description of the Moon, as detailed to you by those who have visited it?

A. Only that it is similar, yet more refined than the planet upon which you exist.

Q. What causes the dark shades on the Moon?

A. We can not say that the Moon really has dark shades.

Q. What is the cause of the northern lights, on the aurora borealis?

A. Such are the questions that have been given to us frequently, and we have never answered them. There are spirits that would be able to do so, but we are not.

Q. Dr. Kane, when he was exploring the Arctic regions, found birds that had rice in their crops, and he supposed from that fact, that around the North Pole there was a climate equal in warmth to our temperate regions. Is that the case? I assume, of course, that spirits know something in reference to this matter?

A. It seems that spirits should know, yet we can not say from experience individually.—There are spirits that devote their time wholly to such subjects, and if they should come and take possession of this medium they could tell you.

Q. Have you any knowledge of a pre-existence—an of existence anterior to the life which you now possess?

A. I have not.

Q. Are there spirits who claim that?

A. It is a fact that there are spirits who claim that they have impressions of things that transpired before their existence upon the material plane of life.

Q. Do you believe it to be true?

A. True to the individual.

Q. Do you believe it to be true, in fact?

A. So far as our experience goes, we should say that it was not true, from the fact that before you can make an impression, you must have something to make an impression upon.—Now, if the spirit or life-principle permeating and pervading the soul, had a previous individualized existence before it manifested itself upon the material plane of life, that, to us, does away with the idea of the natural birth of human beings. I can not see any necessity for any birth. Again, we do not see where they have existed. We do not find any place for them.—After the spirit is once individualized, we see no necessity for its taking upon itself a material organization for the purpose of an individualized entity of that life-principle. If they had life and memory, they must have had a body and brain, or soul cover. We do not see any thing of the kind. Still, that individuals believe this to have been the case from their experience we know. We do not doubt their sincerity, but we find that such spirits or individuals will confine their ideas to about the time of their birth. They do not say much in regard to what they remember back of that. To us it would be the same, for their memory carries them right on, precisely the same as individuals passing from the material to the spiritual plane of life.

Q. Do you ever visit other circles?

A. Yes, my brother, I visit other circles.

Q. Do you know anything in reference to the manifestations of Father King, which are now taking place in Kansas?

A. I will find out and report to you at our next sitting.

Q. I would ask whether a spiritual organization can clothe itself with a physical organization again, as tangible as ever?

A. We answer, square and fair, yes.

Q. Now, I desire to understand the law by which that is done. I claim that it is accomplished in this way: on the same principle that governs the action of certain "chemicals when dissolved in water. You place wire therein, and around it the dissolved chemicals will concentrate, in accordance with the well known law of "chemical attraction and affinity." Now, according to my idea, under certain conditions, the spiritual organization will attract from the elements and the emanation of the medium a body as tangible as our own, and all done, in accordance with the well known law of chemical attraction and affinity." As the substance in the water naturally concentrates around the wire, so, in my opinion, the constituent parts of the elements, under certain conditions, are attracted to the spiritual organization, forming a body as tangible as our own. What is your idea in reference thereto?

A. My dear brother, as the man said, "Just so."

Q. That is true?

A. Precisely so.

Q. That is my idea in reference to it:

A. Then you have a spiritual idea in reference to it, because you are just as much a spirit to-day as you will ever be.

Q. That may be, but I don't know anything in regard to this law.

A. Well, you are first-rate about receiving impressions that come to you from the great fountain of thought.

Q. Are you a believer in phrenology?

A. I am a believer in everything.

Q. Then you believe that we have faculties, that manifest themselves through the brain.

A. I do not feel to say anything, only that it is so.

Q. Does the brain, as claimed by some metaphysicians, secrete thought the same as the liver does bile?

A. We may say that the brain secretes thought, or in other words, there is an impression made upon the spiritual brain. Every thought that it has ever had,—no matter by what means it is obtained, the impression is there.

Q. I wish you would explain why repetition is so necessary in order to permanently fix any fact or principle upon the mind? Why is it, we cannot remember it by going over it once, as well as we can by repetition?

A. Thoughts make their impression. In order to become familiar with them so as to give them readily, they have to pass through the mind more than once. Now why is it? I can only say it is in accordance with nature's law. Some individuals are so constituted that they retain the thought, and its mode of expression much easier than others. For instance, take yourself. You can get impressions and transmit them to paper much easier than you can give expression vocally.

Q. That's so!

A. Well, now, when once transmitted to paper, they are there, and can be referred to at any time. Now, from experience, we see that every act, every thought—we go back to our experience upon the material plane of life—has made an impression upon our life-picture, so to speak, and it is there. We can go over that, so will and recall it; and that is the reason why individuals when they come in contact with another person, can go on and give incidents that transpired in years gone by. It doesn't necessarily follow that a spirit must necessarily be there present when all such things are remembered. It is generally supposed that the spirit is present when an impression is made. With us, the spirit is judged from the appearance of the life-picture of the individual. For instance, the very emanations from your organism partake of all these different experiences through which you have passed. If you will analyze that, then you can tell just what you have passed through.

Q. I would like to learn something of this law of transmission of the thoughts of the spirit to the mind of the medium. Can you give us any information with reference to it?

A. Precisely the same as the impression is made upon the spiritual brain, or spiritual mind, whatever you choose, to term it; upon the same principle that impression is made upon you by the spirits, in other words, the law of positive and negative forces is brought into requisition. You must of necessity be negative to the spirit, else the impression would not be made. Light is positive; it possesses positive elements, hence the necessity of darkened rooms to produce certain manifestations.

Q. It is accomplished on the same principle that the psychologist influences his subject,—is it not?

A. Yes; you can call it if that you choose—that is upon the law of positive and negative forces—call it psychology, mesmerism, or any thing you choose—any thing that seems most acceptable to yourselves.

Q. I have attempted for the past five or six weeks, to write upon a certain subject, and have not been able to do so. Can you give the reason therefor?

A. You particularly desired to write upon that subject did you not?

Q. Yes; and I knew nothing of the subject that I did write upon, and had not the remotest idea of treating that subject.

A. You said you had a desire to write upon a particular subject?

Q. Upon a particular subject, yes.

A. And have not been able to do so?

Q. No.

A. And you want to know the reason why?

Q. Yes.

A. Give me your hand.

[The medium grasps the questioner by the hand.]

A. I will tell you. I will let you take a pencil and paper and sit down at the table by yourself, all alone, and I will hold my hand over your head and you can write with the greatest ease, and ably, so, too. Why? Because it will help to banish the positive influences around you, and every circumstance of business that you have been engaged in; and another thing. You particularly desire to succeed, and a failure would make you anxious the next time, and consequently make you a little posit live. Now, when you least expect it, and you sit down to write upon something else, that particular subject which you have desired to write upon, will be the very subject of your writing.

JANE DARLING.

J. A. MORSELL, MEDIUM.

Chicago, June 6th, 1868.

Continued from last week.

My home with all its beauty is poor and dull when compared with life beyond me, though my spirit is young and I am possessed of a fresh maidenly beauty, known only to the spirit world, yet when I occasionally see, by my spiritual clairvoyance an angel from some higher court of light and wisdom, I feel my own littleness, and I become as it were lost, and swallowed up, in the imensity of God's creation.

While I am blessed with instructions from the higher spheres, I am permitted to see and visit the spheres below me, as all of God's children are joined together by one continuous chain which reaches from the highest archangel, down through every grade of progression even to the very lowest form, or expression of life, so it is by that chain of sympathy and love, that I can receive intelligence from those who have drunk deep draughts from the fountain of wisdom, and by means of the same bond of connection, I can draw near to the poor, suffering wretch, who by his own will, or by his unfortunate organization has unwittingly plunged himself into a hell torment.

The most lively imagination cannot depict the agony of those self-judged victims of lust and passion. Their habitations are of the most squallid kind that can be imagined; in some of the lowest grades of spirit life, you will see the man or woman who has given himself or herself to wilful murder, crouched back into a narrow cave under some slimy rock, which is reeking with a foul and poisonous fluid, infested with hissing and stinging insects, and reptiles. There the poor creature sits cowering back, with a vain endeavor to hide himself from the world, while great monsters and serpents crawl up in front and behind him, hiss and sting, and gnaw at his very vital life, until he becomes terrified or enraged, as the case may be, and with a bound of desperation, and a shriek that would make your spirit tremble, he tries to free himself from his torment, only to find that he has sent forth a monster from his own being more terrible in appearance than those that have tormented him; maddened by rage or despair, he goes howling along through the dark and fetid caverns of his home or hell of torment, frightening and maddening others into a similar condition until it would seem that all the furies of the universe were let loose; the elements seem aglare with lurid fire, the wind whirrs in fitful gusts, the thunder peals, the spirit shrieks and howls until you would think that all earth and hell were being ground together, and swallowed up by some great fiery dragon of immense proportions.

Sister, this is a terrible picture, but I assure you it is only a faint one; but when we contemplate that they, even they are God's children, and will in time be angels of light and love, I feel to say: "Great and marvelous are thy works: Lord God Almighty, just and true are all thy ways, thou king of saints."

Little children seem to have a striking mission with these poor creatures, as for illustration, my guide though now a bright spirit, was once an inhabitant of this terrible place or condition.

I will give you his story in brief.

Being ushered into earth life as an unwelcome guest, and inheriting all the bad mental attributes of both father and mother, but endowed with a strong physical body, he naturally followed the bent of his uneducated and unrestrained mind, which led him to set his hand against his brother, and to be an enemy and terror to the world. He led a long and desperate life on earth, and came here as all men, to settle his own accounts, and in the only way by which such accounts can be settled by performing such good acts as will in a measure overbalance the harm that has been done, and by being made to feel every pang of suffering and sorrow caused by him wilfully, and to carry the same until forgiven by his victim, sunk so low by the weight of sin, not one ray of hope or light reaching his darkened soul, desperate and still goaded on to greater desperation, every act sinking him apparently deeper, groaning, cursing, shrieking, crying, praying, defying, laughing, taunting and jeering at others.

Such he tells me was his life, when one day he thought he could discover a little faint ray of light away off through the smoky distance, and oh! how his soul yearned and prayed to keep it there, if it could not come nearer; day by day, hour by hour, was his heart encouraged by seeing this light more clear, and more near, until lo! the vision of an angel appeared, clad in garments of pearly white, and wearing a crown of glory upon her head; nearer and nearer did she approach, until bending over the poor cowering suppliant, she said with a voice melodious with heavenly love: "Brother, I forgive thee, and will aid thee in thy unfoldment." When she had thus spoken, a transformation as quick as thought, put her in the state to be recognized, and, lo! to my horror, he says it was an infant victim, that I had in my fury dashed into eternity.

When the first pangs of remorse and condemnation had subsided, she began her first lesson

or message of love. She pointed out the first step to be taken, and then the next and so on, until I could see the light of my own existence, and feel that I was God's being, possessed of an immortal and indestructible soul.

Day after day, did that little child, as a child watch over me and instruct me in the first lessons of true religion and love; and as my mind began to expand, so did she gradually grow from child to youth, and from youth to full maturity, and angelic beauty. I watched her unfolding step by step, with the deepest interest, and, oh, with what tenacity did I cling to her until I saw that she was no longer the little child, neither was she the young girl, full of confidence, trust, but she stood before me the bright, and glorious angel I saw while in my

hell.

HENRY.

I would here remark that nearly all of my communications were received at home through the mediumship of girls who at the time were members of our family. Two of them were developed after they came to live with us. At the close of the day, we usually had sitting; generally no one but the medium and myself were present. At this time we had fitted up a little room in the house, for a bed-room, and decided in future to have our sittings there. The first evening as we were going into this secluded little place, I remarked, perhaps some of our spirit friends, would dedicate it for us. When to my astonishment, the following beautiful, dedicating prayer, was received.

O God! we thank Thee for past benefits and blessings. We beseech Thee, O, Father, still grant our righteous petitions, lead these thy children through whatever is required to elevate and refine. To thy purposes, we dedicate this, their retreat. Great and Almighty God! grant that no unholy thoughts enter, that the twilight hour be one of earnest struggle for strength to work thy will, earnestly and sincerely seeking light and truth. We ask, oh! Father, in submission, that we bow humbly to thy decree!

Second, we assumed the form, and simplicity of a little child, that she might place herself fully in my confidence, and teach me the infant lessons of true spiritual love. So when I had fully comprehended the work she had done for me, my heart overflowed with gratitude, and I prayed from the innermost depths of my soul, that I, too, might have a work of love to do. My prayer was soon answered by my guiding angel, who directed me to old familiar scenes on earth, and said see thou it from whence thou dost come—go there, and thy work will be before thee; do that which you find to do, and remember that all God's children are thy brothers and sisters.

I now began to feel that I had attained to a life of usefulness to others. My past life stood as a record before me to spur me on to works of love and mercy. As I felt that I had been raised by love, manifest to me, my soul overflowed with love towards others, and I went about my mission with an energy and zeal only known to spirits of similar organization and experience—I worked on overcoming obstacles which sometimes seemed piled up mountain high. Faith was strong, but when my lamp of hope burned low, and waned a little, my guiding angel was near with me as a bright shining star, a beacon light to guide my bark in safety; then would I grasp the helm more firmly; then would I shake out my sail to the breeze, and ride the rolling billows of sin and misery of earth, and the horrid gulf of the lower regions of spirit life.

Many a poor soul has coupled me in his prayers of thanksgiving, as his savior, and as the son of God, but thanks to the great all-wise Father, they soon find that they as well as those that have gone before, can, and will be saviors and sons of God, and all will sooner or later learn the true mission of Jesus of Nazareth, and interpret his teachings in their true light. He instructed his followers to love one another, and not be selfish, for according to their works here, shall be their mansion in heaven. This every spirit will find to be true, the one that comes here covered with blackness and corruption, as I did, will find that he has no mansion, nor can he have one until he has created the materials out of which his guiding angel may construct one for him.

During my mission to earth and the troubled spheres, my good angel was busy gathering every gem as fast as created by my good works or holy aspirations, and placing them in form of a temple of love for my reception.

Suffice it to say, I was soon called by my guiding star to view my new home. Home indeed thought I: By what right have I a home. My works of love had been so easy, and so pleasurable, that I felt that I had been fully paid for all my labors as I went along, but sure enough, I soon found that a home was ready for me, and oh! what a glorious home it was to me. As I neared the spot, I was surrounded by a band of bright spirits, each one playing some sort of musical instrument, and singing songs of praise and love; they were there to welcome me to my new home. Escorted by bright spirits, and my soul regaled by the sweetest music, we soon arrived at the foot of a mountain covered with lofty trees, and flowering shrubs; here my escort halted, and bade me go forward. Said they, note well your surroundings, for all of which you see, has been prepared by hands of love.

Concluded next week.

FROM HENRY TO HIS FATHER.

REPORTED BY LAVINA L. INGALLS.

You must not feel, dear Father, that because I communicate less frequently with you individually, that it arises from want of love and affection. When I speak I include both you and mother, knowing you to be one in thought and deed. I am conscious of the yearning love which is ever present with you for your boy, and it is returned a thousand fold. When in the bitter hour of anguish that heralded my doom, I saw your form bent with sorrow, felt the struggle you were making for resignation, I resolved if it were possible to wash over you, to comfort and sustain. Angels have recorded the vow and have I not fulfilled my mission?

When grief or sorrow menaced you, I have been with you turning your thoughts toward that land where there is no shadow of change. If with the lengthening of your days, comes the faltering step, the uncertain light and strength, you will not be desolate, dear father.—We from the not distant sphere of eternity will launch the life-boat, and when you are sealed therein, we will drift away into the boundless expanse of spirit life. Our prayer is, that the harvest be ready for the gatherers there, at the same time, that one not left long to mourn alone, that the hour-glass may gently and slowly drop the sands of life into the reapers hand,

A notice posted on a bridge near Athens, Ga., imposes a fine for driving over it faster than a walk: "It's nine, twenty-five lashes on the bare back." N. B.—Half the above reward will be given to the informant."



# Frontier Department.

BY ..... E. V. WILSON.

Farmington, Ohio.

Where is Farmington? you may ask. We answer, it is in Trumbull county, Ohio, ten miles north of the Cleveland and Mahoning Rail Road, and a nice little country place it is, and contains many liberal souls, and some of the truest Spiritualists in the world. From this peasant country town, came our intellectual inspirational brother, A. B. French, and none better qualified than he to do our Master's work. Long may he live and prosper, and as I look up to his picture in oil, that hangs on the wall at my left (for I am stopping with his parents), I can not help saying, God speed thee, dear brother, and good angels guard thee in the good work before thee.

I have been here four days and nights; found here Brothers Wheelock, Stillif, Kellogg and many others from afar,—all drawn together to attend a discussion and a very animated one, going on between our Brother Wheelock, Ohio State Missionary, and Prof. A. M. Craft of the Western Reserve Seminary, under the control of the Methodist church. Both are young men of fine ability and good debaters.

Wheelock is very excitable and nervous, but a good reasoner and clear thinker, and holds his opinion well to the work.

Prof. Craft is steader of nerve, better poised on his subject, evidently having given it a great deal of attention. Uses exhortation for effect rather than argument, and frequently very personal,—in fact, both parties are. On the whole, from what I have heard, Brother Wheelock has held his own remarkably well.

We were called here to give four lectures and readings, as well as teach, and when it was understood that we were to be on-hand, the church people clubbed together and imported the Rev. Mr. Graham, a genuine Methodist Badger, from Pennsylvania, to meet us.

On reaching Farmington on the 9th, we found Union Hall full to overflowing, and Brother Wheelock speaking. Soon it was Prof. Craft's turn. On arising and after naming that we were in the house, under our magnetic presence, he said, "Craft, was made to cry with a loud voice, "Wilson! Wilson! whale whale!" This man's cry reminded us of the days of Jesus, and the man among the tombs, and evidently the Professor was as badly affected by our presence on this occasion, as the evil spirits were at the presence of Jesus.

In the evening, we met our Badger, but received no bites or scratches of any account from him.

During the evening, we referred to a man near the desk: "You are a bundle of fish hooks dug up in a package of sand paper," and then gave our explanation of the symbol, which was accepted as true by all present.

During the next day, this man called on us for an explanation of what we meant, which was readily given, and after this, we said: "Sir, to day when in your seat there," pointing to the place, "we saw with you a young woman about eighteen or twenty years of age, holding in her arms a child about three months old. She held it out to you and said, not yours but your wife."

"What do you know of this?" "He answered, "I have never lost a wife nor a child."

"We did not say that you had lost either. Now, sir, we will describe the woman, and did so, and then the child, adding, it is a boy."

Again he repeated, "I never lost either."

"We did not say you did; but sir, we now ask you, are you not living with a woman who buried her first husband, and a little boy three months old?"

"I am," he answered.

Again, we asked, "Have you not buried a sister?" He answered, "Yes, I have, but your description does not answer for her."

"Will you describe her?"

He did so and agreed with us in every particular, after which, he went over to the enemy, and told them that he had been told by Wilson, that his spirit wife had appeared to him, standing by his side, holding in her arms a little child three months old, saying, "Your boy, yours," and that, too, the face of the fact, all his neighbors knew he had not lost a wife nor child.

In the evening, when Father Graham came to reply, he used our statement in this wise: "This world renowned medium from Chicago, this man greater than Christ, gives us a Spiritual test. Here it is, and I have it from the man he gave it to, who is a respected citizen and a Christian man, well known to you all, and there is not a word of truth in it. It is this: 'I see by you, your wife and she holds in her arms a little child, and says it is yours, and they died long ago.' This like every other Spiritual test, is a humbug, and there is no truth in it, and our friend has never lost a wife," which was followed by a great laugh.

Our turn came soon, and we asked, "Who is your authority for this statement, Mr. Graham?"

"He answered, "Mr. Hashmord."

"Is Mr. Hashmord in the house?"

He answered, "Yes, sir, I am here; what do you want?"

"Did you make this statement, Mr. Graham has read this evening?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Did I tell you thus?"

"Yes, sir, you did."

We then turned to the audience and asked, "Is there any one in the house who heard us make this statement to Mr. Hashmord?" and there stood up fifteen men, and all stated that which we said was true, and that which Graham, the minister, had read, was false."

"Well, said Graham, Hashmord told me so; after which Mr. Hashmord very impressively called us to account before the audience, stating: "You said that I had lost a wife, and every body knows I have not."

We answered, "You have lost a wife, and your spirit sister says you abused your first wife to such an extent that she was compelled to obtain a divorce from you; hence, you have lost a wife, and, sir, your spirit sister tells me much more about you." And then Mr. H. drew his head into his shell.

The discussion was an able one, and we are told by good judges that Brother Wheelock came off with honor well earned.

On Tuesday evening following, the friends of Spiritualism made a donation visit to Brother Wheelock, from which he realized \$32. Altogether, it has done good, and our cause has lost nothing, but gained grandly.

New York uses 9,000,000 eggs a week.

# RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

## Organization.

The cry for and against organization seems to be equal, one party claiming that organization tends to fossilize conditions, hence, forms, ceremony, and ritualistic teachings. The opposite view is that without organizations we cannot succeed; will ever remain fragmentary and will never be a power in the land.

From careful observation and marked attention to what has been said and written upon this subject, we find L. Colby, Esq., of the BANNER OF LIGHT; S. S. Jones, of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; Dr. Gardner, of Boston; A. E. Carpenter, late of the American Convention of Spiritualists; A. J. Davis and Mary Davis, besides many others, fully or partially opposed to the organization adopted at Rochester in August last. On the other hand, Wm. White, of the BANNER OF LIGHT; J. M. Peebles, Warren Chase, George A. Bacon, Dr. Hallock, H. T. Childs, D. M. Fox, and many others support the organization. With the Spiritualists at large, from Marysville, Kansas, to Utica, New York, including seventy societies and calls we have lectured before and met with, we find a majority of them disposed to keep clear of the American Organization of Spiritualists, as understood from the Rochester platform, and the principle objections seem to be against; 1st. The \$5 yearly membership; 2nd. The doing away with local delegations, and in inaugurating or making up the American Convention out of the State Organizations; 3rd. The mass, the great body of Spiritualists that we have met, feel or seem to feel that the officers and board of trustees appointed by the American Convention of Spiritualists, have in a measure, exceeded their authority, or are doing what they are not authorized to do.

Again: State and local societies in many places feel indignant at the appointment of Missionaries to collect funds for a National College, when it is almost impossible to support local or State organizations.

Others complain of the one-man power, and that the board of officers and trustees ought to report at least every three months, if not every month, their proceedings. Others ask the question, "Who are the Missionaries? What do they get a year, and what authority have the board of managers under the action of the late Convention at Rochester, to appoint and pay the Missionaries?" Others feel that in the appointment of these Missionaries, there has been special favoritism shown.

Again: that it is in bad taste, to say the least, for a member of the board to accept pay as a Missionary, as in the case of Sister H. F. M. Brown. All these cries portend a stormy time, when next the Convention meets. Every action of the board of officers will be sifted, and they will be held to a strict accountability for their acts and doings.

Our position will be to stand by the right. Our record is before the world, both at the Cleveland and Rochester Convention. We are in favor of a declaration of principles, and in favor of local organizations, represented in State organizations, and delegates from State organizations, to make up the American organization. We are in favor of a Spiritual college, under the auspices of the American Convention of Spiritualists. We think it would have been wise and acceptable to the Spiritualists at large, if there had been no American Missionary appointed during the first year's experiment, and instead thereof, would it not have been wisdom for the board of trustees to have called on the Spiritualists at large, to contribute as yearly honorary members, asking all speakers and mediums to act as agents in procuring subscribers under the \$5 resolution of membership, leaving the next Convention of Spiritualists to deal with the college and Missionary question. We do not approve of the Missionary movement thus far, and would advise the Missionaries to resign, and especially our Sister H. F. M. Brown, for we do not believe she can consistently act as such, and hold her place on the board of trustees.

We do not fully approve of all that the board has done; but we do approve of the American Association of Spiritualists, and shall stand by its principles, so long as justice and truth marks its proceedings and councils, yet we will be the first one to oppose usurpation and oppression, and will help overthrow any party or clique who may undertake to rule in arbitrary authority.

Then, brothers and sisters, let us watch and wait for yet in our bodies we shall see the glory of our God. —More anon.

## February Report of the Illinois State Missionary, Dr. E. C. Dunn.

The first of February found me in the little village of Curren, some twelve miles south of our State capital, where I had an engagement for the first two Sundays of the month. The weather being very unfavorable, and the roads impassable for teams, hence my audiences were small. Considering the inclemency of the weather, there was a much larger turn-out than I expected; many of my audience coming three and four miles on foot. I found a happy and comfortable home in the family of Bro. Wm. Johnson, a strong Spiritualist and a reformer in every sense of the term, fighting hard against the opposition of bigotry and superstition of the age. He is toiling and confident of success in the end. At this place, I received \$11 for my labors, twenty dollars.

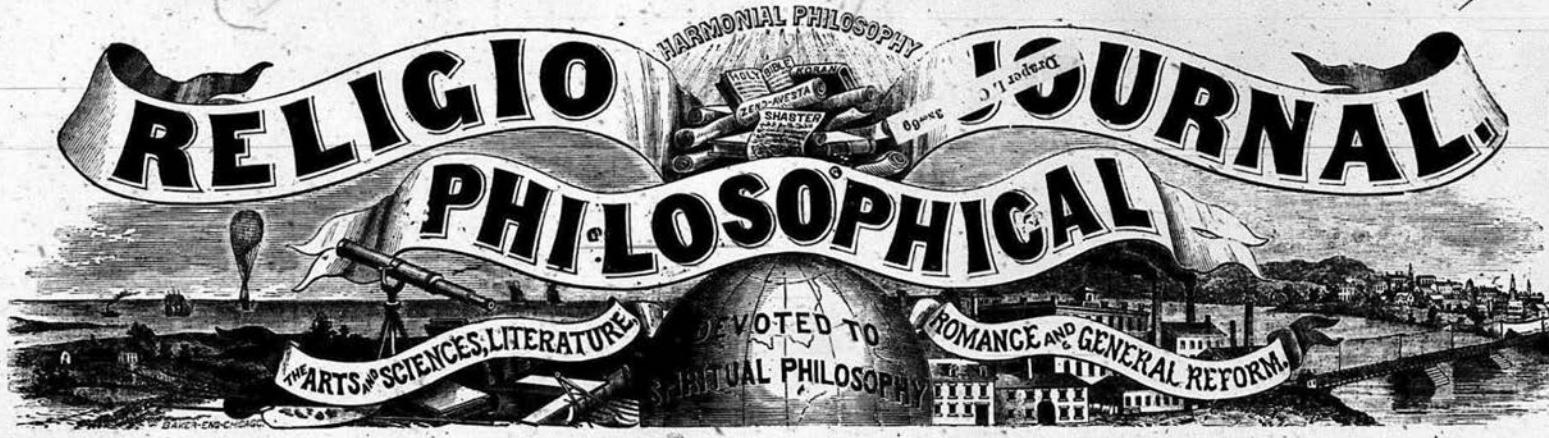
From Curren, I went to Springfield, having been disappointed in my previous engagement. I remained in Springfield two weeks, healing the sick, and speaking for the First Society of Spiritualists, the last Sunday in the month. My evening address was attended by a large concourse of people, many members of the Legislature being present, and the hall being crowded.

The Society in Springfield is not in the most flourishing condition, as they are laboring under many disadvantages, although the Lyceum is in successful operation under the skillful management of Bro. R. Richards, whose soul seems dedicated to the cause of the children. During my stay at the capital, I witnessed the quarterly exhibition of the Progressive Lyceum, which was in every way a success. The closing series of tableaux, four in number, statuary, put upon the stage under the skillful management of Munson Dubose, far surpassed the most sanguine expectations. I received in all from the Springfield Society, fifteen dollars and sixty cents. After a promise to return at some future time, I bade the Springfield friends, "good by," and took up my route for Du Quoin, my next regular appointment.

Money received for the month of February:

Curren, ..... \$20.00  
Springfield, ..... \$15.00

Total, ..... \$35.00



\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
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VOL. VI.—NO. 5.

## Literary Department.

### BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

(The circumstances of the production of the following lines are these: Mrs. Francis O. Hyzer, of Middlebury, Vermont, is sometimes accustomed to write both poetry and prose, purporting to emanate from departed spirits. She had one day been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who, like most people, was very much interested in what was communicated to her. She related that she had never been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings. The lady remarked that she hoped he would soon return, and that she would be glad to have him again. She had in her mind, which question she did not express. A few days subsequently, Mrs. Hyzer felt impelled by spirit influence to pen the following, which on being shown to the lady, elicited the appropriate reply to the query she had in her mind.—Kx.)

Fair lady, that I come to you  
A stranger—hard, fu' well I ken,  
For ye're known naught of me, save through  
The lays I've pour'd through Scotia's glen:  
But when I speak o' gliding Ayr,  
O' hawthorn shades and fragrant ferns,  
O' Doon, and Highland Mary fair,  
Mayhap, ye'll think o' Robert Burns.

I am the lad—and why I'm here,  
I heard the gude dame when she said  
She'd know, in joyous spirit-spirit,  
If Burns was w' his Mary wad.  
I sought to tell her a' our joy—  
Na muckle impress could I make—  
And lady, I now down to see,  
If ye'd my message to her tak.

Tell her that when I passed frons earth  
My angel-classie, crowned wi' flowers,  
Met me wi' glowing, love-lit torch,  
And led me to the nuptial bower:  
That all we dreamt of wedded bliss,  
And more, was made to us there—  
A sweater wad be my deari's kins.  
Than on the howry banks o' Ayr.

Where Love's celestial fountains play'd,  
And rose buds burst, and seraphs sang,  
And mystic twines, our couch to shade,  
I leasp'd the love I'd mourned so lang;  
And while by angel-sharps were play'd  
The bonnie' laddies' serenade—  
Though na gowd' priest the Kirk-kites said,  
Burns wad w' Highland Mary wed!

There's na destroying death-frost here—  
To nip the love-buds are they bloos—  
The bridal bote is throug the spheres—  
Eternity the honeymoon.  
And now, my lady, if ye'll bear  
These words unto the anxious dame,  
I think I can ye so reward,  
Yell ne'er be sorry that I caffs.

### WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR,

### THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

### BOOK FIFTH—THE APPOINTMENT.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SICK CHAMBER—THE SECRET.

"I have just run over to inquire after your health," said Mrs. Rambottom, as she entered the apartment of Mrs. Williams, on the following morning. "And I thought it might be you would like something palatable and strengthening for the stomach, so I have brought you a nice custard of my own making."

"You are kind, ma'am," replied the invalid, slowly and feebly, "but I have no appetite for food of any kind."

"Try a little of it, Mrs. Williams," rejoined the visitor. "Jane, get a saucer and spoon for your mother, and I will persuade her to eat a part of the custard. Try and force it down. You can't live if you don't eat."

"My race is nearly run."

"Don't say that, Mrs. Williams—the doctor don't give you up. I dare say you will get along very well yet if you don't fret yourself to death about your husband."

Jane Williams turned an imploring look upon the garrulous mistress of the boarding-house, but in vain.

"For my part," continued Mrs. Rambottom, "whenever anything goes wrong, I remember the old proverb, 'what can't be cured must be endured, and you may depend upon it there is a great deal of comfort in that proverb.' When dear old Charley Mountjoy died, I thought it was all over with me. He was taken away suddenly with a fit of apoplexy, you know, I went on drearily till it lit upon me, my sick bed, and where was the use of it. Mrs. Williams? It could not bring him back again to this vale of tears, as parson Thornton calls the city of New York. So as I was saying about your husband—don't fret yourself—it's his first offense, they say, and the courts never punish a man very severely for his first offense."

A loud rap was heard at the street door, and Jane Williams left the room. She returned almost instantly, followed by a young man, who surveyed the apartment with an expression of wonder on his handsome features.

"It is Mr. Tracey, mother," said the invalid's daughter.

Mrs. Williams glanced quickly toward the new comer.

"There is some mistake, Jane," muttered the woman, feebly.

Alfred Tracey advanced toward the bed-side, and said, in a kindly manner:

"You sent for me yesterday, Mrs. Williams."

"There is some mistake," the invalid repeated, more distinctly. "Is your name Tracey?"

"It is—Alfred Tracey."

"Owen Tracey?"

"No, madam. Owen Tracey is my brother."

"You resemble with him, perhaps?"

"I do."

"At a glance I perceived that you are not the gentleman to whom I sent my child. You are a young man, and he, Mr. Owen Tracey, must be pretty well advanced in years."

"Over fifty years of age, ma'am," interposed Alfred Tracey—"a grey-headed man."

"I wish to see him," murmured the invalid.

"My brother," said the younger Tracey, "is actively engaged in the city every morning, and has little leisure for visiting. If you are desirous of making any communication to him, I will be the bearer of it. You appear to be very ill, Mrs. Williams, and in distressed circumstances."

"Yes, Mr. Tracey," replied the sick woman, gasping for breath, "and a dreadful misfortune has befallen me."

The tears flowed freely from the sunken eyes of the invalid.

"Her husband, poor thing," said Mrs. Rambottom, "was taken to jail this morning on a charge of burglary. He has always borne the character of an honest man, till he got out of work and money, and, for my part, I believe there are hundreds of well-dressed gentlemen in Broadway a great deal worse than he is. It isn't always the biggest rogues who are sent to prison."

"The arrest of my husband," said Mrs. Williams, with a slight shudder, "has rendered it necessary for me to devise some mode of supplying the necessities of my family. In better days, when poverty was deprived of its bitterness by the absence of want and crime, I have often heard of the wealth of your brother, Mr. Owen Tracey. I never envied him, although a large portion of his estate was bequeathed to him by his father's will."

"Your father?" exclaimed Alfred Tracey.

"Yes, I am the only daughter of Charles Mountjoy, of the ancient firm of Mountjoy and Tracey. At his death, my father left nearly all his property to his junior partner, Mr. Tracey, and cut me off with a mere pittance."

"I have it," muttered the younger Tracey, inaudibly, "the mystery of the forged will is revealed."

"The pittance which my father bequeathed me," continued the invalid, "was soon exhausted. I incurred the serious displeasure of my relatives by my marriage with Mr. Williams, and have had no intercourse with them during many years. I have never complained, nor do I complain now, for my father's determination or the good fortune of my brother. But in this case of poverty and distress, I have resolved to apply to Mr. Tracey for relief in preference to the distant relatives of my own family, who have treated me so harshly. Will you inform him that the daughter of Charles Mountjoy, the words, 'I forged this will,' sound in my ears."

"My husband?" inquired Mrs. Tracey, "did Mr. Tracey really inherit the property of Charles Mountjoy?"

"He did. He succeeded to the business of Mountjoy and Tracey, and inherited, by will, the entire stock in trade, ships, merchandise, every thing belonging to the firm. Has he never told you this?"

"Never."

"I have known it from childhood; but I never knew, till to-day, that Mr. Mountjoy had disinherited his helpless daughter, from an unaccountable dislike, or the desire of doubling my brother Owen's wealth. Have I not unravelled a dreadful mystery? I reveal my suspicions to you because, in my judgment, they approach to certainty, and because you are deeply interested in palliating the terrible consequences of Owen's guilt."

Mrs. Tracey listened to the young man with a calm, serene countenance, which manifested neither her convictions nor her emotions. As he concluded, she looked steadfastly at him, and gravely inquired:

"Are these your only motives, Alfred?"

"No," exclaimed Alfred Tracey, impetuously.

"I seek also to fathom the state of your feelings toward my brother, and the cause of your mysterious connection with him. You are neither cold, nor selfish, nor thoughtless, whatever gossip and slanders may insinuate or assert; and yet, Owen and you are so opposite in character, in sentiment, in tastes and pursuits, that I am unable to account for your marriage. Of this, however, I am fully convinced; you cannot do, love him."

Mrs. Tracey burst into tears.

"Pardon me, my sister," said Alfred Tracey, kneeling to his brother's wife; "my sympathy for you has betrayed me into an indiscretion which I deeply regret."

"Rise, Alfred," said the lady, assuming her usual composure of manner. "You have transgressed my commands; you have wounded my self-respect."

"Pardon me," repeated the young man, penitently.

"On one condition," said Mrs. Tracey, seriously. "You must promise to abstain entirely from such inquiries, or all intercourse as friends, which I esteem and love."

"I promise."

"An infraction of this pledge will render us strangers to each other."

"I promise. Have you forgiven me wholly?"

Mrs. Tracey extended her hand, which the young man pressed reverently to his lips.

Both remained silent and thoughtful for a considerable space of time.

At length Mrs. Tracey remarked, in a tone of decision:

"The necessities of Mrs. Williams and her family must be promptly relieved."

"Will you commission me to act as the almoner of your bounty?"

"No, Alfred. I shall visit her myself."

The countenance of Alfred Tracey brightened at this announcement, and he exclaimed eagerly:

"Will you, Mrs. Tracey? You are truly generous."

"It is my duty to minister to the wants of this poor family," said the lady; "but in order to spare the feelings of my husband, I will perform the duty secretly. Give me their address, Alfred."

"Speak plainly Alfred."

Taking a seat near the table, Alfred Tracey remained silent and thoughtful during several minutes. At length he said, with some feeling:

"You will excuse my hesitation, Mrs. Tracey,

when you learn its cause. The nature of the secret in my possession, the manner in which I acquired the knowledge of it, the conversation which occurred between us yesterday, combine to render uncertain the course which I ought to pursue. But you desire me to speak plainly, and I will obey you."

"On a stormy day, in the month of January last, I entered my brother Owen's sitting apartment to obtain a few sheets of writing paper. He was in his arm-chair, asleep, with his arms resting upon the top of the writing desk, and his head reposing quietly on his folded arms. As I approached the desk, he was muttering indistinctly, in his sleep. I stood motionless a few seconds, and was startled at hearing him repeat, several times, 'I forged the will—I forged the will!'

These words made a profound impression on my mind; but I have never obtained a clue to them until my adventure this morning. I was passing an old wood house in Orange street, when a young girl implored me to visit her mother. Yielding to a sudden impulse of sympathy, I followed the girl upstairs, and was ushered into a small chamber, meanly furnished, yet neat and cleanly in its appearance. A middle-aged woman, evidently a servant, was lying upon a coarse bed, attended only by her neighbor. Weak and feeble as she was, I entered into conversation with her. She told me that her maiden name was Mountjoy; that her father, long since deceased, was Charles Mountjoy, the head of the old firm of Mountjoy and Tracey; that she was disinherited by his will, and that the bulk of his estate was bequeathed to his partner, Owen Tracey; that she had incurred the displeasure of her relatives, by marrying a poor man of the name of Williams; that of late years her husband's affairs had become more and more desperate, until he had been driven to the commission of crime; that he was now in the hands of the officers of the law, and that her family was in danger of starvation; that in her extremity she had applied to Owen Tracey for assistance, on the ground of her relationship to Charles Mountjoy, but without success; and that the only resource for herself and her family, was in the charity of strangers. At the conclusion of her narrative, I gave her a small sum of money, and promised to see her again. The woman is not an impostor, Mrs. Tracey; and her disclosures have made a deep impression upon me. As often as I think of the large bequest which my brother Owen received on the death of his partner, Charles Mountjoy, the words, 'I forged this will,' sound in my ears."

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"Never."

"I have it not," replied the young man. "The house is in Orange street. I forget the number. I will accompany you thither, whenever you are ready to go."

"To-day, then—after dinner."

"I shall be engaged until nightfall, Mrs. Tracey. But the evening will be deliciously warm and pleasant, and the time altogether suitable for your purpose."

"This evening, Alfred."

A servant opened the door of the library, and presented a card to Mrs. Tracey.

"Mrs. Willoughby," said Mrs. Tracey, looking at the card.

"The lady refuses to alight," said the servant, bowing respectfully, "and awaits you in her carriage."

Mrs. Tracey consulted her watch, and turning to Alfred Tracey, remarked:

"It is eleven o'clock—the hour proposed yesterday, at Mrs. Willoughby's, to visit the National Academy of Design."

A quarter of an hour afterward, Mrs. Willoughby and Mrs. Tracey, attended by Frederick Willoughby, and Alfred Tracey, were slowly parading the aisle of rooms in Broadway, devoted to the various exhibitions of the Academy. Portraits, landscapes, historical and imaginative pieces, miniatures—painted in oil and water colors—mounted in frames beautifully carved and gilded, studded the walls. These paintings, from the studios of a vast number of American artists, were of diversified excellence; a few only, exhibiting the marks of great original genius.

Mrs. Willoughby, and her friends, were discussing the merits of a magnificent landscape, by Cole, as a party of visitors—among whom were Doctor Everard, his daughter Helen, and Wilfred Montressor—entered the salon.

"Younger," said the boy, "is a beautiful creature," said Mrs. Willoughby, in a low voice to her son. "She is evidently bewitching our friend Montressor."

Frederick Willoughby turned toward the advancing group and a flush of pleasureable emotion spread over his handsome features, as he beheld the radiant countenance of the maiden.

"It is Helen Everard, dear mother," replied the young man, "and the grave, dignified gentleman on her left is her father, Doctor Everard. Did I not tell you of the pleasant evening I passed at his house not long since, and of the game of chess I played with Miss Everard?"

The sudden, involuntary emotion of Frederick Willoughby had not escaped the watchful eye of his mother.

"Be careful, Frederick," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a smile; "chess is a dangerous game to play with a young and beautiful woman."

This remark, spoken in a more elevated tone of voice, reached the ears of Mrs. Tracey.

"You have betrayed yourself," said Mrs. Tracey. "I imagined that you were discussing the merits of a landscape."

As Mrs. Tracey uttered these words, she encountered suddenly the stern, unswerving glance of the young Miss Everard.

She returned to her place fearlessly, and bowed slightly.

The group of visitors mingled together, and salutes were interchanged between such of them as were known to each other.

In the midst of the temporary confusion, arising from this cause, Alfred Tracey whispered to Mrs. Tracey:

"I have business with Messrs. Barstow and Rodman at twelve o'clock, and shall be compelled to entrust you to the matronly care of Mrs. Willoughby. Do not forget your appointment with me for this evening."

Within a foot of Alfred Tracey stood Wilfred Montressor, reclining against one of the columns which supported the ceiling of the large saloon.

The significant whisper of the young man was overheard by the traveler.

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This remark, spoken in a more elevated tone of voice, reached the ears of Mrs. Tracey.

"You have betrayed yourself," said Mrs. Tracey. "I imagined that you were discussing the merits of a landscape."

As Mrs. Tracey uttered these words, she encountered suddenly the stern, unswerving glance of the young Miss Everard.

She returned to her place fearlessly, and bowed slightly.

The group of visitors mingled together, and salutes were interchanged between such of them as were known to each other.

In the midst of the temporary confusion, arising from this cause, Alfred Tracey whispered to Mrs. Tracey:

"I have business with Messrs. Barstow and Rodman at twelve o'clock, and shall be compelled to entrust you to the matronly care of Mrs. Willoughby. Do not forget your appointment with me for this evening."

Within a foot of Alfred Tracey stood Wilfred Montressor, reclining against one of the columns which supported the ceiling of the large saloon.

The significant whisper of the young man was overheard by the traveler.

**Effects of the Removal of Forests Upon Climate.**

An interesting letter was recently read before the Geographical Society of London, which shows the effects upon climate resulting from the clearing away of large tracts of forest. The effects give are of universal interest. The paper was "On the Effects on Climate of Forest Destruction in Coorg, Southern India," by Dr. R. D. Ridde. This district is composed of hills and valleys, which were formerly covered with forests, and the rainfall is found to be greater than in the surrounding districts. The lower slopes, however, are now denuded and the rainfall is found to decrease with the arid vegetation. As regards the elevated crests of the Ghats, which intersect the main bearing-walls of the Southwest monsoon, these would cause an abundant precipitation, whether they were covered with trees or not, but the water supply and fertility of the lower slopes and plains to the East are seriously diminished by the clearing of forests on the hills, and the result is brought about in the following way: The natural forest acts as a check on the too rapid evaporation, and carrying off by streams of the rainfall on the surface of the land. As the rain descends, it is gradually conveyed by the leaves of trees to the dense undergrowth of shrubs, carpet of dead leaves, and ferns. Below this it encounters a layer of vegetation mold which absorbs the water like a sponge. By these aided by the roots of trees, the moisture is transferred to the depths of the earth, and a reservoir of springs is thus made which keeps up a perennial supply of water to the lower land. But rain falling on the bare surface of cleared lands runs off at once by the nearest water-courses, and none is retained to keep up the flow during the dry season. Besides this, evaporation is so much more abundant from a surface exposed to the rain than from land screened by a clothing of forest and the flow of surface water tends to sweep away the clothing of soil and render a district utterly barren. There is no doubt that one of the main causes of the effects of drought and floods in this case is the want of a sufficient supply of water to the land.

**JEROME CARDAN** relates that eight reapers, who were eating their dinner under an oak tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers to all appearance, continuing their repast. One still had his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into his mouth, and a third had his hand in the dish.

**There are more deacons in Wethersfield than in any place in Connecticut.**

The other day a well known deacon went to the steamboat wharf to see a friend off, and as the boat started the friend said, "Good by," whereupon twelve men, who stood upon the wharf, immediately tipped their hats, and responded, "Good by, sir."

**In a recent discourse, in England, the Bishop of Oxford was especially severe on the great strong, hulking men who come to church and are too lazy to kneel.**



## The Arts and Sciences.

## The Game Process.

Professor Gamgee's process for preserving meat, accounts of which we have heretofore published, has lately been put in operation in this city; and we recently had the pleasure of inspecting the apparatus at the establishment of the Holistic Medicine Co., Water street. Here is a large all-tight tank, about three dozen or more cases of sheep were placed for treatment. The process consists, substantially, in submitting the meat to the action of carbolic oxide and sulphuric acid, under the pressure which is maintained for several hours.

The carbolic oxide combines with the coloring matter of the blood, forming a solid compound with which the surface is covered, thus oxygenating, preserving the fresh color of the meat and assisting in preventing decomposition. But the real antiseptic agent is the sulphuric acid, which can act in two ways: First, by entering into combination with the bases of the meat to form sulphites; and, secondly, by destroying the living corpuscles according to Pasteur's theory, which is the active cause of decomposition in animal and vegetable matter.

Nothing can be more complete or successful than this method of preserving meat. We tried, at some joints of mutton which had been treated in this way, to ascertain whether the meat was or more in the air appeared to be as fresh as ever; when cooked no difference could be observed between it and the ordinary fresh meat of the market. We regard it as a very important and valuable discovery.

## The Brighton Rock Inscription Disappearing.

A correspondent of the Taunton (Mass.) GAZETTE says the inscription on the celebrated Brighton rock, "Taunton Rock," disappeared owing to the effect of ice upon its surface during the winter. The solution of this singular inscription, says the writer, has given rise to much speculative inquiry, and a great diversity of opinion. It has challenged the attention of many scholars learned in Biblical and classical history. Many an original thought has found its Hebrew word model, king in the inscription. (Colonel Vallance considered it of Scythian origin). The Rhode Island Historical Society caused a carefully prepared drawing of the rock to be sent to the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Copenhagen, by whom it was submitted to the eminent naturalist, the learned and learned associate, Professor Finn Magnusson. A part of the inscription they declared to be in the Keltic character, and to read: "On this spot landed Thorfinn with one hundred and thirty-one men." Various drawings have been made of the rock and its inscription, but of them all Cotton Mathewson, the agent of all these drawings, the essential particulars; but last summer a successful attempt was made to photograph the rock with a large plate as well as stereoscopic size, and the inscription may now be critically examined by the antiquarian.

## Assassination by Air Guns.

The numerous instances of finding men shot upon the most public streets of the Eastern cities injured as by a bullet, although neither the victim nor any other person had heard the discharge of a firearm, so far as could be ascertained, has caused the suggestion to be made that air guns have been brought into requisition. According to the authorities, this is a weapon "resembling a musket, for the purpose of discharging missiles by means of compressed air. It consists of lock, stock, barrel and ramrod. The stock is made hollow, and provided with proper cocks for filling it with compressed air by means of a force pump. Each lock is nothing but a valve which lets into the barrel a portion of the air compressed in the stock, when the trigger is pulled. The gun is loaded with wadding and ball in the ordinary way, and the air suddenly introduced from the stock propels it with a velocity proportional to the square root of the degree of the compression of the air." By this weapon a person may be killed at a distance of sixty or eighty yards. Later improvements give it a propelling force almost equal to the old fashioned musket. Its chief advantage to criminals is its noiseless discharge. The victim may be singled out in a crowd by a person standing concealed in an upper window, and, if the aim is accurate, performed by a bullet, without any chance of detection, excepting that indicated by angles and direction. Indeed, the body might be left in such a manner as to indicate conditions entirely different from those which are real. Whether or not this theory is correct, it is evident that the ingenuity of crime keeps pace with the ingenuity of the most approved detective methods.—Chicago Republican.

## Chemistry of Liquors.

The New York World and the Metropolitan Board of Ethics, having the last month directed their attention to a chemical examination of liquors sold in the city, samples of liquor were purchased by the World and submitted to Prof. John C. Draper, of the University Medical College, one of the most distinguished chemists in the city. The result is more than startling—it is appalling. Pungent fused cut-tannin in large quantities, burnt sugar, coca-spirits, oak bark; these were the articles that entered into the composition of the liquors examined. Of all the specimens of brandy which were obtained there was but one which did not contain these substances in greater or less degree, and the whiskey was in an equally bad condition. All the samples of so-called pure liquor were largely diluted, and there was not a single purchase made which on analysis proved to be genuine.

Of the fuel-oil, which was one of the chief ingredients in these liquors, Dr. Taylor, in his *Medical Jurisprudence*, says: "I have experienced its effects, and found them to be giddiness, accompanied with a feeling of suffocation and a sense of failing and headache followed, which lasted for half an hour. Two drachms of the oil killed a rabbit in two hours, three drachms in an hour, half an ounce in a quarter of an hour, and an ounce in four minutes." But the most startling part of the disclosure is in the fact that these liquors were bought at "first class" drinking places, and not at the corner-saloons and the whiskey-shops.

The samples which appear on the best liquor lists at the best bar-rooms in New York. The liquors obtained were from the guttering dunces from which fashionable gentlemen are in the daily habit of taking their toddies under the delusion that a pure article is insured beyond peradventure by the high price paid. This exposure sweeps away the delusion, and fashionable drinkers may well stand astonished and horrified; for of all the liquor obtained not a sample is pure—not one but is poisonous.

Here is an explanation of the diseases which prevail among the fashionable drinkers of the day. These adulterated liquors derange the system, create a morbid and irresistible craving for stimulants, beat and craze the brain, and lead to drunkenness and death. No one can drink with safety; for the liquor which he sips is poison, as well as the fuel-oil and other ingredients, and the fashionable drinker is the fashionable suicide.

The following are some of the samples.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL: *Brandy*, forty cents per glass; water sixty-six per cent; alcohol, thirty-four. Contains slight trace of tannin and fuel-oil, and a very small quantity of sugar. Is an imitation brandy. *Whiskey*, twenty-five cents per glass; water, eighty-four per cent; alcohol, thirty-two. Contains a very small quantity of tannin, sugar, and a considerable quantity of fuel-oil.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL: *Brandy*, fifty cents per glass; water sixty-four per cent; alcohol, thirty-six. Contains tannin, sugar, and fuel oil. Is an imitation brandy.

SR. NICHOLAS HOTEL: *Brandy*, forty cents per glass; water, seventy per cent; alcohol, thirty. Contains a small amount of tannin, sugar, and fuel oil, with rye and plum flavor. Is an imitation brandy. *Whiskey*, thirty cents per glass; water, seventy per cent; alcohol, thirty. Contains the largest quantity of sugar, a little tannin, and a large am of fuel oil.

The above are but specimens of all. Only one or two samples were found which could be called anything near "pure." Liqueurs taken from what are called "low groggers" proved to be quite as "pure" an article as those in the "respectable" and "fashionable" hotels in Broadway.

## Literary Notices.

## The Three Voices.

Judge Baker of New York gives the following able and justly merited review of "Three Voices," a work of poems that is startling in its originality of purpose, and destined to make deeper inroads among sectarian bigots, than any work that has hitherto appeared. It has already been read by thousands, and should be, by all who dare to think.

NEW YORK DEC. 14, 1868.

WARREN S. BARLOW, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I enclose a letter to me on the subject of your "The Three Voices," from Judge Baker. I send it to you because of its truthfulness and comprehensiveness of the work in question. I must cordially endorse all he says on the subject, and at the same time, repeat what I said in my review, that it passes through the valley and shadow of death, but shortly, shuns at and publicly denounces by those of religious creeds and ecclesiastical bigotry, but the poisonous shafts of their arrows will rebound and return to wound the hand that shot them, when the will stand forth a bright and shining light to all seeking after truth, a monument of your great and glorious deeds, that will live when you are no more. And when your spirit has left its earthly tenement, so tattered and torn and unfit for its longer protection, you will return to earth in spirit and enjoy it, also in blessing you for its purity of thought.

May the good angels prosper you in all good works, and the public fully appreciate your noble efforts here and hereafter. Your friend and brother,

GEORGE C. BARNEY.

GEORGE C. BARNEY, ESQ.—Dear Sir: Being favored, through your kind offices, with a copy of "Barlow's Three Voices," I most cheerfully accede to your request "for an opinion."

Doubtless you intended to ascertain from me, only in a general way, my opinion of the author's purpose and the efficiency of its execution.

If the work embraced only ordinary topics of instruction or amusement, or, perchance, had been limited to an airing of the author's peculiar views on some subject of every-day discussion, no other than such a general opinion of the work would be ventured upon.

Permit me to outrun your expectations in this respect, as I shall thereby be enabled to show how fully I realize the powerful influence which this unpretending volume is destined to work in the immediate future.

The reader will scarcely fail to notice the modest unfoldment of the work. He finds no preface made pale with dignified *perifrasis*, no introduction to placate his prejudices or forestall his conviction with apologetic canes.

To those who have ears to hear, the "Voices" are respectively dedicated.

This is all. Sententious brevity abbreviated. Anything less than this would be nothing.

In conformity with the title we find the contents to be:

"Voice of SUPERSTITION."

"Voice of NATURE."

"Voice of a PEZZE."

The "Voice of Superstition" occupies four-fifths of the book, but, as a composition, is completely independent from the two which follow.

The "Voice of Nature," considered as a literary effort, shows the greatest bluntness, the highest poetic ability, the greatest breadth of type philosophy, and, in a controversial sense, is by far the freest from creedal objection. Viewed as a distinct work, it would, most unquestionably, cause the author to be classed among the ablest and most gifted didactic poets of the age.

Not intending to return to this portion of the book; it may not be amiss to present, at this place, one or two quotations, as samples which the reader may judge the whole.

Thus concerning God's unchanged law:

"Like as Himself, His law must be divine,  
Through which His attributes forever shine.  
God's perfect law can never be destroyed;  
It ever changes, though all else is changed;  
No clause abridged, none added, none repeated;  
*S Jehovah cannot change it—this is sealed!*  
*Perfection changed, would introduce a flaw;*  
*God cannot err, hence cannot change His law.*

All Nature is but one stupendous thought, Which God through love and wisdom hath wrought. Each world and sphere depends on the whole, And all the works of creation as they roll, Each glories in the aggregate of countless grandeur; Each in a kind, a ponderous arch, assuming. Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall, And tumble worlds to chaos and all. Thus arise links in Nature's endless chain— The hand that forged them never wrought in vain."

Then the current theological scandal, in charging God with foredooming man to endless woes, is not exquisitely and eloquently assailed in the following passages.

"But where is man—the apex of God's love,  
The link connecting earth to sphere above?  
Man is not in this sin-endured plan?  
Left to grope his way as best he can?

"He made to walk a dim and dangerous path,  
Mid dangers, dangers, superstition, wrath,  
With fears & esp., while doubts assail his mind,  
A hell perhaps to shun, a heaven to find?

"A hell for whom? for whom?  
Who can believe, when taught by reason's light,  
That man is wholly wrong, all who is right?  
That God's great purpose fails with human souls,  
While all of lesser worth he controls?

That man alone is doomed to weep and wail,  
Through endless ages in a dismal race?

"Is yon to pray with supplicating cry,  
'My God, how long? must I forever die?'

"Ever 'I' echo from God's awful throne,  
With mock and jeers at every bidden groan!

Ob, thoughtless man, reflect, can life be true,  
What God who made thee had thy end in view?

Will He who bears the ravens with his cry,  
Mock and deride thee when no hope is high?

Will He who clothes the hills of the field,  
That neither toll, nor spin, nor alight yield,

Who feeds the fowls that never nap nor sow,  
Expects His watchful care when they go?

Will He who clothes the grass which is to day,

While all its beauty quickly fades away,  
Burgs His image—His immortal child?  
Is he alone derided and despised?  
Or left to tread the downward thoroughfare,  
With Satan to bewilder and suspense,  
And urge him on to death and dark despair?

"Oh, ye o' little faith!" let reason say!  
Are not your souls more costly far than they?"

The splendid antithesis and peerless logic of the following line cannot be impugned:

"Who will presume, in this stupendous plan,  
That God, controlling all, neglected man?  
That He directs revolting worlds with care,  
Yet lays a fatal, artful snare?  
That God had made immortal souls in vain,  
Or, what is worse, made mortals for endless pain?  
That God's own children, under thy sky,  
Were made immortal to forever die?  
Or that there can exist a human soul  
Devoid of God's divine, supine control?"

The following stanzas, selected from the "Voice of the Peasant," will serve to show the general style of the composition. There are many sprightly and sonorous bridle verses in this poem, but which it would never give celebrity to its author. The poet, glad and gay, gives life to the rhyme seems to have produced negligence in the rhythm. A careful revision will, doubtless, expunge many lines and alter others, the presence of which doth baffle rather than lack of ability in the poet:

Wingspreads and parrots crow'd your path,  
With bell beat your way;

And preach that God is full of wrath,  
Because you're not as they,

They little think that God hath made

Unlike ten thousand flowers,

And given each the sun and shade;

And gentle, gentle showers;

Each flower ordained itself to be,

None other to desire,

A type of Nature's harmony,

That angels must admire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Each, hath its mission everywhere;

And all obey God's will;

By being most of what they are,

And thus their end fulfil.

Then let each soul with all its powers,

Forever seek to be,

As perfect in itself as flowers,

Type of Divinity.

And as our feeble mind confound,

We children of the soil,

in every object may behold

The alphabet of God.

\* \* \* \* \*

With God thy father, man thy brother,

Go, feel thyself a man,

Each for himself, yet for each other,

Is God's eternal plan."

\* \* \* \* \*

With God thy father, man thy brother,

Go, feel thyself a man,

Each for himself, yet for each other,

Is God's eternal plan."

\* \* \* \* \*

Chicago, April 6th, 1869.

Like I little whine that keep the time of day;  
All speak one language to the snatched ear  
To every clime, that Nature's God is here:  
That He who rules all worlds with constant care,  
Reveals His glorious image everywhere.

Oh God of Nature! infinite in power!  
Thy wisdom shines more radiant every hour;  
Yet none but Thou can ever comprehend  
The wondrous works, though ages never end.  
The boundless, heeding, circles all extent;

They will all worlds and beings represent;

The vine-wines shores of Thine eternal sea,

Are gemm'd with worlds that know no God but Thee.

Ye thoughts were irreverent man,

Hath such delusive visions of Thy span,

That He would measure Thee with square and rule,

As the now takes dimension of a mile;

Hath such ideas of Thy most glorious head,

He makes Thee comely ransoms dyed in red;

Would wall Thy boundless limits to a home,

As caspian capture and incase a zone."

May the author specially realize his highest aspirations and outline the passions which his matchless labor will encounter.

Yours very respectfully,

G. W. BARKER.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

J. H. POWELL.—His Explanation.

BRO. S. S. JONES.—Your last issue contains a communication signed "James Hook," stating that the Society at Terre Haute paid me nearly half a year's salary for the short period I was with them.

The facts are these as stated by James Hook in his letter of engagement to me:

"I am directed by our Society to say that we can pay nine hundred dollars, and also, if you can accept that amount for your services for one year, that we will engage you without any further investigation, taking the chances that you will ill our bili."

In filling this engagement, I was necessitated to remove my family and effects from Boston, a distance of nearly twelve hundred miles, the committee requiring the services of my wife.

The amount remaining as compensation for twenty lectures, after deducting railroad and incidental expense, came far short of the usual price paid for lectures. Even this seemed to be a tax on the treasury, as the committee informed me that their funds were inadequate to maintain me as their speaker through the remainder of the year, and asked me to release them from the contract. The desire of the committee was acceded to, as I wished to do to them and the Society as I would like to be done by.

It was unfortunate that the committee should have made the mistake of engaging such a plain, practical, unsensational speaker as I am. They paid dearly for the mistake; but they made it, I did't."

I could not help it that the railroad companies made heavy charges on our carriage and freight.

Your note of explanation, Mr. Editor, at the close of Mr. Hook's letter is true as far as it goes, but in justice to myself it should be known that I asked you to say that I was open for engagement, and you told me to write what I wanted, and I stated nothing but the truth.

J. H. POWELL.

Chicago, April 6th, 1869.

© A foot ball club has been organized in Port Rowan, Ontario.

SPLENDID READING.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

[To be used, this inst, that should be relative to Lectures to promptly notify us of change whenever they occur. This column is intended for Lecturers only, and is rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address, leaving particular to be learned by special correspondence with the individual.]

HARRISON AUGUST, Calais, Conn., U.S.A.

LYDIA ANN, Utica, New York.

MRS. N. K. ANDREWS, Utica, New York.

MRS. C. M. ANDREWS, Utica, New York.

MRS. E. R. ANDREW, Utica, New York.

MRS. F. A. ANDREW, Utica, New York.

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MRS. J. G. ANDREW, Utica, New York.

MRS. J. H. ANDREW, Utica, New York.

## Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, APRIL 24, 1869.

OFFICE 84, 86 &amp; 88 DEARBORN ST., 3D FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

S. S. JONES,  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.*For Terms of Subscription see Premium List and  
specify on eighth page.**Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL,  
should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new  
subscription, and write all proper names plainly.*

S. S. JONES

flashing within his mind that would be an honor to any one.

It would be difficult, indeed, to teach a wild Camanche Indian the nature of logarithms or the integral calculus, and we would consider that man a fool, who would attempt it. There are even among the civilized whites, those seemingly intelligent who could not comprehend the nature of phenomenal Spiritualism, any easier than the wild Camanche could comprehend the nature of an abstract problem in algebra or trigonometry. It may be considered foolish to cast pearls before swine, and attempt to convince any one against his will, one within whose mind looms up fanaticism worse than that which crucified the truth in the past.

In examining phenomenal Spiritualism, this proposition may be asserted: There has never occurred a manifestation which cannot be fully explained by leaving spirits wholly out of consideration. In other words, let a future existence be wholly eliminated, and then the phenomena of the "manifestations" can all be explained.

This is, indeed, a wild assertion. Why don't you explain the nature of the phenomena in regard to which you assume to know so much?

Not one explanation given; not one suggestion advanced that explains these wonderful manifestations on any other hypothesis than that adopted by Spiritualists! He advances on the redoubts of Spiritualism, expecting to capture the same with his ammunition all exhausted, and without the least idea of the ground over which he is to march. All at once, he finds himself on disputed ground, and with his knapsack empty—he is compelled to ingloriously retreat.

Knowing that the laws of nature are immutable—the same yesterday, to-day, forever—we can start out with this law of communication with departed spirits, and trace the action of the same throughout all time, by incidents as well verified as any event in history. The Bible is full of incidents explanatory of the phenomena of Spiritualism. The angels talked with Hagar; wrestled with Jacob; released Peter from prison; removed the stones from the sepulchre; talked with Balami—in fact, it is full of incidents demonstrating the power of spirits to return and make their presence known to mortals.

Spirits held communion with spirits. Euripides could send his spirit forth in the world of space and hold communion with those who had gone before. Joan of Arc, who done so much for France, conversed with spirits at noonday, and gallantly led the French army through the strife of war. Cassandra held communion with spirits and predicted the destruction of Troy. John Wesley, speaking of Spiritualism, says:

"What pretence have I to deny well attested facts because I cannot comprehend them?" Elizabeth Hobson saw spirits from her childhood, and in her presence, tables were moved, dishes would pass through the air from place to place without any visible means of support.

After twenty-one years, who can account for the raps on any other hypothesis than entertained by Spiritualists? The fertile brain of the editor of the *Times*, who had lived in the days of Galileo, would have been the first to persecute him, and compel him to renounce one of the grand truths of nature!

This position of the editor of the *Times* is exceedingly foolish, in the face of such an innumerable array of facts that greet the honest investigator. He can at any time, step into the room of Peter West, number 127 Clark street, and see a pencil without any visible agency write upon a slate, and which defies the whole scientific and religious world to explain on any other hypothesis, than caused by the direct agency of spirits.

Spiritualism invites investigation—it is founded on nature, and "will still move," notwithstanding the political press denounce it in unmeasured terms.

The views of the *Times* are certainly in bad taste,—and are only the reflection of the spirit that existed in the dark ages, and which yet dimly burns in the acute mind of this wonderful learned and philosophic editor, who writes because he can write, and who thinks to do little purpose. He would read in the Bible where the angel spoke to Balaam, and where the ass in astonishment rebukes his master for his cruelty, and absorb it in sponge-like mind, as readily as he would take a glass of water, and say, "A wonderful truth that this ass should speak, and besides, see an angel direct from the spirit land;" and at the same time he might see a pencil write without any visible agency in contact with it, and which would detail some wonderful event of his life—if he has any—and yet he would cry "humbug!"

These wonderful scintillations of the *Times* contain the following:

In all the adverse criticisms to Spiritualism which have been written and spoken, there is a marked failure to appreciate one fact of this new faith. This fact is that the professed believers in Spiritualism consist of two widely distinct classes. One of these is composed of a minority of men and women of more or less intelligence, who accept the theory of an existence of a spiritual character; who believe in the dogmas of a progressive existence after death; but who reject, in toto, the entire range of phenomena connected with what are known as "manifestations."

Wonderful discovery—two classes of Spiritualists, one believe in a future state of existence, the other believing the same, with the additional denominations too numerous to mention. Whether they will tamely submit to this classification, and be ranked with the first edition of Spiritualists, minus the second chapter, is a question of doubt in our mind, and will at some future time be taken into careful consideration.

Only the other day, we talked with a man who did not believe in the grand truth uttered by Galileo, that the earth revolved on its axis once in twenty-four hours, and around the sun once a year, from the simple fact that it would "Spill the inhabitants off" when it got around on the other side. We did not attempt to reason with this man, though he had sparks of intelligence

shallow within his mind that would be an honor to any one.

It would be difficult, indeed, to teach a wild Camanche Indian the nature of logarithms or the integral calculus, and we would consider that man a fool, who would attempt it. There are even among the civilized whites, those seemingly intelligent who could not comprehend the nature of phenomenal Spiritualism, any easier than the wild Camanche could comprehend the nature of an abstract problem in algebra or trigonometry. It may be considered foolish to cast pearls before swine, and attempt to convince any one against his will, one within whose mind looms up fanaticism worse than that which crucified the truth in the past.

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This is, indeed, a wild assertion. Why don't you explain the nature of the phenomena in regard to which you assume to know so much?

Not one explanation given; not one suggestion advanced that explains these wonderful manifestations on any other hypothesis than that adopted by Spiritualists! He advances on the redoubts of Spiritualism, expecting to capture the same with his ammunition all exhausted, and without the least idea of the ground over which he is to march. All at once, he finds himself on disputed ground, and with his knapsack empty—he is compelled to ingloriously retreat.

Knowing that the laws of nature are immutable—the same yesterday, to-day, forever—we can start out with this law of communication with departed spirits, and trace the action of the same throughout all time, by incidents as well verified as any event in history. The Bible is full of incidents explanatory of the phenomena of Spiritualism. The angels talked with Hagar; wrestled with Jacob; released Peter from prison; removed the stones from the sepulchre; talked with Balami—in fact, it is full of incidents demonstrating the power of spirits to return and make their presence known to mortals.

Spirits held communion with spirits. Euripides could send his spirit forth in the world of space and hold communion with those who had gone before. Joan of Arc, who done so much for France, conversed with spirits at noonday, and gallantly led the French army through the strife of war. Cassandra held communion with spirits and predicted the destruction of Troy. John Wesley, speaking of Spiritualism, says:

"What pretence have I to deny well attested facts because I cannot comprehend them?"

Elizabeth Hobson saw spirits from her childhood, and in her presence, tables were moved, dishes would pass through the air from place to place without any visible means of support.

After twenty-one years, who can account for the raps on any other hypothesis than entertained by Spiritualists? The fertile brain of the editor of the *Times*, who had lived in the days of Galileo, would have been the first to persecute him, and compel him to renounce one of the grand truths of nature!

This position of the editor of the *Times* is exceedingly foolish, in the face of such an innumerable array of facts that greet the honest investigator. He can at any time, step into the room of Peter West, number 127 Clark street, and see a pencil without any visible agency write upon a slate, and which defies the whole scientific and religious world to explain on any other hypothesis, than caused by the direct agency of spirits.

Spiritualism invites investigation—it is founded on nature, and "will still move," notwithstanding the political press denounce it in unmeasured terms.

The views of the *Times* are certainly in bad taste,—and are only the reflection of the spirit that existed in the dark ages, and which yet dimly burns in the acute mind of this wonderful learned and philosophic editor, who writes because he can write, and who thinks to do little purpose. He would read in the Bible where the angel spoke to Balaam, and where the ass in astonishment rebukes his master for his cruelty, and absorb it in sponge-like mind, as readily as he would take a glass of water, and say, "A wonderful truth that this ass should speak, and besides, see an angel direct from the spirit land;" and at the same time he might see a pencil write without any visible agency in contact with it, and which would detail some wonderful event of his life—if he has any—and yet he would cry "humbug!"

These wonderful scintillations of the *Times* contain the following:

In all the adverse criticisms to Spiritualism which have been written and spoken, there is a marked failure to appreciate one fact of this new faith. This fact is that the professed believers in Spiritualism consist of two widely distinct classes. One of these is composed of a minority of men and women of more or less intelligence, who accept the theory of an existence of a spiritual character; who believe in the dogmas of a progressive existence after death; but who reject, in toto, the entire range of phenomena connected with what are known as "manifestations."

Wonderful discovery—two classes of Spiritualists, one believe in a future state of existence, the other believing the same, with the additional denominations too numerous to mention. Whether they will tamely submit to this classification, and be ranked with the first edition of Spiritualists, minus the second chapter, is a question of doubt in our mind, and will at some future time be taken into careful consideration.

Only the other day, we talked with a man who did not believe in the grand truth uttered by Galileo, that the earth revolved on its axis once in twenty-four hours, and around the sun once a year, from the simple fact that it would "Spill the inhabitants off" when it got around on the other side. We did not attempt to reason with this man, though he had sparks of intelligence

shallow within his mind that would be an honor to any one.

It would be difficult, indeed, to teach a wild Camanche Indian the nature of logarithms or the integral calculus, and we would consider that man a fool, who would attempt it. There are even among the civilized whites, those seemingly intelligent who could not comprehend the nature of phenomenal Spiritualism, any easier than the wild Camanche could comprehend the nature of an abstract problem in algebra or trigonometry. It may be considered foolish to cast pearls before swine, and attempt to convince any one against his will, one within whose mind looms up fanaticism worse than that which crucified the truth in the past.

In conclusion, we most urgently ask each one of our subscribers to make an effort in behalf of the JOURNAL, under some one of our propositions, and more especially do we ask our trial subscribers to renew for three, six, or twelve months, without delay.

## MENTAL PROGRESSION—AN INCIDENT.

This morning as we took our seat in the street railway car, by which means we daily reach our place of business, we overheard a lady and two gentlemen earnestly engaged in conversation upon the question, "Is it right to dance?" Of course the reader will readily infer that they were orthodox, and sound at that; for no progressionists stop or tarry on their way to discuss that question.

One of the gentlemen held in his hand a late number of the *Christian Standard*, which we observed was published at Alliance, Ohio; and in it was what purported to be a discussion by two christian ladies upon the question which had set this trio's thoughts in action.

Listening to their conversation caused many reflections to pass through our brain, some of which we felt impressed to chronicle upon the pages of our JOURNAL.

Conditions have much to do with a person's religion, after taking into consideration their particular organization. Train was aptly said, that, "The state of one's digestion has a great deal to do with one's religion."

So the surrounding, relations and connections of an individual have much to do in directing the opinion as to the right or wrong of dancing. One of the gentlemen seemed rather to favor dancing as a healthful exercise and agreeable and pleasing pastime, which very naturally called up the objections of the other parties. The lady urged, and her mate colleague assented thereto, as an objection to dancing, that the more people danced the more they would want to dance.

And so the discussion went on.

While we could not but ponder over the undeveloped and benighted condition of the thousands, who like them are yet not even fledglings in reform, but lie, as it were, unhatched in the nest of mythological bigotry and superstition; whose darkness yet shuts out the genial sun of truth; that warms and strengthens the soul faculties of those who, being fledged into a condition of individuality, have begun their flight on the unending career of eternal progression.—Souls mounting on wings of light, no longer hesitate to discuss such minor issues, at best the fabrications and restrictions of a designing and error-bound priesthood; but feeling the buoyancy of a God-element in which all move and exist, ask only that simple justice be done to all whether in sport, recreation or labor. Such souls learn to exchange the god of theology for a god of love and justice, which they have learned in within, above, beneath and surrounding them; by whom they are instructed in those beautiful axioms: "Deal justly, love mercy," and "Be temperate in all things."

When conditions or growth have developed souls to take these axioms as their guide and compass in life to direct their daily walks, discussions as to whether it is right to dance or labor on Sunday, will cease; and who takes them as his or her pocket piece, will cease to cry out against the sin of shaving on a Sunday, and continue to shave their neighbors every day in the week; or against the sin of blacking boots on a Sunday, but engage in blackening their fellow creature's characters every day in the week.

We could most heartily wish, that instead of the most determined hostility on the part of members of the rapping and tapping fraternity; still, it happens to be true. Let a candid examiner approach these sources, and he will be overwhelmed with narrations of what has been done; but they never happen in his presence. He will be told what occurred on yesterday, when he was not present; what remarkable thing happened at a sitting of last year, or in New York; but they never take place so that he witnesses them. The writer will affirm that he has attended potless than five hundred spiritual meetings within the last twenty years; and that, although many of them were conducted by notorious persons, while he has always been actuated by a sincere desire to be convinced, if there was substantial ground for conviction, he has never seen a single manifestation which he could not explain on grounds having no reference whatever to the existence of spirits."

By this statement, the editor of the *Times* places himself in a ridiculous position, for he asserts that he has never seen a single manifestation which he could not explain on grounds having no reference whatever to the existence of spirits."

"Why then does not the learned gentleman do it?" Because, probably he thinks his reason would be about as weak as that given by the opponent of Galileo's theory, that "If the earth turned around, it would spill all the inhabitants when it got on the other side." He affirms that he is able to explain the cause of all the manifestations, and that they are not attributable to spirits—but fails to give the world the benefit of his knowledge. He rather, perhaps, keeps his secret, and let it glisten within his own expansive mind, while twelve millions of Spiritualists are deluded, and following a phantom. How absurd and weak his position!

He fails to comprehend the first principle of Spiritualism, and knows as little about it as the Camanche Indian does of the mechanism of the starry regions.

What an opportunity now presents itself for the editor of the *Times* to immortalize his name just at this eventful period when Planchette is carrying everything before it, and the converts of the cause becoming more numerous. If he would only crop off his whiskers and shave his head, in contradistinction to those "long haired asses of the male persuasion," and "short haired spinster" of the female persuasion, of whom he speaks, he could in a very short space of time, by exposing Spiritualism, become as notorious as Blondin "on his rope," or the Davenport Brothers "in their cabinet." But we fear the world will never receive the benefit of his wonderful knowledge; it will live with him; it will die with him. The glorious light that he possesses he will keep under a bushel, and the world

will receive the benefit of his knowledge just as it did the benefit of the knowledge of Galileo.

It may be that some one will be willing to spend his time in discussing that question with the gentleman; if so, we will with pleasure publish the reply.

## DENUNCIATOR.

We have received a preamble and resolutions "adopted by a large majority," at the first society of Spiritualists of Milwaukee, denouncing one William Ferries, professed medium, as an impostor.

If Spiritualism in its doctrine and phenomena, is admitted to be true, consequences flowing from such a truth, must be legitimate according to God's law, under which such doctrine and phenomena exist. How such doctrine and phenomena may contrast with the doctrine and phenomena declared by and manifested through the humble Nazarene, is a simple matter of opinion among individuals who may differ in judgment or taste, as well as upon any other subject.

Intelligent Spiritualists hold Jesus Christ, the once despised Nazarene, in high veneration as one of the very best mediums for spirit control, mentally and physically, that ever lived.

No medium ever suffered greater persecution than he did.

The Reverend gentleman having admitted the doctrine and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, leaves nothing in fact to be discussed but the question of who are the best mediums, judging from effects produced.

It may be that some one will be willing to spend his time in discussing that question with the gentleman; if so, we will with pleasure publish the reply.

## CAN'T AFFORD IT.

We can't afford to lose ten cents on a one dollar postal order. When five dollars and upwards are remitted, we don't mind the loss among those greater, but to have ten cents taken out of one dollar, and that dollar sent to pay for four copies of our paper, for three months, is indeed too steep, is all of our friends will see. One letter in five hundred may possibly be lost in the mail,—certainly not a larger proportion. The risk is merely nominal.

## THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

Mrs. Abbie J. Spalding informs us that the Spiritualists of Osseo, Minn., celebrated the twenty-first Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and that a good number were in attendance, and much interest manifested. The resolutions adopted were expressive of the views of all Spiritualists, and showed a true appreciation of our beautiful philosophy in Minn.

The celebration in this city was not held at the time designated in a previous number of the JOURNAL, in consequence of a fire that occurred, preventing; but on a subsequent day, the friends collected together, and made amends for the first failure, by speeches, etc.

At Cleveland, also, the Spiritualists were wide awake and celebrated the day in a becoming manner. Speeches were made by Messrs. Clark, E. V. Wilson, O. L. Stith II, E. S. Wheeler, D. A. Eddy and Mrs. S. M. Thompson.

## CORRECTION.

In the article by D. A. Eddy, appearing in the JOURNAL, April 10th, a mistake was made by one of our compositors, in the omission of the words "do not," thereby changing the meaning which he intended to convey, with this omission supplied.

"The only people that are excepted and excluded from being the dispensers of these celestial gifts are those who do not acknowledge the return of departed spirits, but first in proclaiming salvation only through Christ, and presenting the revolving spectacle of a dying Savior upon the cross, through whose blood alone we can escape the torment of the damned and receive salvation from our sins with a through ticket to the City of the New Jerusalem, to sing hosanna to the Lamb forever and ever.

## JOHN FRED. BOWERS.

T. J. Leslie writes us that the above named individual is not just what he ought to be. Part of the time he is a medium, and part of the time he professes to expose mediumship.

Well, he is true to himself. Poor devil, there is room enough in the world for him, and all good mediums. If he succeeds in convincing the sectarian world that he is, or has been, an imposter, he only proves, that now as in the days of the gentle Nazarene, there is at least one dūd.

Well, who of it? Was Christianity any the less true because Judas professed to be a Disciple of Christ, and betrayed him?

## TESTS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

We extend to our friends a cordial invitation, to send us for publication, well authenticated tests of spirit presence and power; also communications given through mediums, detailing experiences in spirit life.

## Literary Notices.

"My Love and I" is the title of a very neat pamphlet of 45 pages, by Abby M. Lafin Ferree, and is a sort of diary of the author's loving meditations upon the loveliness of nature and nature's works, the chief of which is man, upon whose bosom she loves to recline.

Price 50 cents, for sale at this office, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago.

## AMUSEMENTS.

"The Flash of Lighting" has been reproduced at McVicker's Theatre, during the present week, to large and delighted audiences. It is by all odds the best sensational piece that has been put upon the Chicago stage for many a day; which added to the beautiful artistic effects, clearly accounts for the great success of this exciting drama.

On Monday, the 10th inst., Kate Reighold, recently returned from Europe, and more recently engaged in opening the new opera-house in Detroit, begins an engagement in a London play written for her and entitled "Bound."—Lucilla Western, the emotional actress, follows Miss Reighold.

Humpy Dumpy" at Crosby's Opera House continues to draw full houses of delighted spectators. This present run is humorously styled volume two, and this, the second week, chapter two. They who wish to see the rendition of the second volume, should bear in mind that there is only one more chapter (week) to the second volume. The mechanical working of the piece is greatly improved upon, so that the various scenes and changes are carried through very smoothly.

The four characters of the pantomime have now been together so long that they do the tricks with remarkable ease and fluency.

Mr. Tony Denier, is certainly the only man in the country who could attempt the part of Humpy Dumpy after Fox.

At Wood's Museum, for the present week, since Tuesday evening, April 13th, the lachrymose drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has been produced to good audiences; with Mr. Blaibell and Miss Josie Booth in the leading mulatto parts; Mr. Edwards as Uncle Tom; John Dillon as the Yankee and the Quaker; Mr. Jennings in two parts; Ada Perkins as Eva; Mrs. Little as Topsy; Mr. William Allen in "Old Virginny."

At Aiken's Dearborn Theatre, the intensely sensational drama, "The Knaves of the Pack," found a large number of admirers during the past week, sufficient to justify a continuation of it; but Mr. Aiken prefers to keep his original intention good, to supply a full amount of the polite comedy and standard drama. His novel for the present week is Robertson's last play, "My Lady Clara," or "Dreams," which partakes both of the spirit of melodrama and comedy, and is founded on Tennyson's well-known poem. Mr. McKee Rankin continues in the leading business. Mr. Harry Linden, who was once a prince among comedians and a great favorite in Chicago, takes a character in this comedy. "My Lady Clara," as the play is styled, has a fine fascinating and smooth melodramatic style, which is attracting full houses.

## E. F. BOYD AND COMPANY.

This gentleman, who we in a late number of the JOURNAL, were requested to state, was desirous of opening a correspondence with persons who were desirous of forming a community upon a similar basis to that of the Oneida Community at Oneida, N. Y., again writes to us, correcting us by saying that he does not desire to form a community upon a "similar basis," to that community, nor to correspond with those who do. "Far," he adds, "that community is based on orthodox and theological doctrines, which I utterly repudiate."

They style their Bible communism, a feature that he does approve of. He is in favor of their social theory, or their plan of the sexual theory and would like to correspond with those who are similarly disposed.

He can be addressed at Minneapolis, Minnesota.

## MUSIC HALL MEETINGS.

Mrs. Colby delivered two most excellent lectures at Crosby's Music Hall, on Sunday, the 11th inst. She speaks again on Sunday, the 18th inst, morning and evening, at the usual hours.

Velocipedes are all the rage.

## PLANCHETTE—THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.

The above named work is one of the very best books ever published. Every Spiritualist throughout the country should send for it at once. It abounds in facts demonstrating Spiritualism beyond cavil. The secular press everywhere speak in the highest terms of it. The work has passed to the third edition in book as many weeks.

For sale at this office. Send me on receipt of \$1.25 and 16 cents for postage. Address S. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

## UNDERHILL ON MESMERISM.

The above named very popular work will be sent free by mail on receipt of \$1.50. It is the most valuable work ever published, to those who desire to become developed in mediums. For sale at this office.

## Taylor's Bed Springs.

Don't fail to read the advertisement in another column. Any man who wants a good paying agency will do well to send and get a set for a sample, and go to soliciting for them. They are so light, as to be easily carried under the arm, and once seen by housekeepers, a sale is almost certain. Mr. Taylor will furnish agents on such terms as to make it profitable business for any energetic man.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS.  
OR THE  
WONDERS OF THE  
UNIVERSE

REVEALED TO MAN.  
Is the title of a new work fresh from the press. By the Guardian Spirit of David Corless.

S. S. JONES,  
Publisher.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says: The Medium (David Corless, of Husley's Grove McHenry Co., Ill.) through whose work was given the first evidence of the reality of "Modern Spiritualism" for over twenty years and during that time he has been the humble Medium through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, far advanced in years, he still receives the Medium by mail post paid.

The introduction entitled "The Unveiling" treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized life in the native purity of all things.

On page twenty-four the author treats of "the way mediums paint likenesses, in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences."

In part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of "How Mankind Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we influence a Medium to speak. The fullness of all kinds of language investigated. The ring seat and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained."

This work is neatly got up and consists of seventeen-thousand closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen.

The work will be sent by mail from this office to any one on receipt of fifty cents.

Address, S. S. JONES, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

VINE COTTAGE STORIES.  
LITTLE HARRY'S WISH  
OR  
PLAYING SOLDIER.

BY MRS. H. N. GREEN.

ALSO

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL  
AND  
THE ORPHAN'S STRUGGLE,

By the same Author.

S. S. JONES, Publisher,  
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84 Dearborn Street,  
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The above named little works of about thirty pages each, are fresh from the press and belong to a series designed especially for children, youth and Children's Progressive Lyceum Libraries.

Mrs. H. N. Green is one of the most popular writers of the present age and especially adapted to the writing of popular liberal books for Children.

This series of Books which we have entered upon publishing are designed for the youth everywhere, out of course their tone and philosophy will comprise their sale principally to the families of Spiritualists, Liberalists and the Children's Progressive Lyceums.

They are aptly embellished and every way attractive and will be sent by mail on receipt of twenty-five cents per copy.

A reasonable discount to the trade.

Address,  
J. C. BUNDY,  
84 Dearborn Street,  
Chicago, Ill.

## Obituary.

W. E. PRINCE, of Flushing, Long Island, New York, of heart disease, on the 25th ult., in the 74th year of his age. The Long Island Times says of him:

"Coming of a family which for several generations had been prominent in the field of Horticulture and Floriculture in America, Mr. Prince inherited in its fullest extent, the love of these branches of study and business. Long-pan Natives, he was the proprietor of the largest collection of tropical plants and seeds in the United States, introduced to American cultivation a large number of the most important and popular fruits disseminated through the country."

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

## Overwhelming Success of the Great Spiritual Remedy.

Read in another column, "A Panorama of Wonders by the great Spiritual Remedy, Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Medicine."

For sale at this office.

Address J. C. BUNDY, 84 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Dr. Wm. Clark's Vegetable Syrup.

BOSTON JOURNAL.—Having by me, a bottle of Dr. Wm. Clark's Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mrs. Jessie W. Darst, and having that the husband of our mill-woman had long suffered from his effects of a fall from a building, which injured his side, some year and a half since. Suffering with pains from internal tumors, I sent him the bottle of the said syrup, with directions to have his bath with hot salt and water, by a healthy colored woman, and to take the syrup internally. The result of which was, that in ten days, he was out and at his work [that of a common laborer].

His wife, a devout Catholic, said, "she had spent quite \$100, upon her doctor, with no good result; but having faith in good spirits, she would try this."

His name is McCarthy and he lives in this place, No. 118 Prospect St. Yours Fraternally,

Asst. M. LAFLIN PERKEE,  
Georgetown, C. January 1st, 1868.

## A PLEASANT STORY.

In the streets of Chicago, I wandered along, And carelessly sing a familiar old song,

While viewing the cars—houses, and such—

The Irish—the Scotch—the French, and the Dutch, And the strange Advertisements of these latter days, On the Bulletin Board, for concerts, and plays,

When all on a sudden I saw something new, On nice paper! Paper in Red, White and Blue:

It told of the virtues of something so neat, So handsome—so perfect, complete, For coloring hair, the mustache or hair,

Without any poison, or slopping, or care, And not only so, but the color is "fast,"

And like a showman, it "ticks to the last!"

In reading I pondered, and thought of my hair, Now as "gray as a rat," once so glossy, and fair.

I hunted, and found it—I bought it, and tried,

When all my gray hair, in a "jiff" stepped aside!

My age increased, I feel twenty years younger—

I will marry next week—no use to wait longer;

I will have a wife, and the comforts of home,

For all will be gained by the New Magic Comb.

Yes, Sir! I said that! Comb at 84 Dearborn Street, where they have a few more left of the same sort. Don't forget the place—Exhibit \$1.25 and address MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois; and you shall receive the MAGIC COMB by mail post paid.

U. B. WISE.

## Dr. Clarke's Remedies.

B. S. JONES.—I see you are advertising the medicines of Dr. Clark—a spirit, who controls prescriptions for the sick through the organ of Jeanie Waterman Danforth. Permit me to tell you, with deep feeling, friend Jones, that I have used these remedies, the Syrups, Tonics and Powders with the highest satisfaction. I know them to be excellent, as hundreds of others will testify. Dr. Clarke is a noble and brilliant spirit.

Most truly yours,

J. M. PEELER,  
St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1868.

## To Dealers and Traders.

If any of our readers or friends who are Dealers or Traders wish for the PATENT MAGIC COMB to put into market, we will furnish the Wholesale "Price List" upon application. The trade can find money in it.

Address, MAGIC COMB AGENCY,  
84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

## THE PATENT MAGIC COMB.

Beauty is the Mountain,  
Beauty is the vale,  
Beauty is the forest tree,  
That bend before the gale,  
Beauty is the Ocean,  
With crest of dancing foam,

And BEAUTY in the special work  
OF PATTON'S MAGIC COMB!

You sir, this is really, and emphatically true, and if you want to change dingy, yellowish, gray, or bad looking Hair or Beard, to a BEAUTIFUL dark Brown, or Glossy Black, you will enclose \$1.25 to the MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, and receive the Magic Comb by mail post paid, and if you follow the directions on the Comb, we guarantee perfect satisfaction.

This work is neatly got up and consists of seventeen-thousand closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen.

The work will be sent by mail from this office to any one on receipt of fifty cents.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## SPIRIT LIKENESSES.

So little is known of the laws that govern the Artist Medium in the process of producing Spirit Likenesses, that it has been necessary to publish a pamphlet for the instruction of those who desire to learn the art.

It contains that knowledge, which no one can proceed with any degree of certainty in the matter of procuring a likeness of a desired spirit. Explains the cause of the various difficulties in the production of a spirit likeness, and shows how to overcome them. The result of the same will continue so long as people remain ignorant of the law governing this beautiful phase of mediumship.

By M. Miller, Summer Land Artist. Sent for 25 cents. Address Mrs. Miller, Station 1, New York.

THREE VOICES,  
A LIVE BOOK OF POEMS,  
BY WARREN S. DARLOW

1st. The Voice of Superstition, gives the biblical contest between the God of Moses and Satan, with numerous extracts from the Bible, proving Satan victorious, from the Garden of Eden to Mount Calvary.

2nd. The Voice of Nature, proves Nature's God vibrations, in over 1000 pages, for 50 cents. Price 15 cents, post free at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Address S. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

## URSCOPIA.

I have employed one of the best chemists and microscopists in the country to make Qualitative Analyses of Urine for Patients and Physicians. (Send a box vial of that first voided in the morning.)

We analyze it to detect the presence of Glucose, Nitrate, Ammonia, Acetone, etc.

For analysis, send a few drops of Urine, Uro-Albumin, Phosphate of Soda, Lime, Ammonia, Gravel, Stones, Diseases of the Kidneys, Nerves, System, Brain, etc.

Also, Urine made from both sexes, and prescribe for the same on scientific principles.

The Work is sought for, and read by thousands, and uprooting superstitious error, and scattering it broadcast on the world.

For analysis, Physician's use, per pound \$3. For analysis, \$2.50; powder per pound \$5; per dozen, \$50. Full course for patients \$12.

Instruction in all analysis and treatment of nervous diseases, with implements required, and apparatus of Gynecology. Address, Dr. F. B. Randolph, Boston, Mass.

These analyses are designed for the youth everywhere, out of course their tone and philosophy will comprise their sale principally to the families of Spiritualists, Liberalists and the Children's Progressive Lyceums.

They are aptly embellished and every way attractive and will be sent by mail on receipt of twenty-five cents per copy.

A reasonable discount to the trade.

Address,  
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84 Dearborn Street,  
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## Electric, Magnetic &amp; Clairvoyant Physicians.

## "By their Works ye shall know them."

## Dr. S. McBride, W. Cleveland, and Mrs.

## P. J. CLEVELAND,

Have permanently located at

147-151 Madison Avenue, No. 11, Room 65; Pope Block,

Second floor.

Where they have fitted up fine suit of rooms, and are now

prepared to treat the sick on reasonable terms. From long

experience in treating the various diseases to which human

beings are subject, we feel confident that we can re

turn to the sick with success, and cure them of

any disease, having in many cases cured those who were ab

solute incurables by all other systems of practice. All

acute pains removed instantly by the ancient method of

Laying on of Hands.

Electric, Magnetic & Clairvoyant Physicians.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE TREATMENT OF

FEMALE DISEASES, INFECTIVE DISEASES, DISEASES OF

THE SKIN, DISEASES OF THE EYES, DISEASES OF THE

NEURSES, DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, DISEASES OF THE

STOMACH, DISEASES OF THE LIVER, DISEASES OF THE

KIDNEYS, DISEASES OF THE BLADDER, DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, DISEASES OF THE BOWELS, DISEASES OF THE

## Communications from the Inner Life.

We shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All Communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit-world.

(Reported by Jessie and Nevin, short-hand Reporters, 118 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Any Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life session, should be incisive, well-written, and directed to the editor, who will forward the questions to be printed at the session.

## INVOCATION.

Oh, Our Father! With a consciousness of Thy power, and Thy wisdom, we again approach Thee, and as a part of Thy children offer our sincere thanks for the privilege Thou hast given us, in manifesting ourselves unto Thy children who are yet upon earth.

We thank Thee that Thou hast so enlightened their minds that they are enabled to receive us with thankful hearts, and listen to words of comfort and consolation that we, through Thy divine wisdom, are enabled to give unto them. Not through fear do we approach Thee, for we know that Thou art the embodiment of goodness, and we have naught to fear.

But, with thankful hearts and desires intense, we would bask in the sunshine of Thy ever-enduring love. Feeling that assurance, we call upon every one to worship Thee, as the Creative Principle and ever-present spirit; and as they would thank Thee for their joys, may they also thank Thee for seeming sorrows; for as they realize that Thou art the Creative Power—the life and animating principle of things—they will see Thee alike both in joy and sorrow.

May every trial which it shall be our lot to experience bring us to a more perfect understanding of Thee, and for these things, we will ever thank and praise Thee, our heavenly Father.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MARCH 30, 1869.

Q.—How do spirits ordinarily communicate among themselves?

A.—Precisely the same as you would communicate, only we have no use for language. Distance to us, is annihilated. Hence, we have no necessity for writing or telegraphing, which is a very essential thing with you. We do not travel by the "wings of the wind," but by the will or desire. For instance: if we have a strong desire to visit a certain place to see certain individuals, we can accomplish it by that desire; that which to you would be a journey. It is very easily done. We have an advantage over you upon the material plane of life, from the fact that no individual can disguise their true nature or motive. That which is within the soul is mirrored upon the face or countenance; consequently there is no deception here. Many of you know what it is upon the material plane of life to deceive one another. It is sometimes strange, yet not so strange either—the idea that individuals upon the material plane, have the spiritual plane of life. Some take it for granted that if spirits have passed from material to spiritual things, they must, of necessity, know everything in each plane of life—the one they have just left and the one they afterwards occupy. Hence it is that so many individuals are deceived by what they call lying spirits, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. If we could think that a spirit would actually try to deceive persons to their injury, we might say to that spirit, "Back to your sphere of existence!" A person may be deceived in regard to the results of certain things; that you would not call falsehood. But, after all, it teaches people one grand lesson; that is, to rely upon their own judgment, their own powers of reasoning, which is the god given faculty within. You must receive that which is true to your own individual soul, and not take for granted that it must be so because a spirit says thus and so. Again; they must think a little of the circumstances, conditions and surroundings of spirits, and the medium that they make use of when they manifest themselves, and then, perhaps, they would not be quite so ready to judge us and say that spirits actually tell that which is untrue. I know of spirits now upon the spiritual plane of life, that investigated Modern Spiritualism at its first start, and continued to investigate it up to the time of the change from the material to the spiritual plane. When they stood upon the material plane of life, they thought that they knew much, when, indeed, they knew very little. To us, the worst kind of deception is that where persons deceive themselves. Everything performs its mission, and eventually, every one will be brought to a more perfect understanding of all these conditions and surroundings.

There is a spirit standing by this good brother (addressing a gentleman present), a little taller than himself. He combs his hair over back. His hair was once dark, but now it is grey; that is, it looks grey to me. He has a full forehead, and quite high. He has regular features and stands very erect. I cannot say whether it is some one that you have known, or whether it is some one that is going to stand by you for the purpose of influencing you. I cannot say which it is. At all events, he possesses a very frank, open countenance. I believe that you will see him yourself. I believe that other clairvoyants will describe him to you a great many times. Now, if you remember this description, you will recognize it at once when you hear it again. He is a little taller than yourself.

Q.—How old a man does he appear to be to you?

A.—As he shows himself to me, I should judge that he was sixty or sixty-five years of age. He remained upon your plane of life until that age.

Q.—Have you any means of getting at the name of the person?

A.—[After some moments of hesitation.] Rev. Williams, once a Congregationalist and subsequently a Universalist minister; always liberal. You will get the name yourself in a little while.

Q.—Do spirits, as A. J. Davis represents in one of his works, enter a room or a house in this earth sphere, through doors, windows, &c., as they happen to be opened, or do they pass as readily through matter as we, in the form do through fog, sunfume or atmosphere?

A.—To Brother Davis, it is true that doors have to be opened and windows raised, to let in the spirits. That has been his experience. He was enabled to see them come in through a door or opening of a window. Perhaps, if they had come through a substance or wall, no matter what it was, whether stone, brick, or wood, whatever it might have been, he would not be able to see them until they were within those walls, so that he would not be able to say whether they come from above or below. Seeing them right there, would be the first he would be enabled to see of them. To us, there is nothing that is an obstacle. The form of matter is no obstacle to us in any way. Your comparison is a very good one, in regard to what you call fog, dense atmosphere. That is indeed no obstruction to motive power, yet it is to the sense of sight. We cannot readily see through it.

We know that it has often been stated, that people were impressed by spirits to go and open the graves of those who have been buried, so that the spirit might free itself from its earthly body. We know that tombs have been opened; also vaults. It has been stated time after time, that it was done for the purpose of letting the spirit out; but as we have said before, where there are thousands of individuals that are swallowed up in those volcanic eruptions, if that would hold true, what would become of all those spirits? In such cases it would be impossible to get them out.

Q.—Brother Davis' theory is, that in such a case as that, the spirit becomes disintegrated, and reorganizes above the obstruction.

A.—We do not wish to question Brother Davis' theory, because we believe that every idea that he advances, is true to him. If he gives that idea as he receives it, it is true to himself; yet, that it is the experience of spirits, we know that it is not.

Q.—Do magnetic bands, such for instance, as those advertised by Dr. Randolph, of Boston, exert any material influence in unfolding latent clairvoyant powers?

A.—We certainly say that they do.

Q.—You have sometimes spoken of the first and second plane of existence; now, what about the third?

A.—We answer, inasmuch as the experience of the first plane of life is necessary for our unfoldment, so the great change to the second, is necessary for our more perfect happiness. The change from the material to the spiritual body, we naturally say is the change from the first to the second plane of existence, or from the first to the second sphere of existence, yet there is no second sphere. When we come back to the first cause, the great God-given principle within, there is no such thing as the first plane of existence. To mortals, there is a first conscious state of existence; and that sometimes is upon the spiritual, and sometimes upon the material plane. Little children that realize nothing upon the material, upon the spiritual realize a perfect existence. There is no second plane of existence in fact. You pass from this room into the next, yet you are in the same building; so we might say in passing from material to spiritual things. We pass from this to the adjoining apartment, and you are conscious of that which is within this; and when you get there, you are conscious of what the next contains, and that consciousness of the second will not destroy the effect of the first; so it is with passing from material to spiritual things.

## QUESTIONS BY MR. DRAPER.

Q.—Does every medium have a circle of spirits to control his or her mediumship—one of whom controls or presides, and another spirit outside of that circle can not control the medium without the consent or approval of the one presiding or controlling the circle?

A.—We shall say that most certainly every medium has their controlling spirits. That such spirits may change and give place to others, we know to be true; yet, were not the positive spirit present, the one that exercises the greatest and most powerful control and influence over the medium and without this aid and permission, so to speak, other spirits could not manifest themselves or obtain control or possession of such medium.

Q.—Is it true that man is naturally a religious being, and requires some Supreme Being for adoration?

Does Spiritualism better point out the true object of worship, the Creator of all, than any religious organization extant?

A.—It would seem from experience in the past that man is naturally a religious being; one that desired something grand and ennobling to worship; something higher than himself to look to, for power and wisdom. But, that it is necessary, strictly speaking, that man should worship such a divinity, we can not see, any further than it pertains to his individual happiness. The main object in worshiping God seems to have been in the past, for the purpose of obtaining happiness in the future; and as Spiritualism teaches every individual that it is for them to make their happiness here as well as hereafter, we may say that Spiritualism is best adapted to the worship of individuals—men and women.

It is a well known fact that spirits communicating to individuals upon the material plane of life, establish the existence or immortality of the soul; also, it demonstrates that the God you should worship is within; that religion is a part of the great infinite whole, and is, so to speak, a God unto himself or herself.

## EVA TO HER PARENTS.

My dear mam-ma and pa-pa, I told you that your little Eva was going to see the angels—Now I come back to tell you all about it. O, mam-ma, it is so nice and beautiful in my new home with so many happy little children all around for company, but dear mam-ma, I do not like to see you cry so much. What makes you do so? Your Eva is happy, very happy. I am not sick any more. My head don't ache, and I do not have to take any more of that very bad medicine that Doctor Grance use to say would make me well.

—To Brother Davis, it is true that doors have to be opened and windows raised, to let in the spirits. That has been his experience. He was enabled to see them come in through a door or opening of a window. Perhaps, if they had come through a substance or wall, no matter what it was, whether stone, brick, or wood, whatever it might have been, he would not be able to see them until they were within those walls, so that he would not be able to say whether they come from above or below. Seeing them right there, would be the first he would be enabled to see of them. To us, there is nothing that is an obstacle. The form of matter is no obstacle to us in any way. Your comparison is a very good one, in regard to what you call fog, dense atmosphere. That is indeed no obstruction to motive power, yet it is to the sense of sight. We cannot readily see through it.

Now, mam-ma, if you won't cry any more, I will come very often to you and tell you a lot of pretty things, and when you come here, the good spirits tell me, you will live with me all the time; so don't cry any more, for it makes your Eva feel sorry bad. Good by, mam-ma and pa-pa, I will come again.

I am little Eva-Brington. I was five years old when I left mam-ma, to live with the angels.

## JANE DARLING.

J. A. MORRELL, MEDIUM.

Chicago, June 6th, 1868.

Concluded from last week.

Eager as I was to view the scene before, I pushed on, my soul throbbing with new pleasure at every step as I beheld scenes and beauty that my mind had never conceived of. On, on, I went, and running my eye toward the summit of the mountain, I indistinctly saw a mansion, yes, my mansion, a house erected by my spirit guides for my reception, the material for which I had created during the, to me, short mission of love and good works. As I neared the house, all nature seemed vocal with one glad hallelujah. I gazed about in wonder and amazement, pondering in my mind if this was the work of enchantment, when soon to my still greater astonishment, there appeared to me, in the twinkling of thought, the performers and minstrels of this grand concert, spirits bright and glorious, joined their songs with gold and scarlet, fledged birds of Paradise, and a song of joy and praise, rang out so clear and sweet that to me, all heaven seemed to rejoice that a lost one had been found, a wanderer had returned.

As change the order of progression, even this intoxicating concert must have an end, so I soon found myself once more alone, and finding myself attracted toward the house or mansion, I bent my steps in that direction; when near the entrance a voice from out a passing silver cloud hailed me with, "Brother, thy home is ready, advance and receive the reward of thy good work." My eyes followed this, to me mysterious cloud until it passed beyond the bound of my vision, when my soul seemed attracted more strongly than ever toward my mansion, and as I turned in that direction the misty veil which had partially obscured my vision was drawn aside, and I beheld my home in all its dazzling beauty.

You have already been informed that the spirit mansion takes form from a peculiar faculty of one's loves or aspiration while in earth life. My highest conception of beauty and grandeur when a child, was a ship under full sail, riding the crest of old ocean's briny billows; be not surprised when I tell you that my mansion was in the form of a beautiful full-rigged ship with snow white sails, and the top of the mountain was as the crest of the wave—it was the spirit essence of my boyhood conceptions.

I gazed in wonder, my heart overflowed with gratitude for past and present blessings, when a new want presented itself to my mind—it took form in this wise: I now have a home, a beautiful one, and oh! how perfect would be that home if I could but have the sweet companionship of one that could share my joy and gratitude.

S range as it may appear, this was my first thrill of conjugal love. I had lived for myself alone while on earth, and when I had become elevated to my mission, I worked hard for others, regardless of self, never daring to hope that I might share my joy and gratitude.

Soon after this, the cutting sensation recurred, upon which Mr. Sitts called Mr. Alanson Weeks, who had retired, and while he was dressing, Mrs. Sitts removed the cap from her head, and discovered more hair already cut. The cutting continued in the presence of Mr. Weeks and Mr. Sitts until several locks were severed as before from different parts of the head.

During the operation of combing, Mrs. Nettie Gray, a daughter of Mrs. Sitts, entered the room and was also a witness. At this period about four of the hair was severed, and was removed with the comb, when Mrs. Sitts twisted the remainder into a coil, and replaced the hair pins, put her night cap on, and prepared to retire for the night.

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They then commenced combing as before, when the cutting ceased. Mrs. Sitts again twisted up the remaining hair, replaced the pins as before, put on her cap, and was again about to retire, when the sensation as before, was again felt, and Alanson Weeks was again called from retirement, when he and his son, William C. Weeks, entered the room and found Mrs. Sitts lying on the lounge in an unconscious state.

Mr. Sitts then removed the cap from her head, and found that the hair was all severed. Mrs. Sitts then spoke, as by some controlling and invisible power or influence, requesting those around to quiet their fears, that the invisible knew what they were about, and in a few minutes, the invisible influence left, and Mrs. Sitts returned to consciousness and retired for the night.

The next day, about ten o'clock A. M., Mrs. Sitts felt sensations similar to those of the night previous, when Mrs. Nettie Gray called in one of the neighbors, Mrs. George Gardner, and in whose presence Mr. Nettie commenced combing the hair of her mother. In a short time the invisible barter commenced to trim the hair which had been left uneven the night previous, which operation continued at intervals until completed.

About two o'clock P. M. of the same day, Mrs. Nettie placed a napkin round her mother's neck to catch the trimmings as they fell. This operation was witnessed by Mrs. Nettie Gray, Mrs. George Gardner and Alanson S. Weeks who saw it at different times during the singular manifestation. The entire hair was cut off square around the neck and below the ears.

J. W. Sitts,  
A. S. Weeks,  
Wm. C. Weeks,  
Nettie C. Gray.

## Phenomenal.

From the Danbury Gazette.

Warning of Death in 1814.

Major Elliott of Onio, died on the 12th of Feb., 1814.

The particulars that preceded his death were published that year.

"On Sabbath evening at nine o'clock, returning from Poland, the deceased saw two blue lights approaching him, in shape of half moons. When the lights met him, they seemed to enclose him in a circle, around his breast. Then a voice pronounced these words distinctly, 'Are you prepared to die?' The lights then passed him a short distance, but turning back, followed him until he arrived at a graveyard, then stopped; and he saw them remain until he had gone about half a mile. He told his wife of this, and said he should live but a few days. He also told Mr. Boardman at his store, saying he should never again open the store. On Tuesday, he sent for Dr. Boatwick, spoke of the lights, and of his death.

He was resigned and prepared for the change. Before a week, the prophecy was fulfilled."

## An Unusual Spirit Manifestation.

Brother Dean Clark sends us the following remarkable narrative of a physical manifestation of spirit power, for the truth of which he not only vouches, but he assures us that the same has been sworn to by four credible persons, who witnessed the facts:

On the evening of the 5th of May, 1868, at the house of J. W. Sitts in Allegan, Allegan County, Michigan, Mr. Sitts and his wife, and Mr. W. C. Weeks were in the sitting room. Mrs. Sitts engaged in reading, while Mrs. Sitts, his wife, was sitting by the stand, preparing to write. Mrs. Sitts (who had been mediumistic for nearly a year) suddenly felt a sensation on the back of her head as of a person passing a hand over it, and remarked to her husband:

"Some one is cutting my hair."

He seeing no person near her, and thinking she was laboring under some hallucination or delusion, at first refused to examine it, as he requested, but on her further insisting, he complied by removing the net which covered it, uncoiling the hair, and removing the hair pins, when he found two small locks, severed from different parts of the head.

Mr. Alanson S. Weeks entered the room as Mr. Sitts was uncoiling the hair, and all witnessed that the hair was severed. Mr. Sitts and Mr. Alanson Weeks then stood and looked at the hair, and witnessed lock after lock separate in different places from the head, whereupon they applied a comb to remove the severed hair, when the cutting ceased.

During the operation of combing, Mrs. Nettie Gray, a daughter of Mrs. Sitts, entered the room and was also a witness. At this period about four of the hair was severed, and was removed with the comb, when Mrs. Sitts twisted the remainder into a coil, and replaced the hair pins, put her night cap on, and prepared to retire for the night.

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J. W. Sitts,  
A. S. Weeks,  
Wm. C. Weeks,  
Nettie C. Gray.

## From Milwaukee.

DEAR SIR:—In your issue of February 27th last, I have seen a statement that I said at a public meeting in this city, some years ago, that "If the Devil wants a job of work done, he generally gets a woman to do it, and that if the Lord wants something done, he takes a man."

Now, I have to say, that there is no truth in this statement. I never said any such thing. There must be some mistake or wrong about it. I never held any such doctrine. But I think Satan has many men and many women in his service, and that it believes us to see to it that we do not belong to him.

I think you ought to contradict your statement as publicly as you made it. Truly,

Wm. D. Lovell,  
Pastor of the Spring Street Cong.  
Church, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, April 6th, 1869.

## Report of E. C. Dunn, Illinois State Missionary.

Morday morning, March 1st, found me on board the Southern bound train from Springfield, to meet my engagement at Du Quoin, a thriving little town of about three thousand inhabitants, situated on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, in the southern part of Perry county. At noon, having dinner, I attended a meeting of the friends of Spiritualism, held in the hall of the Hotel, at which there were about 150 persons present. The speakers were Rev. Mr. Branden, Professor of the Southern Illinois College, the so-called champion of the arena of discussion, to come and grapple with the enemy, which the several clergy of Du Quoin did not seem fit to contend with. He came to come to discuss the following evening.

RESOLVED: That the spirits of departed human beings can return and communicate with their friends on earth; which, of course I affirmed, he denied.

On Tuesday evening, we met according to agreement in the Campfield church, it being the largest in the city, where we were greeted by an overflow of people, who had come to witness the discussion.

In our third evening's discussion, Mr. Branden challenged me to bring with him the Old Testament, in which he claimed that the Old Testament was the history of the past; of Geography of the people, their mode of government, their manners, customs, &c., as they were in the time of Moses.

During the day Sunday, I spoke twice in the Hall, morning and evening, to crowded houses. During the afternoon we completed the organization of the First Society of Spiritualists of Du Quoin: about fifty persons participating in the formation of the society.

On reaching the church Monday evening, I found a large crowd gathered. It was a very crowded audience, and I was unable to gain admittance. We immediately proceeded to the election of a new chairman. The gentleman's conscientious scruples would not allow him to discourse on Sunday, so Monday and Tuesday evenings had to suffice for the discussion of the question.

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